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# EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IX. SEPTEMBER, 1903. NO. 3.

*The Dowager Empress of Russia.* *King George of Greece.*
*King Christian.* *Queen Alexandra.*

## The United States of Europe

By EMILY CRAWFORD

EDGAR QUINET, and Charles Lemonnier, then a French advocate and counsel for the Northern Railway Company, "proclaimed" at a peace-congress at Geneva, in the sixties, the United States of Europe. Victor Hugo echoed the proclamation, which called forth enthusiasm among French Republicans. But the 1870 war and its consequences quenched for some time the sacred fire. I am sure it is but smouldering and not extinct. A few months ago, the Italian statesman Luzzatti declared his sympathy for the abolition of frontiers in Europe, and I am aware that in other countries not only poets, but very matter-of-fact statesmen, accustomed to responsibility, are of the same way of thinking.

Europe now seems almost ripe for federation. European middle-class minds are united in scientific knowledge and faith. They have received an almost identical high-school and university training. Their different patriotisms—I would lay great stress on this remark—are of similar *quality:* ideal and historical, very different from the realistic patriotism of newer countries. Europeans are growing cosmopolitan; a Frenchman and an Englishman are more alike than their fathers

With the inner workings of European diplomacy no one is more familiar than Mrs. Emily Crawford. As Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* and of Henry Labouchere's *Truth*, she has, for two decades or more, watched the game of nations as played on the European chess-board, recording with remarkable insight the moves and motives of the distinguished players. Unless it was the late De Blowitz, no one else among the correspondents has so large an acquaintance with royal and eminent personages. Her extraordinary knowledge of the life of courts is equalled by her friendly intimacy with the great men and women of art, literature, and society. Her weekly letters to *Truth* are chronicles of people talked about, and are as eagerly read in Paris and Berlin as in London. Mrs. Crawford's diagnosis of the tendency of nations is of great importance and interest.—EDITOR.

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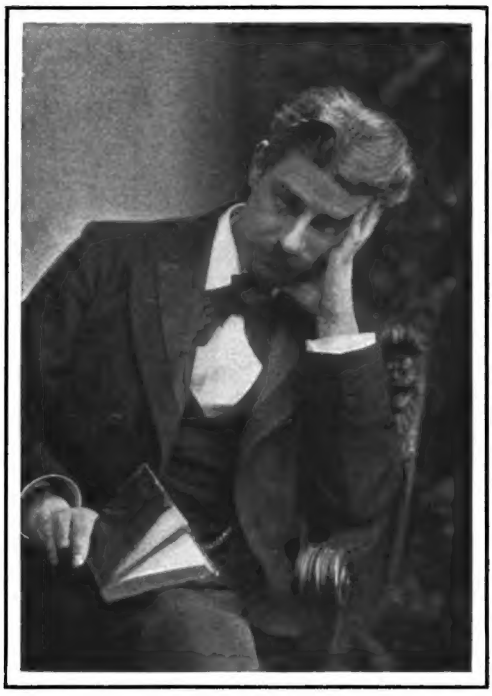
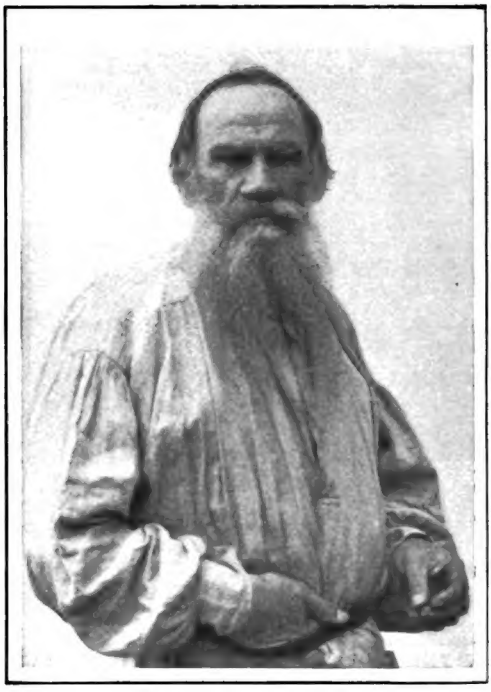


GEORG BRANDES.



COUNT TOLSTOY.

were. They are bound closer than ever by business relations and see one another in their holiday travels. They read in all the capitals the news of the day telegraphed from their own country. Every high-class author now has a European public, though he write in such a high latitude as Norway. The king of European critics, Brandes, lives at Copenhagen. Tolstoy declares his gospel *urbi et orbi* from his remote country-house of Yasnaia-Poliana. When Castelar lived, his warm eloquence stirred all Europe. Darwin and Herbert Spencer are foreigners nowhere. The social economists write for the European millions. Labor congresses and conferences hasten the process of denationalization. Railway traffic suffers from state frontiers and shareholders would be glad if they were blotted out. The burden of vast armies and navies becomes intolerable to all classes. Theological dogma has died out among leaders of thought, and it is all but dead among the middle and even working classes, though outward conformity may long remain—as it remains in Japan, where beliefs have died out too. If the Catholic Church is still a force, Catholic opinion, or any other religious opinion opposed to science, is becoming less and less powerful. Even Turkey steps out; I have met with emancipated Turkish ladies, and I know young Turks who are positivists, and whose opinions on European and world questions I would rank above those of most Englishmen.

The King of Greece once told me that he thought highly of his Turkish subjects, and he spoke of them as truthful, just, humane, and hard-working.

Nor should the action of the Jew in preparing European federation be lost sight of. He is cosmopolitan by heredity, instinct, and interest, by his keen sense of the madness of war, and his insight into individual character. The Jews rule in the newspaper office, in the theatre, and in politics.

I have before me two portraits of Tolstoy, one taken last year and the other in 1855, when he served as a lieutenant in the Russian army. The former is as the gnarled oak and bears the impress of intellectual emotions that rose to stormy height and violence. The earlier one reveals the genius of a thinker but, as yet, nothing of the apostle. Its most striking feature is its resemblance to the present Czar, and for this reason I now mention it. This fact may be due to some blood relationship that will forever remain a mystery or to the spirit of the time in which Tol-

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CHRISTIAN IX., KING OF DENMARK, AND THE LATE QUEEN LOUISE,

Whose children occupy some of the greatest thrones of Europe.

stoy has been writing. Nicholas is a feminized and an abridged edition of the lieutenant whom the hellish conditions of the siege of Sebastopol transformed into a seer and an apostle of humanity.

This resemblance is a sign, I take it, of an affinity of some sort between the Czar—a man of but middling intellect—and the great author of "Peace and War." This book may have sunk into the mind of Nicholas—it has probably done so—and aroused in him the ambition of winning, without usurpation, the name of the Pacific Czar. His manifesto which led to the Peace Conference of the Hague was at first taken by European diplomacy to be a huge mystification. It rather strikes me as the suggestion of the Tolstoyism that is abroad in Russia, and, indeed, in the rest of Europe, and fermenting like the leaven that the woman hid in the measure of meal.

This ferment worked at the family gatherings at the country palace of the King and late Queen of Denmark. Christian IX. and Louise tasted at the outset of their reign the bitterest experience of war—an experience that helped to form their characters. It had been as the plough which prepares a stiff, clayey soil to receive good seed. Their parental love for their daughters, Alexandra and Dagmar; for their sons, Christian and George; for their children's children, and, lastly, their love for Denmark made them long for a realization of a popular dream: the United States of Europe.

This dream they wished to be made a reality through the agency of crowned heads, and, as the late Count Muravieff, when Russian minister to Copenhagen, suggested, "to preserve Europe from the Yellow Peril," that is to say from a Chinese invasion—military, industrial, or both—which a close European union could alone prevent.

The late Emperor Frederick had spoken long before to French ambassadors to the Court of Berlin of the necessity of such union to preserve Europe from an American invasion which threatened, so he thought, to suck the life out of this continent.

Queen Louise imagined that if pacific means could be devised for the settlement of international disputes it would be easier for the German Emperor to restore the Kingdom of Hanover and the Duchy of Brunswick to her son-in-law, the Duke of Cumberland, or at any rate to his son, now in his twenty-

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Queen Alexandra of Great Britain.

Prince Waldemar.

Frederick, Prince Royal of Denmark.

CHILDREN OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.

third year and an officer in the Austrian army.

The idea of the United States of Europe seemed to the excellent Queen Louise of easy accomplishment if all the crowned heads of the military and naval empires, and these rulers' wives and children met in affectionate relations under her roof. She was a shy woman who preferred a full inner life to a shining external one. She possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of "suggesting" to others, without appearing to wish or will. Though masterful, she never appeared to seek for mastery in family or other matters, and she retained to the last day of her life her maternal hold on the hearts of children and grandchildren, of sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. Those who entered the family by marriage became amenable to her moral suasion. She understood that a way to hold her own with them was to avoid all intrusion in their homes and affairs. But twice in forty years did she visit the former Prince and Princess of Wales in England. Her visits took place shortly after the birth of the Princess Louise, now Duchess of Fife, and on the occasion of the Duke of York's marriage. The former lasted ten days and was called for by the dangerous illness, followed by years of lameness, of the Princess of Wales, now Queen Alexandra.

Louise could not approve of the intensely German policy of Queen Victoria, and therefore avoided all direct contact with her beyond what courtesy demanded. She also abstained from visiting her second daughter in Russia, and while at heart with the Hanoverian cause, she refused to be drawn into the vortex of Guelph policy. King Christian, who is rather the family man than the statesman, and was "his wife's husband," might go to Gmunden every autumn after his accustomed "cure" at Wiesbaden. When the Imperial, Royal, and exiled kindred gathered round the late Queen of Denmark, at Fredensborg, they accepted absolutely her sway as mother and mistress of the house. The law of primogeniture ruled: thus the Princess of Wales took precedence in Denmark, except on state occasions, over her younger sister, the Empress of Russia. She sat beside her mother in driving out in the Queen's little dogcart, and the Empress sat at their back holding on by the side-rails, with her feet on the board and her knees close to her chin.

At all the private dinners, Alexandra's

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place was on King Christian's right and Dagmar on the left. The King of the Hellenes yielded the *pas* to Crown Prince Christian.

Louise died four years ago, as the relations between Great Britain and the Boer Republics assumed a threatening aspect and as, in addition to a war in South Africa, another war seemed likely in Europe between England and Germany—for Germany—that is to say her Emperor—had followed the tradition of Bismarck in giving encouragement to the Krüger party at Pretoria and intended to step in between Boer and Briton when both were nearly worn out.

The dispute over Fashoda, a more serious affair than the public in France or England suspected, distressed Queen Louise so greatly as perhaps to hasten her end (she died at the age of eighty-one in 1898). She probably knew that, in the event of France standing by Colonel Marchand at Fashoda, Menelik would come to his rescue with an army of 200,000 strong, not organized, perhaps, for long service, but mettlesome and equipped with rifles which, as Italy learned to her cost, they knew how to use.

There was an inherent weakness in the Queen of Denmark's far-seeing and generous plans: no great change can be effected for any length of time by crowned heads, unless they follow an impulse coming from below. Napoleon I. so long as he represented the Revolution remained master of Europe. When he went against the Revolution, his Imperial Austrian marriage and his alliance with the Emperor of Russia availed him nothing. The Congress of Vienna which went against popular aspirations could only hoist a jury-mast that has now utterly disappeared. Whenever a monarch, whether autocratic or constitutional, startles the world with some telling measure, it is but the lightning flash that follows a collision of clouds charged with electricity. He has merely sanctioned the inevitable. What we call a revolution is the culmination of pre-existing revolutionary conditions. The French Revolution began several generations before, with the death of Louis XIV., when the work of the thirteenth-century jurists who placed the authority of King Philippe le Bel on the authority of the Justinian Code, had borne its fruits. In the eighteenth century events hastened toward a climax at a faster pace than at any other time, and Louis XVI. affixed his sign-manual to a Revolutionary declaration of war on George III., acknowledging

King George of Greece.

Dagmar, Dowager Empress of Russia.

Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland.

CHILDREN OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.

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WILHELM II. OF GERMANY AND EMPRESS VICTORIA.

the substitution of revolutionary rights (in the case of the American Colonies) to the old dogma of legitimacy.

Likewise, the movement for German unity in 1812–1813 came from the people who wanted to repel Napoleon. This movement broke out vigorously again, having suffered a set-back after Napoleon's fall, and again it came from the people. The Princes did all they could to balk it, and Bismarck, out-and-out Tory as he was (did he not owe his rise as a statesman to his championship of the Princes threatened in 1848 by their discontented subjects?), found himself unable to do anything for German unity without the people. This is why, against all his sympathies and former principles, he introduced universal suffrage in the North German Constitution of 1867.

I have given all these instances to show that all lasting movements have come from the people.

In taking up the arbitral principle, Nicholas II. followed in a long wake beginning with Cobden and Bright. The idea originated in a Quaker set in Northumberland and won popular advocacy at Labour and Socialist conferences. Long before the Alabama case which brought the principle prominently before the world, diplomacy was acquainted with such things as "good offices" or "mediation," which last, however, was something of a brokerage. The long trend causes me to hope that, in spite of many disquieting facts—and among them the low ethical and mental state even of the foremost nations—the danger is not very great of a European war, which, if it did take place, would probably run into a world-war.

The late Queen of Denmark's mind in the closing years of her life appeared set on the preservation of peace among her descendants and the maintenance of their situation in Europe by a family compact against anarchists and Chinese.

The German Emperor knew of her anxiety and, with characteristic impetuosity, rushed into action in China. His precipitate and premature action, I may here say, by provoking the Boxers' rising upset his and President Krüger's apple-cart. The massacre of Baron Kettler and the attack of the Boxers on the embassies at Peking prevented Krüger's visit to Europe from bearing the fruits on which he calculated.

The French foreign secretary said to Krüger: "We never made you any promises. But if Germany keeps her word with you,



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NICHOLAS II. OF RUSSIA AND THE CZARINA.

we shall see what we can do to help you."

The situation at Peking had grown dangerous and the German Emperor could not move. He sent word through his ambassador to Mr. Krüger not to proceed to Berlin. The old Boer patriarch could not believe that this intimation, so inconsistent with all the encouragements he had received, was in earnest, and he left for Berlin, only to be stopped at Cologne by a peremptory telegram from the Berlin Foreign Office to the effect that the Emperor declined to see him, and the Chancellor's comment on the incident in the Reichstag: "*Wir lassen uns nicht überrumpeln oder vergewältigen*," was a final repudiation of the Boer cause.

The dangers that threatened England on the eve of the Boxers' rising may be renewed. The Boers are still sure shots and the illustrious history of the British Empire would not appeal to their imaginations and give them pride in their new citizenship even if that history were familiar to them. Their race increases in South Africa. Russia pushes toward the Persian Gulf and Mediterranean and Germany toward the Adriatic and Ægean Seas. Abyssinia gathers strength and it may suit her to dispute the British position on the Nile. One can imagine her becoming far more formidable than even the Boers. Though French finances have never been in a more parlous condition since 1871 than they are now, France remains the best-located country in Europe, with the best climate, the most varied resources, the healthiest social condition (wealth being better distributed than elsewhere), and the most highly endowed population. Her people are liable to bellicose fevers or crazes and can effect great things under the influence of a sudden emotion or patriotic enthusiasm. It is conceivable that they might follow some statesman who called on them to clear British warships out of the Mediterranean and bar the way to Alexandria, operating from Corsica and Bizerta, the French naval base in Tunis. This idea had been discussed between Russian and French military and naval experts, and foreign secretaries, before and after Mr. Krüger's visit to Europe. It would probably have increased the apprehensions of the late Queen of Denmark and darkened the end of her life.

The Suez Canal has been a disturbing influence on trade, social relations, and politics. It stimulated the "land hunger" of France by drawing her nearer to Madagascar and Indo-

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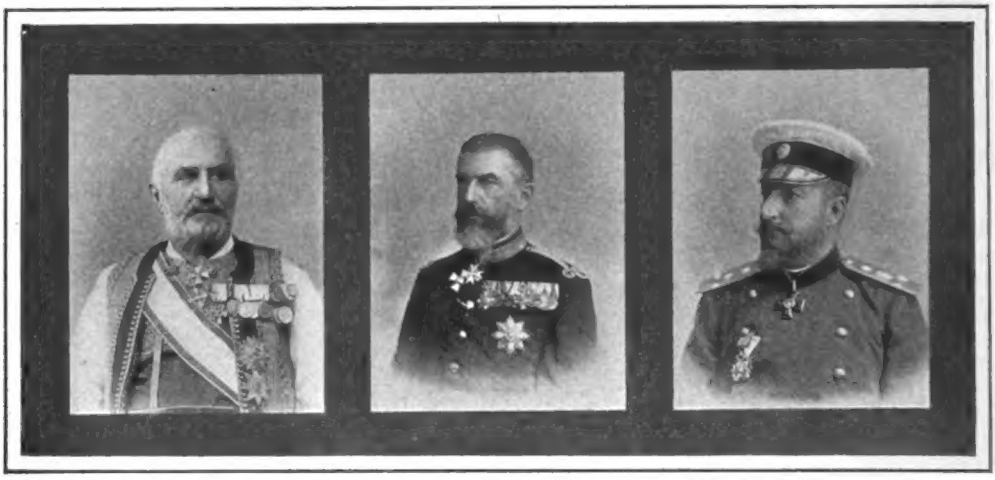
China. The Hovas and the Indo-Chinese have as little reason to bless the name of de Lesseps as the Egyptian fellaheen who dug slaved by the French conquerors. What remains of Siam is threatened with foreign domination. We may look forward to the

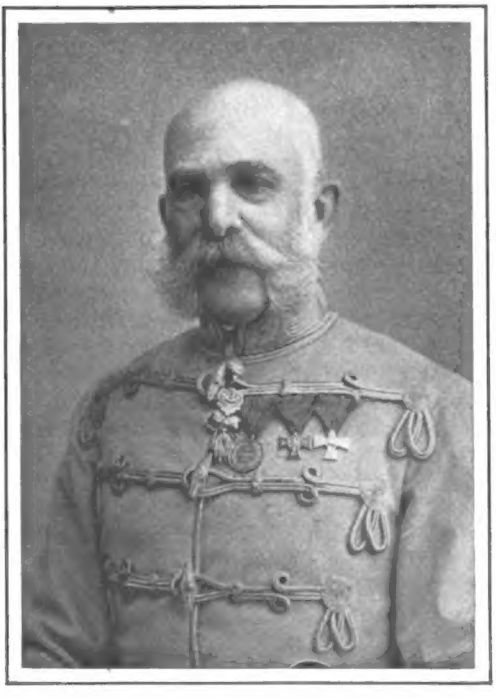


PRINCE NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO. CHARLES, KING OF ROUMANIA. PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

the Canal under lash of taskmasters. Indo-China, where the working-classes are on a far higher plane of thought and sentiment than those of Europe, has been virtually en-

Trans-Siberian giving rise to another universal trade-disturbance.

This will be the case, too, with the Euphrates Valley Railway. The German Em-



FRANZ-JOSEF, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

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peror intended to be the sole boss of this line, which was to transport German colonists. A densely peopled empire that has been increasing its population at the rate of 800,000 a year can spare enough subjects to bring the whole of the Euphrates Valley into cultivation. But, just now, it would be imprudent for Germany, single-handed, to attempt to stem the power of Russia in that part of the world, much less to bar her way to the Persian Gulf.

Great Britain, acting alone, could not safely work a railway concession to that sea from the Mediterranean. Nor could France. The three powers will have to pool the scheme; closely united they can succeed.

But the danger of quarrelling with one another is great. Britain, for the present, holds a strong position with her protectorate of Koweit, and at Mascate; she, in point of fact, holds the Persian Gulf. But the strain of maintaining her position there would be too great with other simultaneous drains on her energies, were her French and German associates to play her false and enter against her into an arrangement with Russia.

It is to be feared that the Euphrates Valley scheme, the world not being ripe for it, will be as the opening of the seventh vial. All the resources of Russian diplomacy will be brought to bear against it, and also against the advance of Austria to Salonica. Austria is near that goal. She occupies the Novi-Bazar strip of territory known as Old Servia, between the Kingdom of Servia and Montenegro, and has got round the Catholic Albanians, for whom she built a cathedral, inaugurated last year at Uskub, which commands the plain of Macedonia.

The German Empire has hitherto behaved toward Britain in an encroaching spirit. But this may be owing to Queen Victoria's passionate partiality amounting to preference for the German Fatherland. The English fondly imagined when she came to the throne—an event which severed the personal link between the crowns of Great Britain and Hanover—that they were done with German politics. As a matter of fact, they never had so much of them—albeit "on the sly"—as in the sixty years of Victoria's reign. Her husband, a German to the heart's core, her uncle Leopold of Belgium—a German, but without any heart to speak of, though extremely clannish and devoted to the House of Saxony—his factotum, Baron Stockmar, another German and mentor of the Prince Consort, formed the government within the government of Great Britain.

The marriage of the Princess Royal of England and the Crown Prince of Prussia, already destined in the plans of her father and of Stockmar to wear the future Imperial crown of Germany, gave a systematic trend to the German proclivities of Victoria. Her daughters' interests were uppermost in her mind whenever she had to face a European question. They knew in Berlin, that however Palmerston—the only statesman of an independent mind that England had in the Victorian period—might bark, the Queen would never suffer him to bite a Hohenzollern. The scheme which was to be carried out in 1866 and 1870 begun to take shape from the very day the Princess Royal became Princess Frederick William of Prussia.

After Albert, and Stockmar, and Frederick had all died, an idol of Victoria, William, became German Emperor. He, her eldest grandson, filled her heart with pride. She had him, in his childhood, on as long visits as his Prussian grandparents would allow. She was fond of repeating his sayings which she thought astonishingly bright and, indeed, indicative of a many-sided genius, and she wrote them down in her journal. She worshipped in him the coming Kaiser, and a man, she thought, of a vaster mind than even the great Frederick. She had him as a visitor at Windsor, Balmoral, Osborne, whence he looked across the Solent and realized the tremendous sea-power of Britain. This object-lesson of the maritime greatness of his grandmamma's realm filled him with emulation in which jealousy rankled. He could not bear the idea that the then Prince of Wales was in course of time to become the sea-king of Europe.

William did all he could to belittle his uncle, and to raise enemies against his future empire. He never came to England without squeezing, through the grandmother, some important diplomatic advantage. In return for a concession he made at Zanzibar, intending it to be purely nominal, and secretly playing into the Boers' hands, he obtained Heligoland, a valuable naval base in the event of a war with Germany. He, moreover, obtained British acquiescence to seizures of territory in East and West Africa which he could not effectually occupy, thus breaking through a rule of the Conference of Berlin. He also obtained an island of the Samoa group, where he can create a naval station with a view to

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raids on Australia and New Zealand. And yet Germany has not a single colony with a climate suiting Europeans. If she is to have white colonies she must first tear away neighbors' lands. This is why William, spurred by the jealousy aroused at his Isle of Wight visits, forced his naval scheme on the Reichstag.

The direction in which the world moves may deflect the course he shaped out in his grandmother's lifetime. It would not be safe for Germany to live under the shadow of a vastly magnified Russia; and United States commercial rivalry may open his eyes to the advantage of taking Janus rather than Mars for his junior partner.

The German people, who are highly schooled and drilled and trained in many directions, have the impulsive nerves that mark an alcoholic condition. They drink too much beer. It was therefore easy, the colonizing ambition aiding, for Berlin to work them into a state of furious hatred against England, who never deserved this hatred. A blustering state of rage in the German nation would have allowed William to take every kind of short and ugly turn on his British relatives without incurring—seemingly—the reproach of ingratitude. Within the last eighteen months the bluster has cooled down. William has wanted Edward's help in different parts of the world: in Venezuela, and in the Euphrates Valley, in order to finance the railway concession. The agreements upon both affairs were concluded at Sandringham during the Emperor's visit there last winter, and were given official form before he left England at the London Foreign Office.

My forecast of Europe is federation. The lessons of the Boer war and the commercial competition of the United States bid Europe to federate. Submarine destroyers will work in this direction. Russia wants quietly to digest her more recent acquisitions.

A universal impulse in favor of peace may be felt everywhere on this continent. The action of three monarchical states in sending squadrons to Algiers to salute President Loubet is a hopeful sign. Europe has been lopsided since 1871: first, under the diplomatic supremacy of Bismarck, and secondly, under the effect of the Russian-French alliance, which has been more or less of a mystification for the French.

Europe is manifestly recovering her balance. France sees that she has drawn too many chestnuts out of the fire for Russia and is sick of militarism. She would gladly revert to her eighteenth-century status, when she had an intellectual sway and was supreme in art and fashion from the Neva to the Tagus. She is satisfied to refer troublesome international questions to the Hague conference.

Nothing short of a revolution has taken place since the death of President Faure in French ideas about military prowess and glory. The French begin to feel that they are too good for the rough colonial work of the world and that, in addicting themselves to art and science chiefly, they can hold an enviable primacy in the world. Americans should not imagine that Europeans are their inferiors. The nations of the old world are chained down by survivals of the bad old times, by vested interests based on birth privileges and monopolies, and by the disunion among the European peoples which necessitates big armies.

When a European can follow an avocation without any let or hindrance, he does as well as the best American, and may do better, on the very high peaks of intellect, whether in science or in literature. Berthelot has no parallel anywhere: Marconi and Hertz equal Edison—to put it very mildly, and Lord Kelvin is illustrious as an inventor.

The emancipation of Europe from the military incubus would free her genius, give it wings and enable it to soar to heights yet undreamt of. Hope and joy could not but stimulate the sense of beauty, so strong in most European races, and better material conditions give scope to warm-hearted generous sentiment. The European man or woman values happiness more than great wealth—a state of mind that helps the artist, author, or scientist, and is the beginning of wisdom. The French and the Germans enjoy more than the British, the Scotch excepted, the use of their higher intellectual faculties. The Spaniard is happy in feeling he has a highly wrought soul, and Italy is a country of great mental and æsthetic capabilities. The neutral states are forward in the production of middling people and a decent working-class population, but are not distinguished for high thought. A small country breeds small minds. Ibsen, however, relieves Norway from this reproach, and Maeterlinck, Belgium. Denmark boasts of a great critic, Brandes. Nobel, whose peace prizes have rewarded the efforts of Frédéric Passy, and Ducommun was a Swede. He looked forward to a federated Europe, but never hoped to see it.

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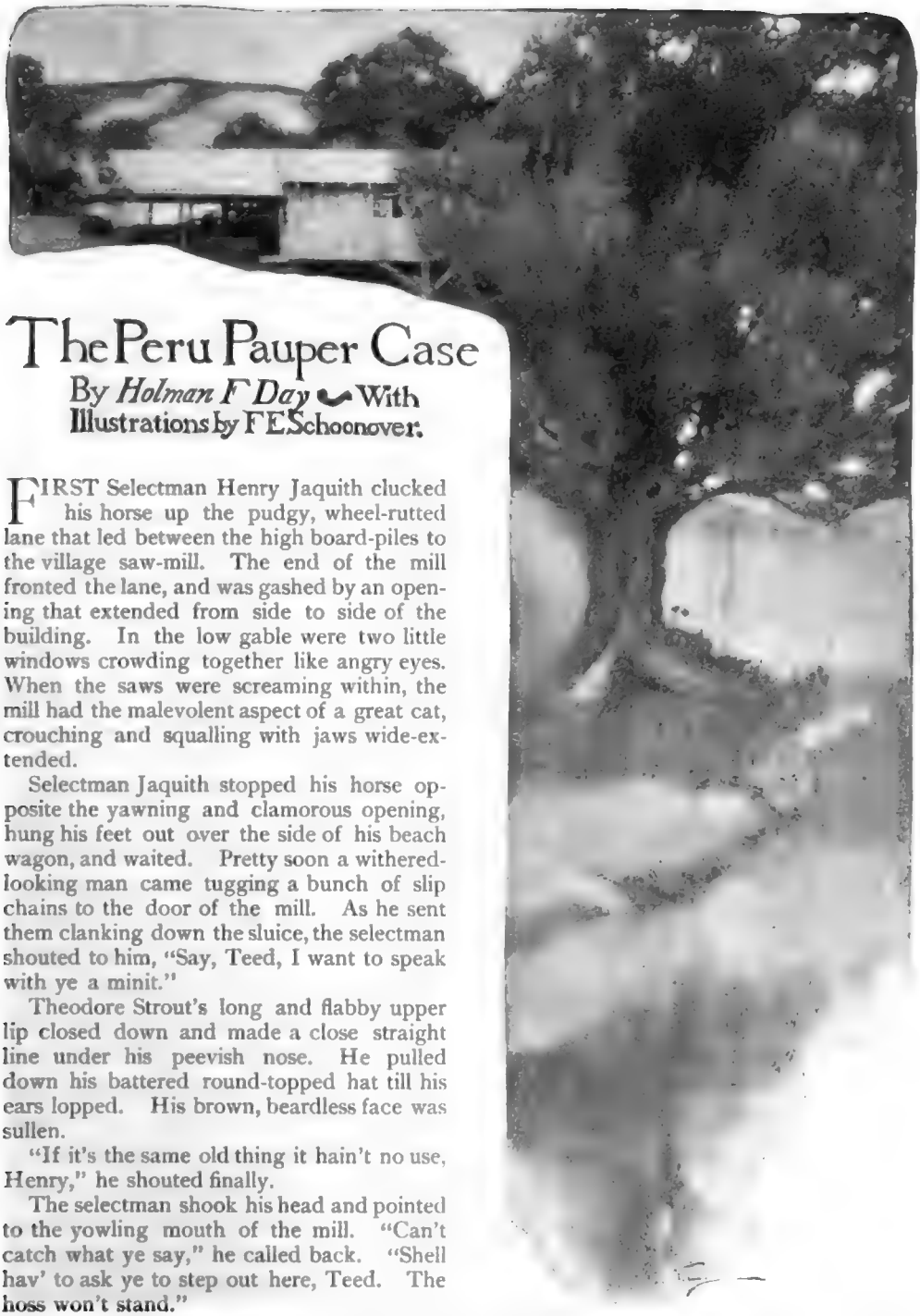

# The Peru Pauper Case

By *Holman F Day* ~ With Illustrations by F E Schoonover.

FIRST Selectman Henry Jaquith clucked his horse up the pudgy, wheel-rutted lane that led between the high board-piles to the village saw-mill. The end of the mill fronted the lane, and was gashed by an opening that extended from side to side of the building. In the low gable were two little windows crowding together like angry eyes. When the saws were screaming within, the mill had the malevolent aspect of a great cat, crouching and squalling with jaws wide-extended.

Selectman Jaquith stopped his horse opposite the yawning and clamorous opening, hung his feet out over the side of his beach wagon, and waited. Pretty soon a withered-looking man came tugging a bunch of slip chains to the door of the mill. As he sent them clanking down the sluice, the selectman shouted to him, "Say, Teed, I want to speak with ye a minit."

Theodore Strout's long and flabby upper lip closed down and made a close straight line under his peevish nose. He pulled down his battered round-topped hat till his ears lopped. His brown, beardless face was sullen.

"If it's the same old thing it hain't no use, Henry," he shouted finally.

The selectman shook his head and pointed to the yowling mouth of the mill. "Can't catch what ye say," he called back. "Shell hav' to ask ye to step out here, Teed. The hoss won't stand."

Strout started along impatiently, picked up a chip to whittle, and stood with an elbow on his knee, his toe on the axle hub.

"Teed, I've come to git the last word from ye about that woman of your'n," said the selectman.

"Hain't I told ye and told ye," grumbled the man, slashing off the end of the chip.

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"Yas, ye've told me, but ev'rything 'cept a jackass changes its mind once 'n a while," the selectman retorted.

Stout jerked his head up angrily. "Don't ye go to callin' me no jackass."

"Them as the coat fits can put it on."

"I've started in to git a bill from her and I reckin that now I hain't called on to support her in no extravagance. Leastwise, I hain't goin' to." Stout clicked his knife decisively and rammed it down into his trousers' pocket.

The selectman tucked the reins between his knees and pulled out a letter. "Ye can see for yourself," said he, testily. "Suthin' has got to be done. The town officers down to Foundry Falls notify us that she is took sick there and has called on. The expense will fall on you in the end and we can collect of you. But we don't want the bother of goin' to law and all that. All is, if ye want to save trouble, ye'd better grab in and do suthin'."

Strout pulled out a paper of his own. It It was a copy of the Foundry Falls *Ledger*.

"Look-a-there," he cried, his thumb indicating a square in the advertising columns, headed "Warning." "I've posted her. She left my bed and board, didn't she? I've posted her. She can't claim nothin' from me."

"Oh, you go hop up and bite," snarled the selectman. "You can put all the warnin's in the paper you've a mind to—you've got to support your wife jest the same, so long's she's your wife."

Strout snorted, but the selectman went on.

"Marshy is still your wife. Ye hain't got no bill yet, and I'll bet ye a dollar to a doughnut ye never will. She's more like to git it from you, if anything."

"You've got a license to think what ye want to," growled Strout. "But that don't make it so."

"Well," said the selectman, briskly, gathering his feet into his wagon, "what say ye? Are ye goin' to take care of her till the court sets and the thing is decided, or are ye goin' to try to throw her on the town? I want it final, now."

"I've told ye."

"Ye hain't goin' to do a thing, then?"

"No more 'n what I've done."

"Ye'll have to settle in the end."

"The lawyers will see about that."

"Look-a-here, Teed," pleaded the selectman, "are ye so mis'able mean that ye are goin' to let a woman that ye have lived with for thutty year be throwed on the town? For God's sake stand by and pay for her keep till ye are fair and square disvosed, if it has got to come to that."

"I know my bus'ness better 'n what you do," Strout replied, surlily, removing his toe from the hub and turning to go. "And the' hain't no man livin' that's goin' to wopse me 'round by argyments, either. The people of this town hav' got to leave my bus'ness alone."

"All right! 'nough said then!" Jaquith yanked up the head of his dozing horse and drove away. He found his two associates on the "board of selectmen, assessors and overseers of the poor" awaiting him in their little room under the town hall. One of the village lawyers was there also.

"Teed is humped right up like a monkey goin' to war," reported the first selectman. "Vows he won't do a namable thing."

"Only course then, is for us to take charge of her," said Jephson, the third selectman. "We've got to bring her here. The bills will run up like fury down there to Foundry Falls, especially where a woman is sick and the doctors are 'tendin' out on her. We'll take care of her right home here and keep the bills down."

Then the lawyer gave the board certain instructions in regard to the provisions of the pauper law.

The next morning Jaquith drove down to Foundry Falls. He went in his beach wagon, proposing to bring back Mrs. Theodore Strout, "if she was able to be moved."

He found her in a dingy little room "on the block," as the big, brick boarding-house of the cotton mill was called.

"She's jest bound to be up and have her dress on," said the proprietress of the hotel, a gray and draggled woman who came to the door surrounded by an almost visible odor of boiled dinner. Through the amalgamated mustiness of a thousand past and gone boiled dinners, Jaquith followed the landlady to the upper floor of the house.

"Yes, she sets up most of the day," repeated the woman as she knocked on a split door, "but she ought to be got out into the country and took care of."

Mrs. Strout gathered her wrapper around her thin throat and opened the door. Tears came into her eyes at sight of the familiar figure of the selectman.

"Marshy," he said, grasping her hand with official heartiness, "'pears like ye hain't so spiffy as usual."

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"I hain't no ways well, Mr. Jaquith," she said, dolefully. "'Tain't nothin' special, I reckon—only just bein' confined in the mill, day in and day out. And now that it's come warm weather, jest seems 's though I couldn't stand it to stay away from the old town. I jest can't work—that's all there is to it. I'm too weak to walk up and down stairs."

She folded her hands in her lap and gazed at him with a wistful look on her face. At last she said, hesitatingly and doubtfully, "He—he—Teed didn't—I s'pose 'tain't him that's sendin' ye, is it? I didn't know but——"

Jaquith paused a moment. Then he said, "I might jest as well be honest with ye, Mis' Strout. Teed hain't willin' to do nothin'. Stays jest as set as the eternal hills. Fact of the matter is, I'm down here for the town—in my official capacity, as the sayin' is." He concluded with a mirthless chuckle. The woman's eyes filled.

"As ye might say, I'm right on the town," she mourned.

"Oh, no—oh, no—don't take it that way, Marshy. 'Tain't hardly like that. But seein' that Teed is so offish, it's the place of the town to move in the matter. We're goin' to make him pay for it in the end, ye needn't worry about that."

"But he's posted me."

"That don't let him out of honest debts in the eyes of the law. It's just aggravatin' for all of us, that's all."

"Yes, Mr. Jaquith, that's the trouble down here. They knowed about his advertisin' me. They made me call right on jest as soon as I was took sick. I couldn't get trusted for a cent. After a woman has had a good home and has been somewhere in the world, it's a kind of a hard come-down." Mrs. Strout wiped her eyes.

"I know—I know," replied Jaquith. "We all know up our way. We sort of side with you. Both of ye p'raps was kind of wrong, but Teed is saggin' off the wust now."

The woman broke in on him, her eyes glowing. "He hadn't no right to make any such talk to me. Jest as though I would care anything for that little fool he flung up at me, even if I did go to the dances. Land o' Goshen, if I'd a-wanted to be flirty, I guess I could have got somebody better'n that."

"Why, of course ye could, Marshy. But up our way we don't——"

"Then to think of his makin' talk to me after I caught him fixing up a valentine to send to that schoolma'am down in the brickyard district. When I twitted him, he had the cheek to traipse down and call her out into the entry and hand it to her. My own nephew, Susy's little boy, come right home and told me about it."

"Oh, yes, it's bad—it's bad all 'round," said the selectman perfunctorily. "We're in hopes that it can all be straightened out, though. I——"

"I had good reasons for leavin' his bed and board. I couldn't respect myself and stay there. I went right to that hussy that was tolin' him on, and if ever I talked to a woman I talked to her. And then I give him tophet and no pitch hot. I——"

"P'raps ye was a leetle—jest a leetle dite too up and comin'," suggested Jaquith, absently, looking out of the window to see that his horse was standing all right.

"No, sir,—no, sir, Bob, Mr. Jaquith. A woman's got her own rights to look after, or nobody else will. When I left him I told him it was for good, and I meant it. I told him I would find a man that was better'n him if I had to hunt the world over."

"That was jest a bit ha'sh; jest a bit," said the selectman, soothingly. "Teed seems to lay it up ag'inst ye now, suthin' bitter."

"Well, the cat's got a long tail, Mr. Jaquith. You hain't heard half of it. I——"

"Mis' Strout, I wisht—I reely wisht I had the time to set and talk this over with ye, but I hain't. Now I'll tell ye jest where the town of Peru stands in this matter. Of course we don't know what the merits of the disvose cases, your'n and his, are. 'Tain't our bus'ness to know! But we've got our duty as town officers. Now ye have called on down here. This place looks to us for their pay. We can't go to the expense of keepin' you here. So I shall have to take you back with me."

"Not to be put onto the town farm, Mr. Jaquith. I'll die first."

"We hain't reckinin' on taking ye to the farm. We've got law on it, and we plan to put ye right into Teed's house. We'll take a time when he's at the mill and——"

"I sha'n't listen to no such thing," declared the woman, firmly.

"Reckin ye'd better. He'll have to support ye."

"No, I won't!" She set her lips.

"I've got a pretty good disposition, Mis' Strout," said Jaquith, "but 'tween you and

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Teed, first one and then the other of ye settin' back in the britchin' the way ye do, it's enough to mad an angel. Now it hain't the usual bus'ness of the first selectman of Peru to mix into fam'ly affairs. But he is also overseer of the poor, and he has to do it when the town's money is concerned. So as overseer of the poor I tell ye flat-footed ye've got to go back to Peru Center and do what we say. You must keep rememb'rin' that ye have called on. And ye'll excuse me for sayin' it to ye, Mis' Strout, but paupers has got to obey orders."

The two sat for a moment and looked at each other. The aspect of the town officer was uncompromising. The woman's lip trembled. Then she leaned her head in her hands and sobbed.

"I feel for ye in this tribulation, and I know jest the way it cuts ye to be taken back," said Jaquith, indulgently, "but when town officers have their duty to perform by the law and the statutes, they jest have to perform the duty in spite of death, the devil, taxes, and the deep sea." He tiptoed to the door. "I've got a few arrunts to do upstreet, Mis' Strout," he added. "I'll be back here in half an hour, or thereabouts. I shall have to ask ye to have your trunk packed. I've got a beach wagin to take it right along." Henry Jaquith had the name in Peru of "being set." The woman made no further protest.

Marshy Strout doubled her worn veil across her face when they drove along the single street of Peru Center. No one recognized her. When Jaquith stopped at the little cottage and lifted down the trunk, Aunt Sybil Estes peered through her window from across the street and said to her daughter, "Guess Teed Strout must have hired a housekeeper. I reckined he'd git tired of keepin' bachelor's hall." Other neighbors stood at their windows and marvelled.

"I swan, I dunno how I'm goin' to git ye in, now," said Jaquith, tramping back to the wagon after he had deposited the trunk on the platform of the porch.

Mrs. Strout choked a bit and then said, "We allus—used to keep the key behind the second blind, there."

The selectman fumbled. "Wal, here it is, sure pop! Teed keeps up some of the good old habits," he remarked genially as he unhooked the key and unlocked the door. When he brought in the trunk he found her weeping beside the kitchen table.

"Nothin' like home to soften up a woman," said Jaquith to himself. "Marshy'd make up in a minit, jest let Teed say the word." He stopped in the door a moment before going away. "Jest git him up a rousin' supper," he counselled. "Lay yourself out. Of course ye're feelin' kind of peak-ed, but strain a bit for this time. Git one of them old-time suppers into Teed—cream-o'-tartar biskit and all the rest—and he'll forgit all about he's been so raspy."

The woman wept there awhile among the well-remembered old things that had been her companions for thirty years of wedded life. Then she almost forgot her grief and the physical weakness that weighed her. The horror of the tidy housewife at the clutter that prevailed overwhelmed every other feeling. She called over one of the neighbors' little boys and sent him down to the store for some groceries. The little boy spread the news that Mis' Strout had come back home.

When Theodore Strout came from his work at six o'clock, he groped behind the blind with one hand, seeking the key. It was not there. He set down the pound of hog's head-cheese that he had brought home for his supper and peered down between the slats of the porch floor to see where the key had dropped. While he was thus engaged, he heard the clatter of dishes within. Slowly, with jaw hanging down and eyes bulging, he straightened up, still on his knees, until he could look in at the window. A woman was moving between the stove and the table. Strout picked up his cheese and went in hesitatingly, first taking another look at the outside of the house to make sure that it was his. His wife was just setting a smoking plate of biscuit on the table that was spread for supper.

"Mum—mum—Marsh—Mis' Strout," he gasped. Then with indignation, "What the tunket are ye doin' in my house?"

"Well, Teed, I hain't come here to force myself on ye," said the woman, nervously twisting her hands in her apron, her eyes falling beneath his sullen gaze.

"Shouldn't think ye had," he retorted, with a comprehensive glance at the table on which a bountiful supper was set and at the stove radiating warmth.

"I s'pect it looks as though I had poked myself in here in dretful cheeky style," she stammered, "but they made me come and that's all there is to it."

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"They made ye—who made ye?"

"Hen Jaquith. He come down to where I was stoppin' in Foundry Falls and made me pack up and come back here. 'Lowed that 'cause I was sick and had called on down there I'd have to do jest as the town said."

Strout opened his mouth once or twice as if to speak. But it was evident he didn't know exactly what to say. He hung up his hat and, rolling his shirt sleeves over his elbows, went along to the sink. He poured the tin basin full of water and began to wash his face with stertorous "wheeshes." As he groped toward the roller towel rack his wife noticed she had not replaced the grimy one that she had taken down. She ran to him with a clean towel, her instincts as a wife and helper surmounting her grief at his uncompromising attitude. He yanked it from her and wiped his face and hands. Then, as he crouched with his back toward her before the little, cracked looking-glass, and combed his long, wet, straggly hair, he growled," There hain't no two ways about it, Mis' Strout, ye can't stay here. The' is disvose matters between us, and they've got to take their course. If ye stay here the lawyers will say I'm condonin', or whatever they call it. Then ev'rything's off. That old Hen Jaquith thinks he's smart, but I'm jest 's smart's he is. I say ye'll have to leave!"

The woman sat down with her hands in her lap and looked at the floor with dry and burning eyes.

"Heard what I said, didn't ye?" Strout growled as he went along and looked into the stove.

"Yes, I heard," she murmured, abstractedly.

"Wal," he said, after a pause, "wal, ye know what's the next thing for ye to do, don't ye?"

"I s'pose so," she answered, listlessly.

A longer pause. The fire snapped and the kettle, with fresh water in it for the supper dishes, commenced to sing.

"Why don't ye go?" His tone was very harsh.

She looked at him now, and the tears welled up and plashed down on her folded hands. "I hain't cryin' baby, Teed," she said, wistfully, "and I hain't reckinin' to force myself back where I hain't wanted. I s'pose bein' sick and alone down there and gittin' back home ag'in is what has knocked me all askew in this way. But I would like to eat supper with ye if ye don't mind too much, Teed," she coaxed. "I felt so bad I couldn't eat nothin' before I come away from Foundry Falls, and now some of this home stuff will taste dretful good to me after that boardin'-house."

"I don't want to be ha'sh with ye, Marshy," he said, without kindness in his tones, "but this 'ere is bus'ness. I hain't goin' to have that Jaquith git no bind on me and then say that I have condoned. The only way is for ye to go, and go now." He shouted the last two words. He went along to the stove and slammed off the covers. Then, taking plate after plate from the table, he threw into the flames biscuits, cakes, and all the supper that she had so carefully prepared, staggering in her weakness while doing it. The woman looked at him with her eyes wide open.

"What in sanup are ye doin' that for?" she asked.

"It simply means that if I hain't livin' with a woman I hain't eatin' none of the grub that she gits up. I hain't condonin' nothin' and no way, I tell ye. The' can't be no snap worked on me. I jest want ye to git out. The' hain't goin' to be no truck between us, no way, shape, nor manner."

He got some crackers from the cupboard, poured some milk from a can he kept there, cut a slice from his hog's head-cheese, placed the food on the bare table, and began to munch his scanty repast. She still looked at him with the eyes of a hungry dog. He gave no glance at her but he felt her gaze. At last, unable to endure the situation longer, he leaped to his feet, violently struck his brown fist on the table and shouted, his voice shrill with rage, " For God's sake, will ye git out of here? Settin' there like a Chessy cat, droolin' at me. Git out or I'll throw ye out."

Without answering, the woman picked up her shabby black straw hat and went out holding it in her hand. She paused irresolutely at the gate, uncertain as to which direction to take, conscious in shamed confusion that the neighbors were coming to the windows, attracted by her husband's loud tones. She was leaning against a gate-post when Selectman Jaquith came along. He had dropped around after his supper to see how this municipal match-making was progressing.

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"Ah," he chirped, cheerfully, "hain't Teed got home yit?"

Such choking grief constricted the woman's throat she could not answer. She pointed behind her at the house, using the hand that held the rusty black hat.

The selectman kept on:

"Oh, yes—yes, ev'rything lovely and you goin' out to pay a leetle call on the neighbors, eh? That's good. How'd the old man like that supper? I'll bet it jest went right to the depths of his soul," and Selectman Jaquith fished out a match, crooked his leg, and scratched it on his rough trousers.

"He —," the woman gasped with a mighty sob, "he — he throwed it all into the stove and driv' me out. Oh, my God, what shall I do?"

She sank down by the fence in a heap, grasped the palings, and broke out into almost hysterical grief. The selectman threw away his match and gazed down on her, his brow knitted in perplexity. Before he made a move, Aunt Sybil Estes had hobbled over.

"For the land's sake," she cried, "is that Mis' Strout back ag'in and what is the trouble with her?"

"The trouble is," said the exasperated Jaquith, "she's been tryin' to feed a hog and he's got into the trough."

He went stalking up the walk toward the house. Aunt Sybil kneeled beside the sobbing woman and tried to pump her and soothe her at the same time.

Just before the selectman reached the porch, Strout appeared in the doorway, chewing vigorously and nervously on a piece of his hog's head-cheese.

"Hain't ye ashamed of yourself, Teed Strout," the selectman began. Strout checked him with a significant gesture: he placed his thumb to the side of his head and waggled his hand derisively. But his face was white and set. The next moment he had shut and locked the door.

The selectman looked for a moment at the oak that had been thus unceremoniously sported and then he stepped upon the porch and tapped on the window. No sound from within.

"Let me in, I tell ye, Strout," Jaquith shouted. "I've had law on this matter and the town knows jest where she stands. Your wife is goin' to stay in that house, and I mean jest what I say. Are ye goin' to open up and let her in?"

Silence indoors.

"All right! Have it to suit ye," growled the selectman. He went to the woodpile in the yard and picked up the axe. Then he returned to the door.

"Listen to me, Teed Strout," he called. "I'm the first selectman of the town of Peru and I reprusent the citizens thereof. Ye have turned out a pauper that rightfully claims support from ye. Ye can't do it by law. Now I'll give ye jest one minit to think it over and let that pauper back where she belongs. If ye don't I'll put her there, and the law is behind me in it."

"Time's up!" cried the selectman, after a pause. He pounded hard on the door with the poll of the axe. Then the voice of Strout was heard within. "If ye break into my house, Hen Jaquith, s'lec'man or nor s'lec'man, ye'll git hurt."

"We shall see who'll git hurt the wust, then," replied the selectman grimly. People were gathering by the fence and his reputation was at stake. With three blows from the axe he sent the door banging open. There stood Strout white with wrath. He shied a stove wood stick that whizzed past Jaquith's head. The selectman leaped forward, "Ye make one more move to resist an officer of the law, Teed Strout," he gasped, hardly able to articulate in his excitement and anger, "and I'll brain ye right where ye stand."

Strout eyed the up-raised, quivering axe. He glanced about his kitchen covertly, but he could see no weapon. His body shook with the passion of a weak and emotional nature.

"Take the house," he screamed; "take it and put her in here. I can sleep on a sawdust pile down to the mill. I've done it before and I can do it ag'in." He backed out of the door, vibrating his clinched hands above his head. On the porch he turned and faced the street. The fence was lined with neighbors, men, women and children. More were arriving. They gazed compassionately on Mrs. Strout, sobbing as she crouched by the gate, and they eyed the appearance of Strout with some apprehension.

"Ye are all ag'inst me in this town," he yelled, hunching one shoulder forward as he shook his fist at them. "I reckin it's because I 'tend to my own bus'ness and make better day's wages than any of ye." He walked down the path and halted half way to the gate.

"I'm independent of this whole town," he screamed. "There hain't any of ye that's

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SHE SANK DOWN BY THE FENCE IN A HEAP.

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got a bind on me. And I can run my family affairs, too. I'll git some law of my own and I'll show ye! Ye're a set of old, meddlin', nosin', jealous fools."

As Strout came stumbling down the walk toward the gate, a little group that had surrounded Mrs. Strout separated. The village lawyer was in the knot of people. A member of the board of selectmen was with him.

"Hold on just a moment, Strout," commanded the lawyer. "You are making a good deal of talk about this town, that is, for a small man. There's one thing, though, about the rest of us—we're paying our bills and we're taking care of those who are dependent on us." A murmur of assent ran along the fence.

"My bus'ness is my bus'ness," snarled Strout, attempting to elbow past.

"Hold on, Teed Strout," said the lawyer, sternly. "In the eye of the law, this has commenced to be our business now. We've got a law in this State that makes paupers out of a whole family, if one member calls on for town aid. Your wife is on the town."

"Let her stay there," snapped Strout.

"So long as she stays there the law considers you a pauper, too," said the lawyer.

"You can't carry out no such law as that on a man that's earnin' two-seventy-five a day," jeered Strout. "Git out of my yard, the whole of ye. I'd ruther see a turkey buzzard on my doorstep than a lawyer, any time."

With rural zest in rough repartee, the crowd mumbled a laugh. The lawyer's face flushed.

"I'll proceed to show you, my man, what the law of this State stands for, and whether or not those who represent it are to be treated with respect," shouted the lawyer. "I was ready for just this thing. Shall I go ahead?" he called to the selectman. The latter nodded. The lawyer beckoned two men from the crowd.

"Constables," he commanded, "arrest that pauper and take him to the poorhouse!"

Strout's jaw dropped as the men advanced. "Ye can't do no such thing," he yelled, retreating. "I'm a boss sawyer, and I earn a better livin' than any of ye."

"I don't care what you earn," declared the lawyer, inexorably. "Your family has called on for town aid, and the law makes you a pauper. I've got a warrant here that says so."

Strout tore a picket from the fence, backed to the corner of the house, and stood at bay.

"I'd jus' soon die right here and now all at once as to be harried to death," he grated. "Come on and take me if ye think ye want me, but I warn ye that I'm goin' to strike to kill."

"Take him," the lawyer cried, "even if you have to gather him in inch pieces."

As the constables hesitated a moment, Mrs. Strout rose from beside the gate. Her face was tear-stained, and her rusty-black gown was streaked with the dirt of the garden path. She walked straight toward her husband. He switched his picket vigorously about him. "Keep away or I'll cut ye right in two," he cried. "No gum-games can be played on me, not this ev'nin'."

But she walked close to him. "Teed," she said, "I don't want anyone to hear what I'm goin' to say. I jest want to show ye that ye've got one friend, weak and despisable though she may be. I overheard what the squire and the selectman said to each other before ye came out. They can't hold ye if I don't have to call on for help any more. Teed, understand me right this once, if ye never did before. Ye haven't understood me—but it's too late to explain all that, and I know it. What I say is, lend me a little money jest so that I needn't call on for help. If I ask anyone else they'll make it out that I'm askin' for town aid. Ye see I can't ask anyone else. It's awful hard for me to git into the dust and ask this of ye after what has passed, and ye know me well enough to understand that it's an awful cross for me to do it. But it's for your sake. I'll be to work in a little while, and you shall have ev'ry cent back. You know me well enough for that, too! I'm willin' to go to the poor-farm after the disvose if I have to, but I've got too much pride in you to see you there."

She fumbled in the pocket of her old dress and pulled out a worn purse. The man eyed her stolidly.

"Bein' as how we hain't husband and wife we'll make the thing as near bus'ness as we can, Teed," she continued. "I did have somethin' once when I had you and my home, but I hain't got nothin' now except these."

She sobbed as she opened the purse. "But you know the value I put on them. You know better than anyone else that the treasures of the earth couldn't buy them from me.

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You know that I'll work my fingers off to pay you and redeem them."

She extended the objects and he took them, still stolid.

"There's the tintype of us the day we were married," she said, "and the curl off Bessie's head the day she died." She put the empty purse back in her pocket.

"It's jest bus'ness, Teed," she said, piteously. "I want you to look at it that way, for I've got my self-respect left yet, and I'll beg my bread from no one. I've been up somewhere in the world once, even if I hain't nothin' but a pauper now."

Strout glanced at the two objects and clutched his hand about them. He glared at the row of inquisitive faces lined along the garden fence. More keenly than before did he feel that the neighbors were prying into his family affairs. His family affairs! He looked at the little woman in faded black, who stood there rolling the corner of her shawl, her tearful gaze on the tress that peeped between his fingers.

His family! The woman was his family despite their quarrel, and was knitted to him by all the ties of the past. Those people grinning there by the fence made this one, who had just shown him her friendship, stand out in pathetic contrast. And those pitiful tokens cracked the shell of his stubborn spite. In the flood of new light that streamed through upon his soul he beheld a picture of his wife of the past—a past of unselfish, faithful, patient labor in that little home behind him. It was a past of sacrifice to help him save the humble store in the bank. In that light how mean and small appeared their bickerings.

Strout choked and held his hand at his throat to crowd back the bitter lump that swelled there. After a time he was able to speak.

"Squire," he said, turning to the lawyer, "I want to ask about jest one point in law."

"Ask ahead," snapped the lawyer, stiffly.

"How do ye go to work to stop disvose proceedin's?"

The lawyer stared a moment in amazement. Then he replied with the gravity of the consulting room, "A divorce action can be most effectually quashed with a kiss. Why do you ask, Strout? Are you goin' to take your wife back?"

"No, sir," the husband shouted. "I'm goin' to ask her to take me back. I want it understood here in this town that I'm doin' the askin'. Ye want to remember, all ye women, that Marshy Strout stands jest as proud as any of ye. A man that's jest been declared a pauper hain't a very good match but, Marshy, dear wife——"

He reached out his hand.

"I reckin the Strout fam'ly can support its own paupers, can't it?" he murmured, smiling at her through tears.

His hand held the picture and the curl. Marshy put her work-stained palm into the browned fist, her cheeks crimson, her eyes shining, her thin face transfigured.

"And there's the kiss, Squire," said Strout. "After hearin' so much about the law I guess we might's well be legal while we're about it."

Then they turned their backs on the gaping throng, and, with the poor little keepsakes clasped still between their rough palms, they walked into the house and closed the shattered kitchen door.

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# The Savant

By RICHARD KIRK

IN Time's fair garden he fulfilled his hour ;
Grubbed at the roots and brushed aside the flower.

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# Five Hundred Trains a Day

By LAWRENCE PERRY

"HALLO, down there, what train are you going to put that combination on? on 290? All right. Freight to F, quick."

At these last words one of the six men standing at a long intricate row of levers behind the speaker jumps forward, seizes a lever and pulls it out; a lone car whizzing down a track on the other side of the yard springs to a cross track, spins diagonally across all the tracks, until suddenly it turns neatly and rolls out of sight on its way into the station. No one of those who should be more interested has watched the car, however, since it approached the first switch. There are other things to look at and think about. That lumbering shop engine, for instance, has to be shunted out of the yard on its way to Mott Haven; six locomotives have to be placed in position so that they may back into the station in time to take out the five-o'clock train; a track has to be cleared for the Boston express, soon due. A dozen things have been attended to since that combination car was started on its proper track to the station. It is all very bewildering to the looker-on, who gazes at the chief tower director and wonders whether in all the rail road business there is another man who combines in his mental equipment such unerring decision, such alertness, such coolness, grasp of detail, and such a marvellous memory as does this man who sits in his little second-story bay-window overlooking the New York Central yards, and superintends the destination of every car and locomotive that moves therein.

The chief tower director! You who sit quietly in your car, give no thought to the mind which causes the train a second or so after it leaves the station to jolt and shunt this way and that, until finally it rolls swiftly, safely, and easily out of the yard in its appointed track. Indeed, the chances are that you never heard of the tower director. Yet the liabilities are that, did this man make ever so slight an error, suffer for one instant

W. J. MILES, CHIEF TOWER DIRECTOR, IN HIS BAY-WINDOW OVER THE TRACK.

ever so infinitesimal a lesion in memory, your train would pile itself in a picturesque mass of wreckage.

It is a little affair, this tower, two stories, the lower brick, the upper of wood. Below are the assistant train-despatcher and his assistants; above, in a little bay-window of glass built out over the track, sits the chief tower director. Directly behind him—suggesting the looms in a woollen mill—are the pneumatic interlocking machines which operate all the switches in the yard. At the director's elbow are telephone and speaking-tubes and telegraph instruments and push-buttons innumerable, while at the north end of the office is the desk of the train-despatcher, who seems to do nothing but answer telephones, or ring them, or push electric buttons, or write on slips of paper which he generally sends over to the tower director.

In the middle of the yard stands a man who commands a slightly better view up the tracks than the man in the window; to him the tower-man appeals sometimes when in doubt as to just what is doing at Fiftieth Street. Near by, in the yard, is an assistant train-despatcher, addressed as "Hello, down there!" when the tower wants information.

So much for the general method of train despatching. The details are infinite. In the first place, this pneumatic interlocking switching apparatus is divided into six sections, each

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in charge of one man. In every section are some two hundred odd levers, each one representing a switch. The man in the bay-window knows the location of every switch and track and crossing and junction as well as you know the location of the furniture in your library. He knows also just how each track is encumbered, and what that encumbrance is, and, when he wishes to clear the way for a train, his orders fly like lightning. Two shop engines are shuttled to a siding, a long train of empty cars is hurried out of the way—every thing is done in a second, but not too soon, for the next instant comes that long burrr rrrang clip, and the express train thunders by into the station.

HIS ORDERS ARE TOO TECHNICAL FOR THE VISITOR TO UNDERSTAND.

In obedience to his orders, the six men have been jumping to the various levers, pulling and jerking, their hands moving as swiftly and deftly and as certainly as the expert typewriter's fingers. As a lever is pulled, a powerful current of air is released from the tank below the tower and, shooting through the tubing running along or across the tracks, operates the switch.

Standing on any one of the bridges that cross the New York Central yard, it is difficult to realize that each apparently wandering drill-engine, each car standing empty and idle, has some good reason for being there; that its location is known to the tower director as well as he knows where his ears are, and that he also knows just where those drill and passenger engines will be fifteen minutes later and why. He may not forget one of them. There are three of these directors, each with his shift of six men. William Miles holds the bay-window from 7 o'clock A.M. to 3 o'clock P.M. Andrew Toomly directs trains from 3 to 11 o'clock at night, and William Bouch from 11 o'clock until 7 the next morning, when Mr. Miles comes on again. At his desk in the north end of the tower, the train-despatcher first receives word of an incoming train. When it arrives at Ninety-sixth Street, he receives another message to that effect, and, when the train gets to Seventy-second Street a buzzer rings in the tower, at which the tower director proceeds forthwith to clear the way with a whirlwind of orders to the lever men. In the Mott Haven message to the train-despatcher, he is advised as to the class of train approaching, the time, and the number of cars. This information is passed on to the director and he prepares himself accordingly. But the fact that perhaps a dozen trains have passed Mott Haven before the first train has reached Seventy-second Street bears eloquent testimony to his memory.

Standing at the director's back as he sits twisting about in his seat in the window, squinting far up or down the track, then turning suddenly to give his orders, you find small room for wonder at the wrinkles and seams that criss-cross the face of so young a man as

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Miles is. His orders are too technical for the visitor to understand. But E to F, or Annex to G, or Freight to K means volumes to the men at the levers. Each track, or siding, or crossing has a letter or some technical name to designate it, and each letter and technical name suggests the use of a certain lever. A train attached to a little yard engine comes rolling out of the depot.

"E to Annex," calls the director. The South-western Limited is at Seventy-second Street, and the way must be cleared.

"Have you got that right?" calls out the man at the "E and Annex" lever. He has his doubts; for he had shunted three engines waiting to go into the station to that track a minute before. But the director is not worried or rendered uncertain; he knows those engines were shunted farther over not half a minute before.

"Sure," he cries, impatiently, and from E to Annex goes the out-rolling train.

You instinctively have a feeling of worry about this incident. Suppose the director was wrong? Suppose the "Limited" should crash into the empty cars? What then? What would become of this man's position? But you need not have worried.

Some days up in the tower are more strenuous than others, and that means very strenuous, indeed. Any day the tower-man and his assistants apparently have about all that can well be put upon them; but Harvard, or perhaps Princeton, plays Yale at New Haven to-day, and not only two or three, but ten and twelve extra trains of many cars each must be made up and sent out between 10 o'clock and noon. The powers of the tower man are called into the fullest play. Those long extra trains must dovetail in with the general every-day system to a nicety. Long before it is time for the special trains to be made up the despatcher is figuring out just how many more trains he shall allow in the tunnel at one time over and above the usual number, and a multiplicity of other details, such as whether that Bridgeport local shall be side-tracked at Mott Haven or Melrose, and the like.

Everything is as usual until the despatcher walks over to the director and hands him the written results of his calculations and deductions. The director glances down the sheet, nods comprehensively, and looks at the clock. Ten o'clock; a ten-car special must go out at 10.30. The black, sulphurous smoke from a score of engines hangs about the windows, and the sun glows through it, throwing a strange light into the tower. Peering out through the stifling pall, the director catches sight of the cars for the special rolling in from Mott Haven on a side track. They should have been in three minutes before. He shouts an impatient order, and the train leaps from the side track just in time to get out of the way of another ten-car special, and rolls into the station. Ten minutes later an engine which has just snorted out of the round-house is sent flying backward into the station to join the special.

All this has necessitated readjustment of a number of details involving several trains. They cannot go out on their regular tracks, and at certain points in the yard they must be stopped and shunted about in an unwonted way, in order to keep things clear and have everything run smoothly. An hour later when three special trains are going out in sections, there is absolutely not a second that the tower-man's mind may wander. He has four outbound trains moving swiftly through the yards at the same time, where ordinarily he has but one; he has sent two or three more trains than usual into the tunnel; he has delayed making up several suburban trains until five minutes before they are due to start out of the station; he has sent locomotives and cars scurrying hither, thither, out of the way like chaff before the wind; he has, in short, run the whole road—to the visitor's wondering mind. Apparently the director's mind dwells upon each thing about one second, in which time he has decided everything about it that there is to decide.

"No," he says, "I do not call it a nerve-wrecking job; but perhaps that is because I don't know what nerves are. All you have to do is to know your lay-out of tracks and switches, learn your time-table and the movements of the yard and shop engines, and then keep cool and think quick. Accidents! Well, sometimes there is a little mistake, but you don't hear of many accidents in this yard, do you? But now you'll have to excuse me; we can't talk much here. "H to K, F to G—all right below."

It is 5.05 o'clock now, and the 5.30 trains must be made up. Already the great, graceful compound which is to take out the Lake Shore Limited has rolled out from the round-house and is purring under the window; the Boston Express engine is not far away, and several smaller locomotives are puffing out from the east sidings.

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# Intimate Portraits

JAN KUBELIK AND HIS FIANCÉE, COUNTESS MARIANNE CZAKY.

Jan Kubelik, who was said to be pining for the love of a beautiful woman, has found his affinity in the person of Countess Marianne Czaky, niece of Coloman von Szell, the Hungarian Prime Minister. The violinist met the countess three years ago and at once fell in love with her. They became secretly betrothed, but because of the opposition of the young woman's parents did not meet again until recently. The countess was not to be thwarted in the desire of her heart, and at last has won the desired consent.

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ARCHBISHOP HARTY OF MANILA.

On the seventh of last June, Pope Leo XIII. appointed the first American Archbishop of Manila, the office falling to the Rev. Jeremiah Harty, a prominent clergyman of St. Louis. Father Harty is a native of St. Louis, and graduated from the St. Louis University in 1879, when he was nineteen. His ordainment followed six years later. When the Archbishopric of St. Louis fell vacant, Father Harty was spoken of for the office, but the Vatican decided to reserve him for the new work in the Philippines.

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MRS. ISELIN.

The American woman most interested in the coming cup-race between England and America is Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, yachtswoman by inclination as well as by marriage. As the wife of our most prominent yachtsman, she has followed with devoted interest the fortunes of the *Vigilant* and the *Columbia*, both of which her husband, as owner, or managing-owner, has conducted to victory, and is now awaiting the fortunes of the *Reliance*, by which we stand or fall in the coming contest. Before her marriage, Mrs. Iselin was Miss Hope Goddard, of Providence, sister of the famous beauty, Madeline Goddard.

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PRIVATE GEORGE E. COOK, FIRST REGIMENT, N. G., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The winning of the Palma Trophy by the American Rifle Team, at Bisley, England, July 11, developed a new personality in international marksmanship. When Private George E. Cook, First Regiment, N. G., Washington, D. C., stood up after his work on the range he was greeted with enthusiastic cheering. Out of five shots, four were bull's-eyes, and the fifth an "inner," his score, therefore, being 74 out of a possible 75. The Palma Trophy is to marksmen what the America's Cup is to yachtsmen, and Private Cook is to be congratulated for the part he played in bringing it back to America. His remarkable score was not the result of lucky chance. He has repeatedly demonstrated his ability to shoot straight.

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RELIANCE.

Reliance, the newest racing craft built to defend the America's Cup, represents a decided departure from former Herreshoff boats. A greater overhang forward gives her a length over all of 140 feet. Her water-line measures 90 feet, while her great mast towers above the deck 150 feet. Reliance carries more sail than any other yacht ever built for racing purposes. Columbia, with her 13,000 square feet of canvas, was considered a prodigy, but the new challenger will spread 15,000 square feet to the breeze in the endeavor to keep for America the most interesting sporting trophy in the world.

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# "PLEASE"

By ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE.

ON the plate-glass panel, in one of the doors of a New York office building, is painted this sign:

TAYLOR AND MACLELLAN

ADVERTISING AGENTS

Inside there is a narrow waiting-room furnished with three or four chairs and a table. On the walls there is the customary map of the United States and a familiar portrait of George Washington. When the firm decided to buy that picture, Taylor had suggested Lincoln.

"No," said MacLellan, "what we want is a picture that will bring to mind a great principle that is applicable to our business. We'll have the Father of Our Country. It's patriotic and stands for things American, besides at once inspiring everyone with a feeling of confidence. Say a man comes into the office with a ten-thousand-dollar advertising commission. He sits down and looks at that picture and is assured at once that the firm of Taylor and MacLellan tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Get a picture with a cherry-tree and an axe in it if you can."

Out of this waiting-room two doors open directly into private offices. On one is inscribed, in red letters, FREDERIC HOOD TAYLOR, and on the other, in the same brilliant color, GEO. C. MACLELLAN.

The partnership was the natural outcome of a mutual confidence. Taylor had a few thousand dollars and an unbounded faith in MacLellan.

MacLellan had no money, but he also had unbounded faith in himself. Thus one had put his ideas, and they were many, against the other's capital; and the two looked confidently to the future for prosperity.

One Monday morning in December, MacLellan sat at his desk writing busily on a type-writer deposited in the midst of many papers. Above and about him was an indiscriminate array of boxes, bottles, posters, and circulars of all sorts. On the top of the desk, a flaming label caught and held the eye, proclaiming the virtues of "Gates Depilatory"; small and large bottles of patent medicines and hair tonics leaned negligently against the model of a new kind of plough, while the spaces between were filled with pill-boxes of many shapes. Several brass bolts held down legal documents and, over all, there was the litter of a hundred letters referring to incipient money-making enterprises. The atmosphere of the little office teemed with the energy characteristic of its occupant, and contrasted strongly with the adjoining room in which Taylor sat. There was no confusion about Taylor. The desk

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contained pens, ink, and paper (the latter neatly arranged in pigeon-holes); a gorgeously new letter-file stood close at hand, and that was all. Taylor's duties consisted of writing checks at MacLellan's dictation and listening to uncountable schemes.

When Taylor came in, he called "Good-morning!" to his partner, but, receiving no answer, went to his own office and waited vainly for a cessation of the rhythmical pounding of the type-writer. Finally, he walked into the next room and seated himself in a chair beside the desk.

"Anything turned up?" he asked.

MacLellan grunted a negative, but never removed his eyes from the machine.

"Any letters for me?" continued Taylor.

MacLellan grunted an affirmative, and went on steadily with his writing. Taylor waited.

The thumping stopped abruptly. MacLellan signed his name, folded the letter, and placed it in an addressed envelope; then he turned to Taylor.

"Good-morning, Freddy. Did you say something about letters?"

"Yes," answered that individual, "I asked if there were any personal ones for me."

"There's one beginning 'Dearest' that seems personal," said Mac, fumbling in the desk and finally producing a square envelope, which he handed to Taylor. "I read no farther than that—which, you must admit, is creditable. Why don't you have your girls write to your home address? This is the third temptation I've had, and sooner or later I will yield." Taylor was absorbed in his letter.

"I have a scheme!" Mac added, presently.

"I said," he reiterated a moment later, "I have a scheme."

His partner finished and placed the letter carefully in his pocket.

"You've said exactly those same words on an average of once an hour for the last three months, and somehow they don't make the same impression they did at first."

Mac took no notice of these remarks, but continued, calmly: "This scheme, Freddy, is chickens."

"Prairie or tame?"

"Tame," answered MacLellan; "but there's something in that prairie-chicken idea of yours. You're coming on. However, I've been looking over the market. It's just like it was the time I came on here with a carload of chickens from the West."

"Never heard of that," said Taylor.

"It was a good scheme, if I do say so," continued Mac. "I was a kid of seventeen, and father sent me to Omaha with a bunch of stock. I got into conversation with a man at the freight-yards who had a car of chickens. We talked together for a while and then the scheme struck me. He was trying to sell in Omaha, where they had chickens to burn; but I had been looking over the papers. The Eastern market was like it is now—bound to go up. Well, to make a long story short, I swapped the cattle for the chickens, and started with them for New York. I had never been here then and wanted to see the town; besides, there was several hundred in the deal. I got here all right and, sure enough, there was a regular chicken famine, big hotels giving all kinds of money for them."

"Your father was tickled to death, I suppose," interrupted Taylor with enthusiasm.

"Well, no," replied Mac, hesitatingly, "not what you'd call tickled. You see, live chickens are poor travellers, and nearly all of them were dead when they got here; in fact there weren't more than a dozen alive, and they were so scrawny that nobody wanted them. But the scheme was all right, and that's where we're lucky now. The market is going to rise, is rising, and all we have to do is to get the birds and hold them for the top price."

"Mac," said Taylor, seriously, "we go into no more schemes that require capital until something begins to pay."

"All right," said Mac, cheerfully. "We'll let the chickens go; but there's money in it all the same." He turned back to his desk as Taylor went out of the little office.

The truth was, that as yet no legitimate business had come to the new firm. There had been schemes in plenty; schemes were MacLellan's chief stock in trade, but, so far, only impecunious, prospective millionaires had offered to share the profits of their projects in exchange for advertising. The "Great Public," to use MacLellan's words, seemed reluctant to take advantage of the numerous benefits offered in various tempting shapes, much to the disappointment of the partners. But there was no note of discouragement in the buoyant spirits of the effervescent MacLellan. He planned new and apparently irresistible schemes with a cheerfulness that disarmed scepticism.

"It's all right," he would say to Taylor's

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"PLEASE, BE ENGAGED," HE PLEADED DESPERATELY

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pessimistic protests. "Don't you worry, Freddy; I'll hit on something yet that will make us vulgarly rich."

And the way he "hit on things" was nothing short of marvellous, for rarely did he return to the office without having encountered someone with a "proposition." Each enterprise was absorbing, and the entire force of Mac's versatile mind centred upon it until a new field developed to occupy his attentions. On some days there were two or three new ventures. There was one interest, however, in which Taylor had no share, a private matter with MacLellan, to which he devoted all the spare time at his disposal. Her name was Margaret. Schemes without number had been resorted to in vain, till finally he tried to be knocked down by a trolley-car in front of her house in order to elicit sympathy. He calculated his distance nicely, so that he would not be seriously hurt; but the motorman stopped a foot too soon for his plans, and marred the scene by swearing at him violently.

It was an affair of years and many boxes of bon-bons, but as yet the result was very uncertain.

That same night, a night momentous in the unwritten history of advertising, MacLellan called on Margaret, determined to settle once and for all the question of his future happiness.

"Margaret," he began, after the preliminary greetings, "I've got a scheme." He had not meant to begin in that way at all, but, in his embarrassment, the phrase had slipped out from force of habit.

"Good!" said Margaret, interested and unsuspecting, "what is it?"

"Well, you see," he began, uncertainly, "I'm lonesome. All my family are out West, and I'm here. Taylor can go home when he's tired of me, but where can I go? The fact is I'm as lonesome as possible. No, don't stop me yet. Wait till I tell you all about it. You know it isn't just being lonesome. I love you, have loved you for years, and my scheme is that we get married. No, I don't mean this minute, we'll have an engagement and all that, but I want to know about it. Want to think and plan. I know there isn't much money in sight, but any day something may turn up, and I could work harder if I were sure. There are several schemes we have in mind; in fact, Taylor suggested one this morning that ought to pay big money. You don't know how much I love you, and, when I get thinking about you——"

An expression in her face stopped him abruptly, and he waited anxiously for her first words. Margaret shook her head, and he guessed at once what was coming. Then she told him, gently and as kindly as possible:

"You're a dear boy, Mac, and I will not deny being fond of you, but what you want is impossible. You are having an up-hill fight of it by yourself, and I don't intend to hamper you in any such way as you propose."

"But we could be engaged," he interrupted, eagerly.

"And goodness knows when we could get married, for you are hardly making a living for yourself, and I don't believe in interminable engagements."

"Why not?" said Mac. "I think it would be fine."

"No, Mac," she answered, "even if I were willing, the family would never consent."

"I've got a scheme to fix the family," he broke in, "besides, you're mistaken about waiting so long; why, even to-night, I am just as likely as not to think of something that would mean a fortune. Don't you bother about the family."

"Mac," answered Margaret, "it's absurd to talk more about it."

"But why can't we be engaged and not say a word to anybody?"

"Don't be silly," she replied. "I'm sorry as I can be, but it's absolutely impossible."

"But think how lonesome I am," he pleaded, desperately. "Please, be engaged."

He was dreadfully in earnest in spite of his almost flippant manner and that "please" went straight to her heart. She had not realized how much she cared for him, and her determination was wavering.

Mac saw this instantly.

"Please!" he repeated, now on his feet and looking down at her. She gave a little sigh.

"No, Mac," she said, "don't ask again, and go home like a good fellow."

Half way out of the door he stopped and looked back at her.

"Please?" he said again, with all his longing in the word; but Margaret shook her head once more.

MacLellan walked slowly to his lodgings, unhappy and dejected. He climbed the narrow stairs to his little room, and, after lighting the gas, sat down to think. He was quite miserable, and there seemed no solution to the difficulty, a condition at once hopeless

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and disconcerting to a man of his resource. He realized that it might have been worse. Margaret evidently cared for him, and, perhaps if he had been more persistent she might have consented. He made an involuntary movement to return, but settled back again, his eyes fixed on the floor in front of him.

"There's some way out of it," he muttered once or twice.

About midnight he undressed and went to bed, only to toss about from side to side, still battling with the problem. Suddenly he sat up, staring into the darkness.

"By Jove!" he said, half aloud, "the very thing!" Then he sank back to the pillow, and in a few minutes was sleeping peacefully with a smile upon his face.

Another scheme had been born.

. . . . . .

Margaret's interview with MacLellan left her depressed. There had been a sharp struggle between the desire to acquiesce in his wishes, and her clear duty to leave him free to fight his way in the world. She had almost yielded when he said "please," in that half-despairing, half-hopeful tone; and the word came back to her again and again, until at last it lost its individuality as a word and stood for what she really wanted herself and for all the haltingly expressed devotion that Mac had for her. She had not deceived herself in the slightest, and knew that, in refusing him at that time, she was prompted by her love for him and the desire to put nothing in the way of his success. An engagement, with no immediate prospect of ever ending, meant a handicap to both of them in more ways than one. So she argued with herself long into the night, happy in the thought that he loved her, and, at last, calm in the conviction that she had been wise in her decision.

She came down to breakfast the following morning, conscious that she had mastered her feelings, and that MacLellan and his love were, for the time at least, to be put out of her thoughts. Subsequent reasoning confirmed her good sense in refusing to consider his proposal more seriously, and there the matter ended. The subject was not to be reopened upon any pretext, so long as Mac's financial prospects remained in their present precarious condition.

But Margaret had not counted upon Mac's persistence or resource. She had hardly seated herself at the table when a telegram was handed to her. Hastily tearing open the envelope, she was confronted by one word. "Please" was all the message contained; no signature, no explanation, simply that one word; yet it brought back vividly the scene of Mac's pleading, and she knew all that it meant. "Only some of Mac's nonsense," she explained, and resolutely put all thought of him away from her.

At noon a box of bon-bons arrived. Just under the cover was a card with "Please" written in Mac's characteristic hand. Margaret smiled a little sadly, and put this mute entreaty away in her desk with the telegram.

Later in the day the postman brought her a letter, which she opened to find "PLEASE" neatly type-written in the centre of the note-paper.

"Poor, dear boy!" she said to herself. "I wonder if I was right after all." The subject was being reopened with a vengeance, and Margaret had to begin anew the task of convincing herself against her desires.

The next day a similar letter lay on her plate at the breakfast-table. She opened it, knowing instinctively what it contained. Before luncheon, enclosed in a box of flowers, came a slip of paper on which "PLEASE" was written with a blue pencil. These persistent appeals from MacLellan were making a definite impression. Margaret found herself listening for the ring of the door-bell proclaiming the arrival of another message. That afternoon, in sheer desperation, she went out of the house in the hope of escaping, for a time at least, these constant reminders. She was scarcely seated in a surface-car before an indescribable attraction forced her to glance up at the advertising space, and there it was. "PLEASE," in black letters on a white card, was visible from one end of the car to the other. Margaret blushed and glanced hurriedly at the other passengers, all of whom seemed to be gazing at the sign.

"Please," said a harsh voice near her, and she turned to find the conductor with outstretched hand waiting for her fare.

He grinned and jerked his head toward the poster as if apologizing for unusual politeness.

At Fourteenth Street she left the car thankfully, only to be confronted by a straggling line of sandwich men, each with "PLEASE" swinging in front and behind.

To return home, Margaret climbed to the elevated station, hoping that here she might escape, but the trains bore the same ubiquitous word.

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Safe at last in her own room, seemingly away from that everlasting "PLEASE," she sank down and covered her face with her hands. A knock at the door brought her back to her surroundings. "Please, Miss Margaret," said the maid, "this package was left for you."

Even the girl was saying it to her face! She tore the wrappings from the square, flat parcel, disclosing one of the advertising cards that had haunted her in the cars.

Turning to the window in her annoyance, she saw, across the vacant lot opposite, a large bill-board on which two men were painting industriously. Two letters, "PL," ten feet high, were already complete, and Margaret pulled down the shade violently.

"Oh! will it never stop?" she half sobbed.

But the end was not yet.

"Clever 'ad' that," said her father, displaying a full page of the evening paper with the fatal word printed across it. "Pity Mac couldn't have hit on something as good as that. It would mean a small fortune for him."

"Mac hasn't the brains," put in her brother.

"But he—" Margaret stopped abruptly. She had almost betrayed herself.

"What did you say?" asked her father, looking up.

"I think I'll go to bed," she answered, irrelevantly.

At last the day of misery was ended, and in her room the struggle began all over again. Now, however, the problem was complicated by a feeling of indignation and resentment. Her first impulse was to write to Mac protesting against this persecution. But Margaret was in no mood to give him the satisfaction of knowing that his constant "PLEASE" was having any effect, and she dismissed the thought. It was hours before she was calm enough to reason clearly. Then love for MacLellan conquered her anger, and the determination to hold out against him began to weaken. That one word still rang in her ears, epitomizing her secret desires, and, as she argued with herself, his side of the case began to receive more and more attention.

"I might be able to help him if we were married," she sighed at last, and, after that admission further opposition was futile. But MacLellan still kept at it. Invariably the envelope in his characteristic hand-writing lay on her plate at breakfast. Sometimes the "PLEASE" was type-written in capitals, sometimes in italics or scrawled in ink. During the day would come candy, flowers, or a messenger with the usual note, and always the same word, "PLEASE," "PLEASE," "PLEASE," repeated and repeated wherever she looked.

Meanwhile MacLellan worked like one possessed. The idea had come to him as an inspiration, and he wasted no time over details. All day Tuesday he was on the streets, going from one advertising agent to another, while Taylor waited in the office wondering what unheard-of event kept his partner away.

On Wednesday morning Taylor found Mac pounding away at the type-writer, a half-dozen letters ready to post.

"Another scheme?" he asked.

"This," answered MacLellan, seriously, but without interrupting his writing, "is the real thing! There's no play about this scheme. It's make or break, Freddy, but I'm hopeful. Be patient a minute till I finish this."

It was fully an hour before Taylor appreciated the practical value of Mac's latest scheme; but at last he was convinced.

"Why did you choose the word 'Please'?" he asked.

"Well," Mac answered, hesitatingly, "it sort of came to me. You see, it's a more or less familiar word. People do use it, you know, quite respectable people, and, if we plaster it all over the town, they will be saying it, sometimes in fun because of the advertisement, and sometimes because they are polite. Pretty soon it'll be a joke, and everybody who says 'please' will laugh and think of that 'ad'! I tell you, Freddy, the scheme's immense, and the first thing you know this office will be crowded with millionaires begging us to spend their money."

"Well," said Taylor, "let's get it started at once."

"My dear boy," answered Mac, "it's all started. That is what I was doing yesterday and this afternoon. You will see 'PLEASE' wherever you look. The contracts are made, and all you have to do is sign checks. Here's the list of people and the amounts. Don't gasp. I know it will take nearly all there is, but we're in for it now."

Taylor sat down at his own desk in a sort of dream; and it was a conspicuous proof of his faith in MacLellan that in less than an hour the entire capital of the firm had been disbursed.

On Thursday Mac handed over another list of bills to be paid.

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"But we're broke!" exclaimed his partner.

"Is it all gone?" asked Mac.

"All," answered Taylor. "I couldn't buy a sandwich."

"Then," replied MacLellan, deliberately, "we'll have to borrow. This business has to be pushed."

Blind faith had led Taylor at first, but now he was carried along by the enthusiasm of MacLellan; so, without a word, he went and borrowed to the limit of his credit.

The scheme, however, was working. As MacLellan had predicted, everyone was saying "Please" upon the slightest possible pretext. Street-car conductors said, "Please move forward," and the passengers laughed and moved. The news-boys cried it with their extras. Elevated railroad guards shouted "Please" at each station. In fact the universal politeness was epidemic, and "Please" was heard on all sides. People began to speculate on the possible solution of the sign. Conversations sprang up spontaneously in the cars relative to the advertisement, and inventive minds suggested many and various additions. Newspapers commented upon this novel method of attracting attention, and the names of Taylor and MacLellan became widely known in a day. Advertising men inquired into the status of this new firm. Managers of department stores shook their heads and wondered what was coming. Curiosity was raised to the highest pitch. Was it a bargain in one of the shops? Was it a patent medicine? Was it a hair-tonic or a new breakfast food? What was it? Everybody talked of and waited for an explanation of the mysterious word that had taken the advertising world by storm.

On Thursday afternoon, men with various interests began to arrive at the offices of Taylor and MacLellan, hoping to discover, if possible, who was behind the firm in this new enterprise, and what might be expected. They went away with no further information than they had when they came. MacLellan received them blandly—he was sorry, but had nothing to tell.

Later that same day a man stepped into the office, and Mac looked up briskly with the light of anticipation in his eyes. This individual was the manager of the largest advertising agency in New York, and represented millions. MacLellan knew him, of course.

"How do you do, Mr. Mott?" he said, cheerfully, pulling up a chair for the visitor. "What can I do for you?"

Mr. Mott sat down. He observed the litter on Mac's desk with approval; glanced about him deliberately and then said, slowly:

"I came to see if we could do some business."

"'Please'?" questioned Mac.

"Exactly," said Mott.

MacLellan rose and closed the office-door.

"Well?" he said, looking at the manager.

Mott returned the look, and the two men sat straight in their chairs, staring directly into each other's eyes.

"Who's doing it?" asked Mott, finally.

MacLellan slouched down in his chair and stuffed his hands into his pockets. This was his opportunity, and he knew it. Mott was too big a man to come on such an errand personally, unless he wanted very much to know and was ready to pay. Another representative of the same firm had gone away that afternoon without the knowledge Mott needed, and now he was here himself. The thought of setting a price for the information occurred to Mac, but he put it away from him at once. He was after bigger game.

"Mr. Mott," he said at last, "I want your word that you will not tell anyone of this interview."

"I give it!" answered Mott. "Now who's doing it?"

"I am," replied Mac, slowly.

"What do you mean?" gasped Mott, roughly, in his surprise.

"I mean," and Mac smiled, "that the space on those 'PLEASE' cards is for sale."

"Then it was not a commission?"

"It was not."

Mott suppressed his excitement as well as he could, walked up and down the little office a few times thinking hard, then came over to the desk.

"Well!" he said, "I won't deny it's worth money. I don't propose to lose time over it now, so I'll give you the top price at once." He took a check-book out of his pocket, drew a chair up to the corner of the desk, and picked up a pen.

"Five thousand!" he said, laconically.

"You're joking," laughed Mac.

"We to pay all expenses incurred," added the other.

"Mr. Mott!" exclaimed MacLellan, 'Please' will sell old shoes for the next ten years, and you know it. You have forty men on your lists who, if they knew it was possible, would jump at the chance to get it

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at any price. And you offer me Five thousand. Why, man, I'd rather give it away! Besides, there is one thing you have overlooked. I didn't say *when* it was for sale, and, as a matter of fact, you can't buy it to-day at any price."

MacLellan was on his feet. He wanted Mott to go.

"Seven?" said that individual, calmly.

"Not to-day," replied Mac.

"Ten?" The pen poised over the blank check temptingly.

MacLellan shook his head.

"Well! When will it be for sale?" asked Mott, beginning to lose patience.

"Maybe to-morrow, maybe the next day, maybe never. Can't tell," replied Mac.

"Do I get an option on it?" asked Mott, somewhat anxiously.

"You have an option as long as you keep quiet."

"Young man," said Mott, putting on his hat, "you're going broke. I'll be back to-morrow." And he went out, slamming the door behind him.

MacLellan sank down in the chair at his desk, and put his head on his trembling hands. The excitement made him shake all over, and he felt like screaming.

"What happened?" gasped Taylor, rushing into the room.

"Call a messenger-boy," answered Mac, irrelevantly.

Then he took a pen and scrawled the following note to Margaret:

"Dear Margaret: When you are ready to say 'yes,' don't wait to write; just wire. PLEASE. Mac."

"Well!" said Taylor, after the boy had gone, "what happened with Mott?"

"Nothing," said Mac.

"Didn't he want it?" Taylor was pale from anxiety.

"Yes," answered Mac, "he wanted it badly, so badly that he shook ten thousand dollars under my nose, but he didn't get it!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Taylor, "what's the matter with you? Don't you know we're ruined if this deal goes smash? And the expenses are piling up every minute. I've borrowed the last cent I can get."

"Freddy!" Mac gave an hysterical little laugh. "When I sell it will be for five times that. Now I'm going out."

Friday morning Mr. Mott returned, only to go away again, accomplishing nothing but a useless raise in his bid to twenty thousand dollars. MacLellan worked feverishly, and he had plenty to do. Extensive advertisers were placing legitimate business in his hands, and there was a constant stream of visitors all day, but never for a moment did he stop listening for a messenger-boy. None came, however, and he went back to his rooms that night discouraged for the first time. "Please," he said once or twice to himself, but he was not thinking of advertising.

About ten o'clock Saturday morning, Mott stamped into the office.

"Well, how much to-day?" asked MacLellan.

"It's my last visit," Mott growled.

"So you said yesterday," answered Mac.

"Mr. MacLellan," replied Mott, deliberately, "I don't believe you can carry it over Sunday. However, here's my last offer." He laid a check for $30,000 on the desk.

Mac turned his back and went to the window overlooking the city. The strain of the last few days was telling on him, and he felt tired in his head. Mott had hit on the truth when he said he didn't believe they could carry it over Sunday. There was no money and no more credit. The limit of his resources had been reached, but Margaret was still as far away as ever. He wanted Margaret more than anything in the world, and, in the last few days, he had grown to have a superstitious belief that in the event of her not surrendering to his constant "Please," she would be lost to him forever. The scheme had come to him as a consolation for his unhappiness over her refusal, was linked with his love for her, and, although he always realized the money value of the plan, to sell it before it had fulfilled its true mission, seemed like sacrilege. On the other hand, he had no right to juggle longer with Taylor's future; but, the minute another word appeared on those cards, Margaret would cease to be influenced. He stood by the window without realization of his surroundings, racked between his desires and his obligations, not knowing what to do. Then, subconsciously, he heard Taylor's voice saying:

"Here's a telegram for you."

He tore open the envelope, glanced at the message, half fell into the chair by his desk, reached out and crushed the check in his hand. Then he turned to Mott.

"It's yours!" he said.

The latter sprang to his feet.

"Sign the contracts," he exclaimed. "I've

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had new posters printed for two days, and, in an hour, they will be all over the city. Was that a competitor?" he asked, pointing to the telegram.

"Not exactly," answered Mac, handing him the message.

Mott read but one word: "Yes."

"I don't understand," said he. "Is there another partner?"

"Yes!" exclaimed MacLellan, cheerfully. "Yes, that's it. Another partner, and almost too silent."

That night, on his way to see Margaret, MacLellan read this sign:

PLEASE
be sure to see our imported wraps,
and wedding trousseaux.
J. HAWKINS.
GREATEST STORE
ON EARTH.

Mac nodded his head. "Good idea for Margaret," he said to himself, reflectively.

# Joseph Pulitzer

## The Man Who Revolutionized American Journalism

By FRANK LANE CARTER

JOSEPH PULITZER is the most conspicuous, most influential, and most successful exponent of "yellow journalism." He perhaps would shrink from that name for his peculiar mode of the journalistic profession, for, like most relentless critics, he is himself peculiarly sensitive to criticism. But the name fairly fits the phenomenon. The patriots of Holland accepted "sea beggars" from the deriding Spaniards; the patriots of the American Revolution adopted "Yankee" from the scornful red-coats; why should not the presiding genius of the highly colored journalism accept the popular name, even though it was given by envious fellow-editors in contempt? Has he not lived to see them all turning to various shades of saffron, each according to his conception of what the true "saffron" means?

Yellow journalism is no new phenomenon, though the Pulitzer phase of it naturally has some elements which bear the distinguishing stamp of his strange and strong individuality. Perhaps the first of our American yellow journalists was Thomas Jefferson—himself not a journalist at all, but a student of the press, an appreciator of its power, and a constant and skilful user of that power.

It was Jefferson who gave the nation politically and sociologically its democratic cast, to the great scandal of the wealth and respectability and fashion of his day. How he did horrify and terrify those of the fathers who had conceived this democracy as a sort of republican aristocracy with strictly limited suffrage, with the masses docile to the counsels and leadings of the "better class"! And it was he who most clearly saw the dominant

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part which the press must have, if America was to retain the democratic ground gained and was to add to it. "If I had to choose," said he, "between a government without newspapers and newspapers without a government, I should unhesitatingly choose the latter." And while he was struggling to establish universal suffrage, to increase in every way the power and the activity of the masses in public affairs, he worked also for a press that would be both popular with the masses and helpful to them.

### THE DREAM OF THE SECOND-RATE

But the tendency of every institution is to become exclusive, aristocratic. And in no department of human activity is this tendency more rapid than in that which includes letters. The dream of the "second-rate," and of not a few of the "first-rate," is to be exclusive, to appeal to the "select" audience, to patronize the many, to bend graciously down, as from an exalted station, toward the masses instead of pitching in sturdily and working shoulder to shoulder with them. Not man the brother, but man the "client." And soon Jefferson's journalism, like the Jeffersonian party, began to be aristocratical. The character of the American masses was changing swiftly—partly through foreign immigration, partly through the expansion of the pioneer west. Journalism, instead of becoming more popular to meet the new needs of the new people who must be instructed, and which must also be voiced if the democratic republic was to persist, was becoming more and more "cultured," more and more essay-like, more and more supercilious. The journals were "respectable," "high-class," "almost equal to the best European journals"—and our masses had nothing to read. For the masses won't take in and pay for and sleep over that which does not interest them.

Then came James Gordon Bennett and his following. Bennett recognized the need of, the demand for newspapers that the people would read. He saw that the way to supply the demand was by making newspapers that dealt in a simple way with events treated from the standpoint of the simple elemental passions. He did in the realm of fact what novel writers do in the realm of fancy—and nobody thinks of criticising them for it. Amid the sneers of the "respectable" journalists of his day and the imprecations of the "better class," he revolutionized journalism, put it on the basis of news instead of partisan philosophizing and abstraction. And it soon became apparent that the refined and intelligent element no less than the "masses" preferred the *news* paper, the journal that kept them awake, to the essay journal, the journal that put them to sleep. As the radical of yesterday, if he does not re-radicalize his views, becomes the conservative of to-day and the "moss-back" of to-morrow, probably Jefferson would have been scandalized by Bennett and his paper and its imitators. Nevertheless, we can now disregard the superficial flaws in Bennett and his work, and can see that he was Jefferson the journalist brought up to date. And so is Pulitzer.

Immigration, even more than the other causes of our numerical expansion, and the numerical growth of our masses, was responsible for the changed conditions between the fifties and the eighties—the period when the seed was sown for the harvest which Pulitzer and his associates and their pupils are now reaping. In that period we grew from a small, practically homogeneous people, to a vast heterogeneous people spread or rather spotted over a continent. We developed a mass of citizens, of voters, a very large part of whom were newcomers from monarchical countries; and they, as well as an uncomfortably large part of our native "masses," were not reading, were not thinking, about public affairs—or indeed about much of anything beyond the more or less instinctive routine of daily toil.

### THE NEED OF A NEW IDEA

Obviously, in a land of universal suffrage and unchecked popular government, a mass of non-reading, non-thinking, yet politically participating citizens is more than disquieting—is menacing. Either the republic must be transformed or that sluggish mass must be stirred, must be roused to adapt itself to the requirements of its environment. To this process there was, and is, only one way—the newspaper so popularized that it would reach these people, would be read by them. Once the sluggish mind of the average man of the masses is stirred, no matter how, right thought, common-sense thought develops.

Joseph Pulitzer was singularly, admirably fitted to this vital if disagreeable task of repopularizing journalism, of bringing it again into touch with the masses; of making it the coworker with the common school. A dis-

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agreeable task, because it is not by methods that make a man applauded of the "substantial" element of the community that ignorance and mental inertia can be quickened. It must be by methods close akin to the circus man and the patent-medicine fakirs, methods so close akin to these that, practised by tactless, insensitive, and over-zealous subordinates, they are sure again and again to cross the line—the painfully narrow, almost imperceptible line between propriety and crude and offensive vulgarity. To attack a man for a public wrong is proper; to drag his personal appearance or his private domestic infelicities into that attack is indefensible.

### PULITZER, THE PRODUCT OF ENVIRONMENT

Joseph Pulitzer was born in the very heart of the masses, in poverty and obscurity. He was born under a flag of oppression, born of a savagely oppressed race, born into conditions which could not fail to stir a good mind of generous instincts to a passionate hatred of injustice, a passionate longing for equality and freedom. So deep were these feelings that age and extraordinary material prosperity have to an amazingly small extent cooled his original militant democracy, lessened his fierce intolerance of the abuses of power from which the human animal finds it difficult to refrain when it becomes rich and strong. He came to this country a mere boy, and, several years before he was of age, served in the Union Army in one of the German regiments. At the end of the war, he was mustered out into poverty, but with some knowledge of the English language and some acquaintance with the politics and people of this country. Perhaps the most amazing instance of his triumph over difficulties is his learning of the English language—learning to speak and write and think it with perfect fluency, with an accent so slight that it is never noticeable unless one listens for it—with a knowledge of synonyms and shades of meaning that would excite the wonder and the envy of a student of English to whom it was the mother-tongue.

For a few years he had a romantic but cruelly hard career as day-laborer, politician in the German quarter of St. Louis, German newspaper reporter. By incessant toil, by a marvellous exhibition of mental and physical capacity, mental and physical courage, he became a politician in a larger way, a recognized public speaker both in German and in English, earned a small competence in German journalism before he was thirty, and retired to devote himself to economics and politics. Then he became proprietor of a bankrupt, rusted-out, worse than dead St. Louis English paper—whatever else it then was, it was not a newspaper.

In about five years he transformed it from the deadest newspaper in the United States to the most alive. How?

By making it the same sort of paper that he was of man—nervous, keen, inquisitive, furious against class and caste and privilege, against corruption in public office, against injustice everywhere, against that favoritism in the publication of news which wins the approval of the "better class," by publishing none of its wrong-doings but everything of an interesting nature in the doings and misdoings of the humble. His was a newspaper full of personalities of all kinds. At bottom, the human animal, whether well or ill bred, is interested deeply only in personalities. Abstract ideas can be brought home to it impressively only by the illumination or illustration or clothing of the personality. His was a newspaper that printed the startling happenings, thus appealing to the universal human hankering for that which sways the great emotions—love and hate, money and power.

### FEARLESS, EQUAL, FREE

It was rude, it was crude, it was sensational, it was "yellow." Every rascal, every shielder of rascality, every relative of a rascal, every highly placed beneficiary by corruption shrieked against it. And it gave much cause for just criticism—the only way for a frail, erring human being to avoid giving ground for just criticism is to do nothing at all; to act is to err in part. But over against the faults of the initial Pulitzer adventure under the yellow flag of popular journalism could be set many virtues—the paper was fearless and equal and, above all, free! Without freedom it is impossible to successfully conduct even a trade paper, even the narrowest class organ. Yet how few publications are really free—free with the freedom of an unbribable, unfrightenable, uncajolable mind. And the Pulitzer paper was on the side of the many where the interests of the many and the few clashed. It was frankly for a man where the choice was squarely between man-rights and property-rights. It was the vivid personal expression of the vivid person-

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ality of the Joseph Pulitzer of those days. For the then Joseph Pulitzer had not learned the timidity that comes to every man as the

JOSEPH PULITZER
The man who revolutionized American journalism.

years expose to him the errors of his opinions and actions. He believed with the undoubting faith of youth and inexperience, believed in men and causes and in himself. Age gives a man much—but does it not also take away much—perhaps more?

Every great man, charlatan though he may be in many respects, every great cause, slathered with charlatanism though it may be, every Mohammed and Mohammedanism, has a core of sincerity—of sympathetic appeal

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to the masses of mankind, of harmony with them and helpfulness to them in their aspirations. And in accounting for Mr. Pulitzer's success it is impossible for his bitterest detractors honestly to deny this basic sincerity at least, this genuine moral enthusiasm that was the result of his early sufferings and privations, of his intimate knowledge of those who strive and toil in savagest adversity, with their rights often trampled even in this freest of free lands—for no man in any land will have his rights unless he is intelligent enough to see them and stentorian enough to make his outcry heard.

### PULITZER'S SINCERITY

The great popular editor often says, "Of course, if I were making a paper for *myself*, I'd make one vastly different. I must consider my audience first. The teacher in the primary school must not talk post-graduate philosophy to toddlers." This is largely buncombe, largely not in the least creditable, false-shame. The leader of any cause must be the embodiment of that cause. The popular journalist is he who gives expression to himself. By no amount of reasoning and shrewdness may one arrive at the popular taste. His taste must be the popular taste or he will surely fail. And Mr. Pulitzer's newspapers, both in their noble aspects and in those which neither are noble nor make for nobility, are day by day expressions of himself, the man of the people, slowly elevating himself along with his readers, he helping them to rise, they helping him.

In 1883—twenty years ago—he appeared as a national journalist by becoming the sole proprietor and autocratic editor of a New York newspaper. He bought it from Jay Gould, and the negotiation almost failed because Gould, realizing that with Pulitzer's brain and energy the property was almost certain to become valuable, tried to retain at least a small interest. But Pulitzer was not to be trapped. He knew that to be great as a journalist he must be free—absolutely free. When he took charge—in April, 1883—the late "Gould organ" was his to do with as he liked, without any power in anybody anywhere to check him. He at once made it a yellow newspaper—the only one in New York. All the others were "respectable," were striving to please a small, rather bored audience of "the best people." All the others were tied in one way or in many ways—some to party, some to plutocracy, many to both. News was suppressed. In the general lethargy the most interesting news was altogether overlooked. Pulitzer galvanized New York, and therefore American journalism, by printing "the news."

What is "news"? Some editors seem to fancy that anything that happens is news. Others go to the opposite extreme and deal wholly in fiction or in essays. Others think it is the proceedings of public bodies of various kinds, reported fully and in routine fashion. Others hold that it is only what their backers think the people ought to know. Others that it is whatever has a salacious flavor.

But, as yellow journalism has demonstrated from the foundations of this republic, whenever there has been a real yellow journalist in charge of a real yellow journal, news is whatever is of concern to the masses of the people in their daily life. And while in some one respect every one of us belongs to some one or other of "the classes," in most respects, so equal are American conditions beneath a somewhat deceptive surface, all of us belong to "the masses." Is there a murder? If it is a commonplace affair among commonplace people, it is not "news." If it has some element of appeal to the imagination or to the universal human feelings, then it is "news." And the extent to which these elements enter in determines whether it shall be given a column or two pages. Is there a private scandal? If it is only mere coarseness, mere immorality, the wise yellow journalist will print little about it—the masses have a peculiarly delicate nose for moral mal-odors and will turn away where some "classes" that sneer at yellow journalism will root eagerly. As Mr. Pulitzer is a popular journalist, his journals have ever been bulwarks of Puritanic taste in matters of private scandal.

### THE ART OF PRESENTING NEWS

Less than half of the "news" of any news-item is in the facts themselves. The presentation is the important matter. To the yellow journalist it is all-important. And Mr. Pulitzer's triumph was won through his skill in presenting news. He made it stand out; he made it easy to read; he put it in type that slow readers could follow without difficulty. He was editing a journal for the deaf. He beat the drum; he wound the horn; he shouted. And, after a perilous year, he was heard.

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"THE SPLENDID INSTINCTS OF THE MASSES"

On the one side he appealed to the crude tastes of the masses, appealed to their sluggish but none the less living desire to know and to grow, if only that would be brought to them which they could understand and assimilate. On the other side he appealed to the splendid instincts of the masses—the instincts for right and justice, for honesty in public affairs, for high standards of public life, for the abolition of privilege, for the curbing of the unjust power of unjust wealth. He never advocated a bad cause or a bad candidate. He fought for public utilities, for more and better schools, for parks, for libraries, for better tenements, for cleaner streets, for better conditions high and low in the public and semi-public life of the nation.

True, he made money of it—millions. But it came honestly, every dollar of it, came as the reward of giving the people what they wanted. True, he always kept on the popular side. But he was himself by nature, by instinct, by training, on the popular side; if he had not been there through those causes, he would not, could not have been there at all. Again and again editors and other public persons have tried to go against their own convictions in the hope of achieving popularity; they have invariably failed. To suppose that Mr. Pulitzer is an exception is to credit him with a degree of craft not in human nature.

Those who have worked with him on his paper never weary of giving instances of his tireless, his incessant devotion to his paper. He has been for many years almost blind. Yet, with the exception of a few months when his health was broken under the strain that cost him his sight, he has been the active director of his paper both as business manager and as editor. Others have claimed, and in many instances got, the credit for his paper's astonishing achievements, both financial and editorial; but he has been the real mover, planning business and editorial policies with equal skill and judgment.

Obviously, to get together the facts upon which wise action must be based, a blind man is confronted by almost insuperable obstacles. He has overcome them partly because he has a mind that weeds out what or who is not useful to him as a threshing-machine weeds out the chaff—and rarely losing a grain. Partly his victory has been due to a small army of lieutenants, trained by him to observe and to report. But, with all the facilities which wealth and a remarkable mind place at his command, his labor is so arduous that his life is one endless routine of work—work to keep up his health for the stupendous labor of directing his paper. Near or far, at the end of a telephone wire or at the end of cables stretching a quarter of the way round the world, he is "at the office," at the elbow of every man in the business department, of every man in the editorial rooms.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF WORK

Here is indicated a tremendous personality. And the indication is just. It is a great personality in its breadth, in the variety of its interests, in the facility with which it adapts itself to the hourly changing conditions of journalistic life. It is tremendous in its single-hearted devotion to the one purpose, in its bull-dog grip upon that purpose. To study Joseph Pulitzer's success is not only to understand it, but also to understand why so many men fail. He knows the possibilities that lie in the word "Work." And that knowledge is success. Like every man who is successful in a large way, he is a monument to the power of those two divine faculties—work and concentration. A fact is brought to him from history or essay, romance or poem, ancient or modern—his instant thought is, "How can this be used for my paper?" An event is related to him—his instant thought is, "What shall I do with this in my paper?"

Twenty-five years of this, twenty-five years, each year with three hundred and sixty-five days of it—if the man had not been blind, or almost blind, for nearly twenty of the twenty-five years, what would he not have accomplished?

Year by year, as he has grown, has learned, has acquired insight into the higher and broader aspects of life, his paper has grown with him. And he has held his "circulation" because the same forces that have been at work improving him and his paper have been at work improving his readers. We dwell a great deal upon the marvellous material growth of our country, to the neglect of a less obvious but far more important growth—the intellectual development, the rise of public taste, the widening of public interests. And in this process of education,

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so wonderful, so incredibly swift, the "yellow" journal has been a most important factor. But for the Pulitzer school of journalism, profoundly influencing editors everywhere, influencing even the most obstinately old-fashioned editors, the rapid fitting of vast masses for citizenship in the democracy would have been literally impossible. Moreover, the influence of Pulitzer popular journalism extends beyond the sea, is altering the character of the dry, heavy old journals of Europe; is drawing them into line for the great work of the time, the elevation of the masses, and the spread of democracy. Popular journalism not only appeals to the public; it expands the public. It plunges below the line of literacy; it draws up readers by the multitude; it educates them and sends them on higher. Like the school that it is, it is forever losing multitudes at the top, forever gaining more from below.

The bright aspects of Pulitzer's contributions to yellow journalism have been deliberately dwelt upon here. There are other aspects—it is lamentable that all of us are not as truthful and accurate and high-minded as we would be were earth not earth, but Utopia; and Mr. Pulitzer cannot escape his share of human guilt for these imperfections, though his share is not so abnormally large as his conspicuous position makes it seem to many.

### JOURNALISTIC SHORTCOMINGS

He is not responsible for all the many shortcomings of his newspaper. Doubtless he has often pleaded in justification what can at most be pleaded in scant mitigation—has pleaded that the interests of a great popular organ rise superior to the dictates of the moral code which governs the private relations of men. He has been guilty of many of the grave offences which characterize this era of shifting of moral responsibility to "the corporation," or some other agent of an individual's will. But what are the results in the main, in the broad? Like the results of any private life which, though often stained by small sins, though sometimes stained by large ones, yet has been held to the right, has been steered most of the time by the steady star, has been aimed all the time toward the harbor. And while it is true that even bad men, battling always for self, are compelled in the irony of this universe's economy to achieve much good with little harm, it is also true that Joseph Pulitzer, as his acts have again and again shown, has been actuated by other and higher motives, as well as by personal gain.

But what other man has done more than he, directly and indirectly, toward arousing the masses to think about matters beyond the petty routine of their daily toil? What other force than yellow journalism has done so much on the one hand to lift the masses up where they can be thoroughly educated, and, on the other hand, to show those capable of educating them what to do and how, above all, how to do it?

The word "masses" has been used throughout this article in its broadest sense. We are all of the masses; and each of us has his own particular need in the matter of stimulants to thought and to education; and "yellow" journalism in some one of its developments fits that need.

A few years ago Mr. Pulitzer was, as it were, at the head of a common school of yellow journalism. By the process of development described above, he has grown into the headship of what might be called a high school or even a college of yellow journalism. And in the place formerly occupied by him, in the position of arouser of the lower strata of the masses, has appeared new common schools of yellow journalism. Very coarse and dangerous and even degrading they appear to many of us, especially to those of us who have come up from the lowest ranks. Perhaps Mr. Pulitzer himself would denounce them as public enemies, would wax as wroth against them—well, as his opponents did against him a few years ago, or as Jefferson's Federalistic opponents did against Jefferson. But does not a wider and calmer view tend to allay these agitations? Does not a study of Pulitzer journalism, of yellowness in general, as history reveals it to us, show that the evils, where they are genuine and not mere follies or figments of our own superheated fancy, correct themselves; does it not show that the good remains and bears vast invaluable crops?

The unsightly scaffolding falls; the sightly temple is revealed. Democracy is ever a turgid and an angry sea; but its tides set ever toward the fair coasts of enlightened freedom.

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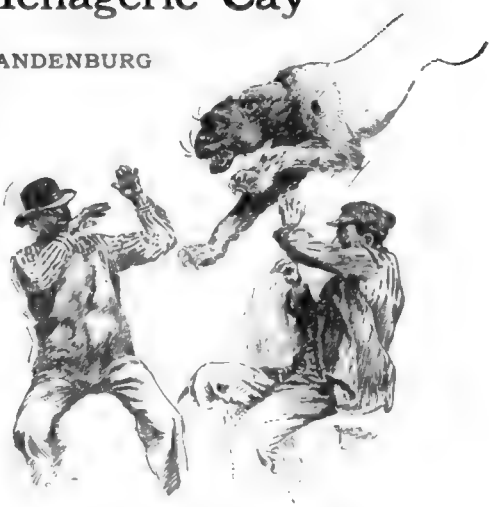
# The King of Menagerie Cay

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG



"WHEN HE LIT AMONG 'EM, THERE'S SOME OF THE ALL-FIREDEST YELLIN' YOU EVER LISSEN TO."

THE great leathery beast, the splendid old elephant, loomed high above us as we reclined on the pile of hay from which he was feeding. He was exercising as he ate, weaving back and forth with his right fore-foot well advanced, a not uncommon thing for elephants to do in captivity.

"Limpy, how did the King here get the name you call him?" I said, turning to the old trainer, who was rolling some giant pills for the two-ton baby, Tootsey, yawping around her mother at the other end of the winter quarters.

"King of Menagerie Cay? And you never heard that! My, my; I reckoned ev'rybody knowed that," said Limpy Hawes, shifting his quid, then enjoying it in silent pause before tossing it away, by which sign I knew I was to hear the full yarn, and not the skeleton. He laid the limb which the lion had bit and lamed him at full length on the hay, and began:

"Ye see that ear that looks more like a cabbige 'n a ear owin' to havin' the bottom torn off 'n' frazzled. He got them marks from the meanest devil of a black leopard I ever see, the same night he made himself boss of a whole island 'r cay they calls it off the coast-a South Ameriky.

"It 'uz a funny mess, but might-a been wuss. It 'uz two year after me 'n' the King first jined hands. He'd come to Bridgeport from Hamburg the second season before 'n' stood 'leven feet then, now he's twelve. From the go off him 'n' me was friends 'n' I reckon he *had* a sort-a sneakin' likin' for Early Jim Butts. A smarter elephant never swung a trunk. Takm'oath; he knows all I'm a-sayin' now; jest look at him feelin' me over. What d'ye think-a that?

"Well, as I 'uz sayin', we had him two years, me 'n' Early Jim Butts 'mong the camels 'n' elephants, when the old man takes it into his coco to go to Australy with the show 'n' gits a ship to put it in, but he found the one he got was too little, so he gets an old cow-pen boat too, been carryin' cattle, 'n' puts all the animals in that 'n' makes me boss, givin' me jest barely 'nuff help to feed 'em; 'n' d'ye think I could git any-a them sailors to help? Sailors 'uz all skeert, 'n captain says they 'uz gol-blame fools anyway

"We's goin' from Bridgeport down 'round the Horn, which way-a goin' give us hot edges, I tell ye. It got hotter 'n' hotter 'n hotter. Early Jim Butts kep' sayin' the furder down we went the hotter we'd git, but I vummed it 'ud git cool after a spell, but tak'm'oath it 'peared as if he's right for awhile.

"Wallopin' Moses! the smell from them critters got so bad the Dutch sailors 'n' Irish firemen swore some of 'em was dead and we's too shif'less to heave the carcasses overboard. Oh, it was awful.

"Well, sir, when we's off Cape San Roque they's a break down in the injine-room; the wind got her tail up and we went driftin' northeast jest as helpless as a kitten on a shingle. We warn't goin' fast nur goin' fur, as the old woman said when she slid down the steps, but goin' where we didn' want to But the wind busted its bellows one night, an' next mornin' we's off some little spots-a land. Captain said they's guano cays, and lookin' at 'em through his opery-glasses said

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they was a shelter and a pier put up by the guano comp'ny, but nary a sign of people. They'd all been gone two, three years, mebbe more.

"The captain has 'em put up a little sail, 'n' by-'n'-by we got clost in. I seen they was two islands, little bits-a things, but green 'n' purty 'n' when we got tied to that pier the engineer jest made a picnic out-a them repairs. He done so well the first day we was calcalatin' on gettin' on next mornin'.

"First night I noticed the King here lookin' wistful like out-a the port holes at the green things. Little stretchin' of their legs on shore wouldn' do the big critters no harm, so I tried the pier, which 's 'bout three hundurd feet long, to see if it 'uz strong, and then got the unloadin' skids out, opened up the big port we took 'em in at, 'n' we give some of 'em a little walk 'n' a chaw of green grub. Half the islands was jest thick with pams, thorn-trees, grass, flowerin' thorns' 'n' nothin' livin' 'r dead on it I seen. Tuther half 'uz guano beds all played out purt near. Sign on one of the old guano company buildin's said it 'uz San Miguel's Cay, but it's been Menagerie Cay ever since all happened I'm a-goin' to tell ye.

"The night before we's ready to go the mate, who'd made fren's with Early Jim, like drinkin' men will, ast Jim 'n' me back to have a little swaller, celebratin' the quick repairs. The captain was standin' treat to a bottle of rum. I never tech hard licker myself 'n' I didn't go, but I minded Early Jim of his failin' for it, but I reckon it was jest 'bout time for him to go *musth*, as the Singhalese says 'bout elephants.

"I went to bed forward where Jim 'n' I slep', the other men of ourn sleepin' with the crew in the foc'sle, while all officers bunked aft.

"I woke up skeert-like sometime to'rds mornin'. The King here was callin' me with a big shout. I seen Jim hadn' come to bed yet. Whenever the King calls me I go, for it ain't no foolin'; there's allus somethin' wrong 'n' he knows his bizzness, you bet your shirt.

"While I 'uz pullin' on my clothes real quick, I heard Early Jim's wild Injun yells down on next deck where we had the critters, and I heard the mate cussin' 'n' swearin' too. I knowed like a flash they's all drunk 'n' bilin' 'n' up to some deviltry 'mong the critters.

"What d'ye think, as I lept out of my door onta the deck? Oh, my livin' gosh! There laid the black leopard Lucifer, flat on his belly in the moonshine, switchin' his tail back'ards 'n' for'ards, his chin down ready to jump. I ketched my foot on a bunch-a rope 'n' down I went kersmash right at him. It skeert him so he jumped clean over me 'n' went sashayin' to'rds the engineers 'n' my men comin' up to see what all the rumpus was. When he lit among 'em, there's some of the all-firedest yellin' you ever lissen to, with the cat leadin' the chorus. Old Ben, the big lion, was roarin' below; the King was callin' and so I jumps up 'n' dives for the companionway.

"Jest when I got there, out jumps Teddy, the twelve-foot snake, showin' more life 'n' I knowed he had; but no wonder, for the Rocky Mountain goat was pawin', baain', 'n' buttin' at the bottom of the steps, while up from below come the awfullest rumpus I ever lissen to.

"All of a sudden, rammin' inta the goat from the back, come the captain, then the mate, both so well nozzled they couldn-a got up the stairs, if they hadna been so durn bad skeert. Each of 'em had a red monkey hangin' in his hair 'n' bitin' his ears. I reckon Early Jim must-a been still lettin' critters out.

"Onct more the King called me, sort-a despairin' like, and down them stairs I went. Takm'oath, the pens 'uz all open on both sides-a the ship 'n' the open space between was one tossin' sea of lions, tigers, zebras, camels, deer-beasts 'n' elephants all so bad skeert they warn't doin' much fightin', jest howlin', jumpin', screamin', kickin'. Oh, my gracious, it was *bangwar*, as the Kaffirs says.

"The big port was still open, but fillin' it up was the King, headed to'rds the critters, 'n' takm'oath, he had Early Jim, so drunk he's half-limp, in his trunk, usin' him to shoo back the critters what tried to git out the port onta the pier.

"The minnit he seen me he must-a thought everythin' was all right, for he sets Jim in a corner where nothin' but a giraffe tramped on him, and then come over to me through that mess-a critters. The port bein' open, them critters jest streaked it to'rds shore, ev'ry hide 'n' hair of 'em but the King 'n' a peccary what had got a leg busted. Jim set up 'n' begin to cry.

"'Ish an outrage 'n' no way to treat zhee great 'n' on'y 'riginal Noah. Zhis my ark 'n' my aminals. Cap, oh, Cap, you'r' my fren'

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—zhis is Noah talkin'. Wha' for ye let zhee aminals run zhee ark to shoot zhemshelves for? It ain't right, nozir, ish an outrage to shreat zhee great 'n' 'riginal Noah. I protes',' he says, sobbin', 'I protes'.'

"'Shet up, you scaldin' fool,' says I. 'Jest look at what you gone 'n' done with your monkey shines,' says I. 'You horrible axample, you d—— ijit,' says I. While I splinted up the peccary's leg and put him back in his box, the King stood lookin' on with all eyes, then he picked up Early Jim who's asleep and handed him up the stairs to me. I laid him out beside my cabin on the deck in the cool air, then I went lookin' for my men 'n' the crew. They's all of 'em, officers, firemen, sailors 'n' my razorbacks, shet up in the foc'sle, 'n' a hundurd in gold apiece wouldna fetch 'em out. The two monkeys, the captain 'n' mate got mixed up with uz, frolicin' 'round the funnel stays. Jest then I looked to'rds shore 'n' seen in the moonlight the King goin' off to the woods too. I reckon them pams smelt so good he must jest have a chaw.

"I could hear Old Ben coughin' away up on the guano 'n' the black cat screechin' at the tuther end of the island, with the painters yellin' in the middle, 'n' I wondered who'd git the giraffe first, me 'r them.

"There warn't nothin' to do till mornin', so I laid down agin and reckon I went to sleep, for all to onct I opened my eyes 'n' it was sun-up, misty, damp 'n' chilly. As I looks out of my cabin at where I put Jim to

"EACH OF 'EM HAD A RED MONKEY HANGIN' IN HIS HAIR."

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cool off, I seen a queer sight. Teddy, the big snake, had been nosin' round, huntin' a warm place to curl up, 'n' when he come acrost Early Jim, he had twisted all acrost 'n' 'longside of him 'n' put his ugly black 'n' brown striped head on Jim's chest, lookin' the sleepin' Jim in the face.

"Jest then I heard a noise forward 'n' there come the gang in the foc'sle sneakin' out, eyes as big as saucers, carryin' clubs 'n' knives, keepin' clost together. Well, sir, before I could stir they come right round the corner onta Jim 'n' the snake. Teddy heard 'em 'n raised up his head, pullin' himself together slow,

"TEDDY, THE BIG SNAKE, HAD BEEN HUNTIN' A WARM PLACE TO CURL UP."

which woke Early Jim up. The sarpent 'n' Jim give each other one look in the eye, then Jim, who must-a had a lot-a licker in him still, let out one awful, screamin' kilt-to-death yell 'n' lay back agin.

"Say, takm'oath them other men—half of 'em fell down flat 'n' the rest tromped on 'em gittin' back to the foc'sle 'n' lockin' the door. Jim jest lay there moanin' 'n' cryin', his eyes shet 'n' floppin' his hands. This kep' Teddy guessin' a minnit till I run out, grabbed the back of his neck 'n' about three feet from his tail so 's he couldn' git a squeezin' holt on me, 'n' run down with him 'n' chucked him in his cage. When I come back Jim was up on his knees cryin' like a baby. I didn' say nothin' to him 'bout bein' the great 'n' original Noah, but he didn' tech a drop for—*oh—purt' near six months.*

"I made him get out the whips, prods, 'n' chains while I persuaded two of my razorbacks to come out, 'n' we went ashore to git what critters we could. I reckoned it 'd take two weeks to ketch the half what hadn' been et up meantime, 'n' it *would* have been that long only for what the old King done.

"From the looks of the tracks at the end of the pier, the critters must-a run ev'ry way for Sunday, as hard as they could. In a few minutes I got the spoor of Pisa, the giraffe, named after some Eyetalian leanin' tower, and me and one of the helpers took out after her. Early Jim and the other lad went after the zebras on a plain trail.

"In half an hour we come on a very fresh spot in Pisa's path, and begun to go purty quiet. Jest then we spied her under three pam-trees on top of a little hill. All to onct, she stopped eatin' and looked skeert. By Kraminy, edgin' along through the grass was old Romulus, the tiger, creepin' up on that giraffe. I reckon he must-a knowed what it is like to be hit by a giraffe's heels, fur he was so careful about takin' his breakfust.

"The lad with me was an Irishman, named Paddy somethin'-eruther, an' I could see by the look in his eye he was gettin' his nerve back, so I whispers to him that we jumps on the two critters jest as soon as the tiger lept, an' he's to try to rope the giraffe, while I was to make a stagger at gittin' my chain snapped on Romulus's collar, seein' he was purty tame.

"Jest then, though, Pisa sees Romulus and, throwin' her funny little tail up in the air she comes a-lopin' to'rds us like a clothes-horse in a steeplechase. Romulus I didn' see any more. When that blame giraffe was purt'near runnin' into us, she got ketched in a *linas* vine and down she come on her knees. Paddy jumps up and throws his arms around her neck jest as she's gittin' up. Oh, my golly! You ought-a seen 'em. Him a-stickin' on for dear life, and poor Pisa, scared silly, runnin' away through the trees and bresh as hard as she could tear. I jest lay down and hollered and laffed till they was out of sight.

"Early Jim and the other lad had got the zebras and camels herded and onta the pier, then back into the ship by this time, and was goin' back after some of the others, when they seen Paddy and Pisa comin' sailin' through the woods. Paddy yelled somethin' about

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stoppin' him the next time he come around, then was gone again. About two hours later he come in a-leadin' Pisa tied to a rope, both clean tuckered out.

"On my way back to the landin' I found the tame elk a-chewin' grass side by side with the sacred cow and took 'em along. Old Hector was waitin' for me, and he lifted me way up in the air, he was so glad to see me. We purt' near run the legs off of us all that day, and the mate and captain, when they got sober, was so plumb set back and ashamed that they got out and helped us.

"CRACK! WENT THE WHIP AND OLD ROMULUS LET OUT A HOWL."

"We done purty well. Everything that couldn' take care of itself, except some deer, was on board again by sundown. Some place on the cay was Old Ben and three other lions, Romulus and his mate, the two hyenas, one gray wolf, a big fellow and ugly, the black leopard, a painter, a lynx, and three deer, one an antelope and tuther two spotted-tails. I was willin' for Hector to be runnin' loose with the other two elephants.

"While me 'n' Jim was sittin' smokin' purt' near too tired to talk an' about ready to go pound our ear, the moon come up and the hyenas broke loose right away.

"Several times I heard one or tuther of 'em howlin' right down close to the end of the pier, so Jim and I got a couple of prods and a rope, an' went on shore agin, expectin' to git some of 'em between us and the pier and drive 'em onta it.

"In 'bout half an hour, the two spotted-tails came out of the bresh close to us, and pattered down to'rds the landin', lookin' behind them ev'ry step. I reckon they knewed they was bein' stalked, for it warn't but a minute till I seen somethin' move in a little pile of rocks to the left, and purty soon I ketched sight of the painter slidin' along aginst the rocks gittin' nearder and nearder.

"I was jest gettin' up on my knees, when who should come a-poundin' through

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the bresh but old Hector. I couldn' tell whether he'd been waitin' there or not, but what does he do but snatch up a young tree, hold it in his trunk like a switch, and break straight for the painter from behind. The painter had to run to'rds the pier or to'rds us, and as we riz up, he turned and scooted onta the pier, the deer in front of him, a-scamperin'.

"The painter balked when he struck the boards and started to come back, but the King was right behind him a-switchin' his tree back'ards and forwards, while the painter crouched down like a dog that's goin' to be whipped. Jest one swat the tree caught him, and with a yowl he made for the ship like greased lightnin'. Well, sir, takm'oath that elephant follered him right up and drove deer and painter on board. When the painter was shet in his pen once more, I turned and seen old Hector standin' in his place holdin' up his empty water-bucket.

"ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE KING DRIVES THE CRACKER OF THAT WHIP RIGHT UP INTO THAT BUNCH OF LEAVES."

"What he had done give me an idee, and I went right to the captain with it. He said he'd seen elephants in India take whips of chain and rope that was give 'em and beat a bad elephant when they was told. We both reckoned the King must-a done that sometime or seen it done. 'Tenyrate, the captain said he'd git the sailors to fix me up a whip.

"They got at it next mornin', takin' a big hawser and taperin' it down by nickin' out strands, then weavin' small rope all over it in knots and tarrin' the whole bizzness so's it was heavy like a thunderin' big black-snake whip.

"When it was all made and rubbed off, a gang of us started for shore, Hector follerin' to heel. On our way acrost the cay, we found the clean-picked bones of the antelope, and later some of the boys found one of the hyenas that had got the worst of it.

"When I got 'em all together on the far side, I made 'em all spread out right and left, so far apart, carryin' smoke-sticks and yellin' and beatin' the bush with prods, all closin' in from all sides to'rds the landin'. They was to move forwards when they heard me shoot.

"I waited till the farthest ones must-a been in place and then pulled trigger, goin' forward. By this time I was half-way back acrost the cay. I could see the men on either side and reckoned we had all the critters drivin' before us, lessen some had got back between us. Old Hector was right behind me all ears and all eyes.

"I reckon the ring warn't any bigger 'n two hundred yards from wing to wing, when I heard old Ben a-huffin' away right down at the pier and one of the smaller cats screechin'. The King had his eye on something in front and I follered it. Squattin' in a clump of tall grass was old Romulus peering over a rock at whatever fun was goin' on among the gatherin' animals down in front of him. There was a lot of snappin', snarlin', an' growlin' there.

"Right then's when I handed the King the whip. The devil got right into him, for he went a-pacing to the front through the bresh like an enjine jumped the track.

"Crack! went the whip and old Romulus let out a howl and jumped for the shore. In front of him one of the younger lions got up, but was so slow that the King gave him a move-faster with the whip which brought the blood on his flank. 'Peared like there was a grand rush for the bresh on all sides. First come the critters, then the men; till we was ringing around the open patch and inside I counted every critter except the black cat. The two elephants was bunched head and tail, while the others run about jumping over each other. None of 'em seemed to have any sense, and the King didn' wait for 'em to git any.

"Swingin' his black-snake out twenty-five feet on each side he jest charged right at 'em. Some of 'em run for the pier right away, but the rest scattered. If they come to'rds us a wave of the arms scared 'em back like chickens. Takm'oath, the King licked

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them critters somethin' shameful. When old Romulus, who had his dose double, went for the pier, all the other cats followed 'cept the gray wolf and old Ben who stood his ground roarin' terrific.

"The two elephants was leadin' the procession to the ship. I thought the captain would die a-laffin', but Early Jim, who hadn' got over his snake scare yet, simply looked and looked. He couldn' believe it.

"Seein' but two of his subjec's playin' the rebel, the King backed up a rod, looked at me and flopped his ears. 'Give it to 'em, Heck,' yells I. As cam and threatenin' as a schoolmarm gittin' down a paddle, the old feller rolled on his feet a minnit, then whirling the whip way up in the air sashayed to the front. Old Ben got ready to spring, while the gray wolf, his back all ridgy, hid behind Ben.

"Jest as Ben left the dirt, down came the whip with a slashin' cut that wrapped round the lion on the fly, and he jest doubled up and dropped, scurcely able to light on his feet. Crack! The King caught him another clip and Old Ben, whimperin' like a puppy, made a shirt-tail shoot for the pier. The gray wolf went too, his tail warmed with a couple of good ones.

"Right along behind them come the King, and we was on the run to keep up. When we got on board every pen had some scared critter crouchin' in the corner, and the King had only to move his foot to make 'em tremble. While we was gittin' 'em all shet up, I noticed the new boss of the ranch stickin' his smeller into the only empty cage, the black leopard's.

"I was so busy that I didn' notice what next he done till Early Jim calls out that Hector's goin' back to shore. Sure enough he was, a-carryin' his whip, and it come over me as quick as that he was goin' after the black cat. As soon as we could, we starts after him. He was standin' on the sand a-wavin' his trunk around in the air sniffin'. Before we could git ketched up with him, off he went catacornerin' to the left, and in a few minnits we heard him stop. When we got there he was standin' under a bunch of pam-trees where one big one had fell and was lodged-like in the others. Purty well hid by the leaves was Lucifer, a-sittin' there diggin' his claws into the rotten wood.

"The King steps back like as ef he's takin' his distance, then all of a sudden he drives the cracker of that whip right up into that bunch of leaves, cuttin' 'em right out clean and clear, and knockin' the big cat loose.

"Down comes the black devil to the ground and dives for another bush. The King was after him before you could-a winked and belted him a good down cut that brought the fur. Lucifer turned and lept before the King could git ready for him and landed right aginst the side of his head, hangin' on by his ear, chewin' and clawin'. The King's ear looked like a battle-flag in three seconds, before the King got hold of him with his trunk, and fetched him away with a yank that fetched a good slice of the ear too. Up went Lucifer, way up in the air, and when he come down the fight was plumb knocked out of him, for he lit heavy and tried to run, but was fuzzled by his drop, so the King, pickin' him up by the scruff of his neck so's he couldn' scratch, started on the run for the landin'.

"Jest once the old feller looked back for his whip and Jim fetched it along.

"Well, sir, takm'oath, this old feller jest natchelly toted that gol-blame cat—and I never seen a wickeder—down to the pier, out to the ship, and put him in the pen that was waitin' for him.

"Yes, siree, pardner, right here he is—knows as much as a *kannushi*, as the Japanese say. The captain give the island its new name and called him 'The King of Menagerie Cay,' and I'm purty sorry I left him for so long as I did, 'cos some of the numskull drivers he had has told some awful lies about him."

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# Radium and Human Life

By THEODORE WATERS

**A pound of Radium, uncontrolled, would annihilate the earth. It is believed that the discovery of Radium will answer the question, "What is Electricity?"; lead to the production of light without heat; solve the puzzle of the Aurora; show how to make gold; open up communication between planet and planet, and determine how the world will ultimately be destroyed.**

WORKING quietly by the side of her husband, a little Parisian woman has lately made discoveries which it is thought may lead to revelations beside which all other scientific announcements will pale into insignificance. Madame Curie is her name. She and her husband together discovered Radium, that mysterious substance which lately has been the subject of so much speculation.

Radium emits radiations, that is, it shoots off particles of itself into space at such terrific speed that 92,500 miles a second is considered a small estimate. Yet, in spite of the fact that this waste goes on eternally and at such enormous velocity, the actual loss sustained by a square centimetre of Radium would be not more than a milligram in a thousand million years.

*From a photograph by W. J. Hammer.*

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HUMAN HAND TAKEN BY THE LIGHT OF RADIUM.

The most powerful microscope ever made could not enable the human eye to see one of the flying fragments, so that it is impossible to detect the loss by sense of vision, just as it is impossible adequately to comprehend the eternity embraced by a thousand million years. Therefore this discovery of Madame Curie may not seem at first glance to be of vital interest to humankind. But it is of intense interest, for the flight of these infinitesimal particles of matter which emanate from many if not from all substances (Radium being only the most startling example), proves primarily that the atom, the smallest particle of matter heretofore thought to exist, is not the smallest after all, but is made up of myriads of still smaller particles. And from this have come new conceptions of the formation of matter which may lead us far away from the old ideas, and may result in inventions world-moving perhaps in their ultimate effect.

## EFFECT OF RADIUM ON THE HUMAN BODY

No one, not even Madame Curie, has yet seen Radium in a pure state. It has been possible to obtain it so far only in combination with other material. It is judged by the effect of its properties, which are truly remarkable. It is a product of pitchblende, which is found deep in the earth. Most of that which has been used for experiment came from a mine in Bohemia. It is found also in Saxony, in Cornwall, and in Colorado. The quantity already found is so small that the figurative price of a gram has been placed at $10,000. It may be that there are large quantities of it stored under the surface somewhere, but the man who found a quantity of it in a state of anything like purity would probably not live to tell the tale. The particles which fly from it are charged with electricity, and at night it shines forth with a phosphorescence which has been shining since the beginning of all things, and which will go on shining until the final extinction of all matter. A small quantity of it in the possession of M. Curie has caused the most

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painful blisters when brought in contact with the skin. A small particle of Radium salt was sealed in a glass tube, placed in a pasteboard box, and tied to Professor Curie's sleeve for an hour and a half. It produced a suppurating sore, which did not heal for over three months. Professor Curie thinks that a person entering a room containing a pound of Radium would be blinded. Judging by what is experienced with a grain of it, a pound would exhibit all the properties of the sun condensed into small space. No, he would not be lucky who found a pound of Radium.

Radium has been photographed with its own light, the light which has always shone and always will shine. Further, if it be brought into the neighborhood of certain other substances it imparts its luminous quality to them. Thus, if placed near a diamond at night it causes the stone to shine with brilliant fluorescence. It acts in the same manner on fluorspar, barium-platinocyanide, etc. It will cause a similar phenomenon in the human eye. If a particle of Radium be held against the closed eyelid, or against the temple, a sensation of light will be experienced on the retina. But if it limits its capacity for causing fluorescence to certain substances, it imparts its radio-active quality to every substance in its near neighborhood. Thus in the Curie laboratory everything became radio-active. The water-pipes, the instruments, the air, the very persons of the experimenters themselves, took on the qualities of Radium, and gave off radiations for hours and days after the Radium had been removed. The secondary rays affected photographic plates. The air of the laboratory was made electric to such an extent that electroscopes were discharged when Radium was brought near. That is, the air became a conductor so that electric currents passed through it as they might have passed through so much wire, and microbes were instantly destroyed by the Radium rays.

### THE MATERIAL POSSIBILITIES

It will be seen at once that the material possibilities of Madame Curie's discoveries are enormous. Among many suggestions as to the outcome, are: the transmutation of metals (the making of gold no less); solving the problem of light without heat; the perfection of wireless communication; the cure of certain phases of blindness; new sources of heat, and, since it would now seem that there is, after all, but one substance in the world (which appears to our untutored sense to assume various forms merely because each form contains a special number of particles to the atom), chemistry may undergo such a rejuvenation as will result in the most unheard-of discoveries.

Already an hypothesis has been worked out to the effect that the emanations from Radium and kindred substances are on a par with the rays which go to make up the Aurora Borealis. It is, in fact, thought quite possible that the Aurora is merely cathode or Röntgen rays on a gigantic scale, and the phenomenon of Röntgen rays is analogous to that of Radium rays. That is to say, objects struck by Röntgen rays give forth electrically charged particles similar to those emitted from Radium. So, in the matter of the Aurora, it is suggested that the similarity of effect with that of certain luminous substances (whose luminosity is due to radio-activity) must presuppose a similarity of cause. Out of this has come the suggestion that we may soon be able to predict weather changes with greater accuracy than heretofore. The bearing of the discovery on astronomical speculation, also, is important.

The means whereby Madame and Monsieur Curie and their co-workers reached the conclusion that the atom is not the smallest particle of matter, but is made up of many smaller particles, need not be stated here, inasmuch as the process is highly technical, and would involve for its explanation, among other things, a presupposed knowledge of the relations of electrical charge to mass. Scientists admit the fact that each atom of substance is composed of these smaller corpuscles, and that it is the number of these corpuscles to be found in each atom that determines the character of substance as it appears to our human sense. Thus, these infinitesimal corpuscles are, in size, relatively 1,000 times smaller than an atom of hydrogen (the smallest atom heretofore estimated), since it takes about 1,000 of them to make up an atom of hydrogen. This fact being known, it is easy to estimate how many are contained in an atom of any substance, merely by comparing its atomic weight with that of hydrogen. Thus, if we consider a substance whose atomic weight is twice that of hydrogen, it follows that there must be twice the number of corpuscles to the atom.

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PROFESSOR AND MADAME CURIE, THE DISCOVERERS OF RADIUM.

Oxygen, which is sixteen times heavier than hydrogen, would necessarily have 16,000 corpuscles to the atom. By the same rule, an atom of iron would contain 56,000 corpuscles. An atom of copper would contain 63,400 corpuscles. An atom of silver would contain 108,000 corpuscles. An atom of gold would contain 196,000 corpuscles, and so on, until such substances as Radium, containing hundreds of thousands of corpuscles in the atom, are reached. Conversely stated, if we were able to join 196,000 corpuscles together, the result would be an atom of gold, since that is the number of corpuscles required to make a gold atom. It is on this fact that the dreamers, with the alchemical turn of mind, base their hopes of the possibility of the transmutation of substances. The transmutation of elements is at least proved to be proceeding spontaneously throughout the universe, and it does not seem to be too much to hope that one day we shall be able to accomplish what is now being done every day in nature.

It is stated that the small corpuscles composing each atom are in a state of constant motion, not only in the gases, but even in those substances which we ordinarily conceive as solids—wood for instance. Furthermore, it is contended that each of these corpuscles plunging about and colliding with one another in the atom, is charged with electricity. Eminent authorities have gone even further, and claimed that the state of the plunging corpuscles is on a par with electricity itself. From this it is now asserted that electricity and matter are one and the same. This, so far, is theory, although the arguments brought to bear on the subject are plausible. But the fact is accepted, that each atom is a tiny world in itself, in which the phenomena are on a parallel with those of the universe at large. The astronomical conception of things is thus applied even to those substances which might be thought far removed from the movements of planets and stars. But, small as an atom may be, the corpuscles which go to make up that atom are so much smaller, and the spaces between them are on the other hand so large, that they have plenty of room to jump about, to col-


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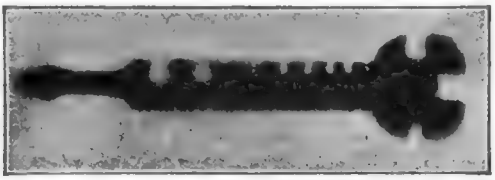
lide with one another, to shoot off at a tangent, caroming here, there, everywhere, and yet be kept from escaping from their atom world by an attraction as sufficient for the purpose as the attraction of gravitation is sufficient for the affairs of earth. Thus, a piece of wood, or a lump of iron, or a cubic inch of gas, is as great a universe to the corpuscle as the larger universe is to us.

Sometimes, however, the corpuscles escape from their atom world. When they are highly electrified they are called electrons, and these electrons flow off in a constant stream from such substances as Radium. They are discharged with high velocity from the negative electrode of the Crookes tube; from objects struck by cathode rays; from hot bodies, such as iron; from cold metals which have been brought under the influence of ultra-violet light. Presumably they flow straight out into space, if in the meantime they do not collide with some obstruction. And as Professor J. J. Thomson, one of the greatest authorities on this subject, points out, if every hot body emits them, it is not improbable that they are emitted from the sun. From this idea is evolved the theory that the Aurora is caused by flying corpuscles.

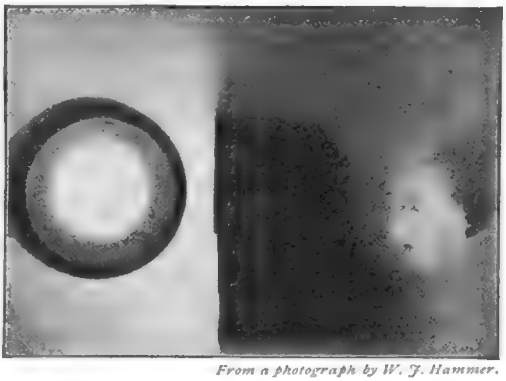
Great masses of these corpuscles are being interchanged constantly between the sun and the planets. As Professor Thomson says, interplanetary space is probably thronged with corpuscular traffic. The earth is surrounded with lines of magnetic force just as is the bar magnet. These lines of force extend outward from the earth from the region of the North Pole, curving upward and southward at a great distance above the sphere, and curving downward again and apparently touching the earth around the South Pole. This being the accepted theory, it is probable then, according to Arrhenius, Birkeland, and others, that when the corpuscles on their way from the sun strike the lines of magnetic force at a great distance above the Equator they are deflected, some northward and some southward, in the direction of the poles. They are still so high above the earth that the air is too rare for them to produce luminosity, as they would usually under such circumstances. But as they approach the poles and follow the lines of force down to the earth, where the air is denser, the result would naturally be the beautiful fluorescent curtain known as the Aurora.

It is only a short time since we were trying to understand the principles of wireless telegraphy by fixing in our minds the accepted facts concerning the luminiferous ether which, we were told, was a medium penetrating all space, but which was not to be mistaken in any way for matter. Now we are told that matter indeed not only penetrates space, but that streams of it are constantly flowing between the worlds. Having, then, arrived at some conception of the smallest speck in the universe, having been told that it is almost if not quite identical with electricity, having believed that these specks are constantly flowing between the planets, and that, being in effect electricity, they must necessarily carry to and fro a certain amount of energy, the man with the imagination might be pardoned for believing that herein will be found the medium of communication between world and world.



*From a photograph by W. J. Hammer.*

PHOTOGRAPH OF STEEL TOOL MADE BY RADIUM LIGHT ACTING THROUGH SEVERAL THICKNESSES OF PAPER.



*From a photograph by W. J. Hammer.*

PHOTOGRAPH MADE BY RADIUM OF A GLASS DISC, A BLOCK OF ROCK-SALT, AND A LUMP OF PITCHBLENDE.

It has often been said that if we could only find the cause of electrical effect, we would be able to solve the source of all energy, and to surmise its ultimate applications. In the matter of cold light at least the suggestion of projecting streams of corpuscles along lines of magnetic force appeals to the

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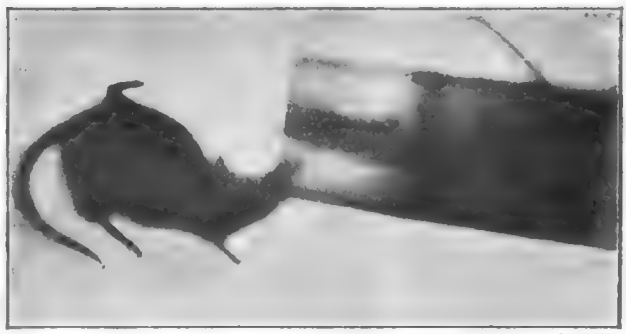
lay mind. The first suggestion came when a western college professor demonstrated the fact that many common substances have the power of storing up sunlight and emitting it again at night. Common sugar is the most luminous of these substances. Not only does the sugar emit light at night, but the discoverer was able to take photographs by means of it in an otherwise perfectly dark room. Among the substances tried with the sugar was Uranium, an ore, which, as Becquerel discovered, does not need sunlight to enable it to give off radiations, but which emits them spontaneously all the time, night and day. Following the lead of Becquerel, Madame and M. Curie made an exhaustive examination of pitchblende which is radio-active. It was their idea that not the pitchblende but some substance contained in it was responsible for the emanation of the rays. They, therefore, set to work to separate pitchblende from this active substance, reducing the ore by processes of elimination well known to chemists. It was a task of endless separation, of continual dividings, of constant assayings, until at last nothing was left but the salt that is now known as Radium salt.



*From a photograph by W. J. Hammer.*

RADIOGRAPH OF MOUSE IN TRAP, SHOWING X-RAY EFFECT THROUGH THE WOOD.

### PROFESSOR HALLOCK MAKES COLD LIGHT

Professor Hallock, of Columbia College, thought it might be possible to make some of the non-visible radiations visible, on the principle that X-rays are made visible when viewed through the tungstate of calcium of the fluoroscope. He placed some active salts in a small box over the top of which he placed a screen of barium-cyanide, and waited for the effect in a dark room. The writer was present at the test and, with Professor Hallock, was able to see the radio-active substance shining in the darkness. The light was not great enough to read by, but it was cold light and perpetual, in the sense that its source would never have to be replenished.

So the rays which would waste a milligram of surface in a thousand million years, are or can be made luminous, and from that fact there is no knowing what wonderful achievements may come. The statement was made that a small quantity of Radium salts in the Curie laboratory was sufficient to render the walls, the instruments, the very air, radio-active. That is, the walls, the instruments, the air, gave off radiations of their own merely because Radium was or had been present. Imagine the gain to mankind when a process is evolved for making those radiations luminous. Ordinary gas or electric light would no longer be necessary. There would no longer be dark corners in the world. Everything that had felt the influence of the Radium would shine, and, since the energy of the salt is well-nigh perpetual, there would be no need of renewing the lighting contract.

Even the doctors are hunting for the therapeutical relation which radio-activity bears to the human economy. It is asserted that the gain to optics will be great, since a new way of impressing the optic nerve has been found. This must be left to the oculists. Of larger scope are the possibilities contained in the medical utilization of the principle of atomic subdivision. The corpuscles which fly away from radio-active substances have no difficulty in penetrating ordinary substances of slight density. It is supposed that the atoms composing even the more dense substances do not actually touch one another; and it is through the spaces between that the flying Radium corpuscles find their way. There is here then the germ of an idea for penetrating tissue either for combating microbic invasion or for conveying special effects to parts far beneath the surface. Far more important, however, is the light which the knowledge of atomic structure may throw on the phenomena of

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disease. There is much to be learned of the burning effects which Radium has produced and which so resemble X-ray burns.

There is, however, another side to the discovery. It is proved that the breakup of the atom indicated by the release of the corpuscle takes place in many of the familiar manifestations of nature. In other words, matter is being constantly disintegrated, the corpuscles composing each atom flying away into space, perhaps never to recombine into materials of advantage to earthly life. Is this discovery of Radium, then, merely an expression of the disintegration of matter, merely evidence of the coming extinction of the universe?—the beginning of the end of the world? There is room here for speculation beside which all the rest is insignificant. Professor Crookes well summed up the subject when he said:

"The fatal quality of atomic dissociation appears to be universal, and operates whenever we brush a piece of glass with silk. It works in the sunshine and rain-drops, in the lightning and flame. It prevails in the waterfall and the stormy sea, and, although the whole range of human experience is all too short to afford a parallax by which the date of the extinction of matter can be calculated, 'protile,' the 'formless mist', may once again reign supreme and the hour-hand of eternity will have completed one revolution."

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# The New Open Golf Champion

By H. L. FITZPATRICK

A SCOTCH golfer by heredity, but an American by adoption, Will Anderson has just repeated at Baltusrol the victory that made him the open golf champion of the United States in 1901. There is no room for traditional sentiment in his golf-bag, for his game is modern in its methods, and of the school established within the decade by Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor, the two Englishmen, to teach the Scots that their technic was old-fashioned. Yet Anderson is the descendant of a family as famous as the Morrises, Parks, Straths, and Dunns in the bygone annals of Scotch golfing, while his father, Tom Anderson, for three years professional at the Montclair, N. J., Golf Club, was for many years one of the most noted greenkeepers of Scotland.

With golf "bred i' the bone," Will Anderson tired of the routine of club-making and came to this country in 1897, to try his luck as a professional player. He found employment at a summer course at Watch Hill, and made his first bid for fame by appearing in the fall at the open championship, held that year at the Chicago Golf Club. Only sixteen years old, the new boy in the round jacket did not attract much notice in the field of lusty men, who held between them whatever of golfing records our country could display in that early period of the game. But the lad proved his worth by leading on the first round with 79 and was beaten only by a stroke at the finish, the winner being Joseph Lloyd, who oscillates between Cannes, France, and Manchester-by-the-sea, Mass., and who was many strokes worse off than Anderson in the recent competition. Since that initial appearance, Anderson has been placed every year except in 1900, and now, at twenty-three, he is, for the second time, proclaimed the best professional in the country.

The trait most pronounced in Anderson's game is his resourcefulness. He is never dismayed, and, no matter what the state of the match, Anderson is always capable of a great stroke that may turn the tide of victory in his favor. Harry Vardon, who never gives up a hole, has the same characteristic. It is the indomitable faculty of never knowing when he is beaten that makes Anderson more formidable than those who oppose him; for, when all goes well, there are many to play quite as good golf, but few have the disposition that makes a vigorous antagonism a spur to greater deeds.

The defeated, when Anderson gains a lead by some signal play or series of strokes, call it "Anderson's luck." Instead, like the last effort of a high-mettled racer that wins the Derby by an eyelash, the success is proof of a rare degree of golfing courage. There

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is nothing of the frenzy of a racing finish, or of a football struggle, or of any sport waged in the open to the stimulus of wild applause, in golf. The strokes, good or bad, are made with deliberation and in a "silence that could be cut with a knife," so that the mind has full time to react on the muscles, if there be any lapse in courage. This is why the golfer is doubly blessed who is born with the fighting spirit.

"He's whiles gey dour, ye ken," as the mother says of the Wee Macgregor. This stubbornness is revealed in a match by the firm set of Anderson's face when the time has come to do or die, particularly by the sticking out of his under lip. When that under lip goes out, someone is going to be beaten, and it won't be Anderson. As for personality, the open champion is a well-built young man, smooth shaven and good-humored, but somewhat taciturn. He stands five feet seven in his spiked golf shoes, and weighs about 140 pounds. In gripping the clubs he interlocks the left forefinger with the little finger of the right hand, not merely overlapping the two fingers, as many do. Anderson is a believer in short shafts for the driver and brassey, the length for the tee clubs being forty and a half inches and of the brasseys an inch less, and he likes a moderately stiff shaft. The other clubs are shorter in proportion, one of his favorites for use in place of the cleek being a brassey spoon, with a thirty-eight inch shaft. The irons are heavy in the head, his best mashie being one that he has used ever since the Wheaton championship. A putting cleek or a putter with a slight "goose-neck" is used on the greens. Anderson's stance is an easy, open one, the swing back being somewhat short but the follow through very pronounced and graceful. He is long and straight from the tee and through the green, rather than a phenomenon for distance, and to very reliable putting Anderson adds a surpassing command of the mashie. He does not believe in the low, darting style of approach, preferring when possible a high pitch to the green, played with an accuracy that often leaves him only a short put for the hole.

WILL ANDERSON, THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPION.

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# Widower Brown's Housekeeper

By Alice Louise Lee

"I WONDER who he can get." Mrs. Miles spoke as though the idea had just occurred to her. At the same time she hitched her rocker away from the creaking board in the porch-floor and looked at the offending board critically. She wished to avoid Candace Blake's eyes.

This was a useless precaution, as Mrs. Blake was gazing fixedly down the turnpike at nothing in particular, while she exclaimed, also as though the idea were new, "Sure enough! He'll probably be lookin' around for someone right soon now—poor man!"

The two rocked vigorously a moment, Delphine Miles in short, spasmodic jerks; Candace Blake with long, even, calm movements. They sat on the south porch over near the west end to catch the warmth of a late September sun. Mrs. Blake had turned her back to the sun to preserve her complexion. Mrs. Miles had not thought of her complexion in years, and consequently carelessly faced wind and sun.

"I have an idea," began Delphine Miles, slowly, still gazing down the road, "that he'll probably ask you——"

"Me!" interrupted Candace, in a shrill tone. She threw up her hands in a gesture intended to impress the other that such a thought had never occurred to her. "Me! And with such a cook as you right next door on the other side. Mercy, Del! You'll be there in less'n two weeks."

Delphine ceased her rocking. "Who ever heard of such a thing! I'd be the last one he'd think of." And Mrs. Miles, with a very red face, began again her jerky movements.

"Let a man alone to get a good cook," said Candace, airily, "when he's free to pick and choose. Mandy was not much on the cookin' and I guess now he'll want a change," and Candace fixed her gray eyes on Delphine sharply. She could act as she did not feel, but Delphine could not: Delphine was too honest.

Candace picked up her parasol from the porch floor, and moved quite to the edge of her chair. "Well, I must be goin' soon," she remarked, with an air of finality.

"You better stay to supper," urged Mrs. Miles. "I sort a' feel minchin' about askin' you, for I hain't got anything good to eat—just a bite of chicken-salad and——"

"No," said Candace, rising resolutely, "I must be goin'."

She picked her way gingerly along the turnpike through the dust, glowing with a fine satisfaction as she compared herself to Delphine Miles. She wore a hat and it became her; Delphine had worn a bonnet for years. She had not "put on flesh"; Delphine had. She had preserved her complexion to a gratifying degree; Delphine's face was full, freckled, and inclined to flush. To be sure, Delphine's cookery was town talk, while she had never become proficient in the art, but there were other ways of reaching a man's heart. She knew, because she had proved it twice!

At this point in her reflections, she reached the home of Melvin Brown, situated midway between her large white house and Delphine's small brown one. It was near supper-time, and Melvin sat on his front porch smoking a short clay pipe. His front yard, surrounded by a white picket fence, was narrow, and Candace's pleasant smile was plainly visible to the man on the porch. He removed his pipe and grinned back with a solemnity befitting his recent bereavement.

"Nice day," called Candace, in a firm, pleasant voice.

"Not bad," assented Melvin, as Candace passed on.

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That she did pass on and did not pause, Mrs. Miles saw from the crack in the north kitchen door to which she had applied her eye the moment Candace left the south porch. Mrs. Miles heaved a sigh of relief and shut the door gradually.

All she wanted was to see that Mrs. Blake got past Widower Brown's without conversation.

Neither lady had deceived the other. Each knew the other stood ready at a moment's notice to respond to Melvin Brown's call for a housekeeper. Each knew that Lindaville was wondering which of the two widows, who lived one on either side of Melvin, would be called eventually to fill the departed Mandy's place, for this custom held sway in Lindaville; when a man was, in the wisdom of Providence, bereaved, he hunted out some widow, respected by the community, to undertake the duties of housekeeper, and generally, after a decent period of mourning, the twain became one, and Lindaville was satisfied.

"I know Melvin'll want that you shall keep house for him," began Candace, one day in October. "Everyone in Lindaville is sayin' so." Candace had settled herself calmly by the new fire in Delphine's sitting-room stove and was looking at her hostess with understanding eyes.

She enjoyed seeing Delphine grow red and uncomfortable, because for years they had been the most intimate friends!

"My, Can!" Delphine exclaimed, "I've been hearin' folks say he'd have you sure as preachin'."

"Oh, but I've told you, Del, that I couldn't leave my place even if he wants that I should, which ain't likely for a minute."

Mrs. Miles's face turned scarlet. It had not occurred to her to protest that she could not leave home because she knew that she could, and Delphine could not tell a lie, no matter how much she wanted to. She looked hard at Candace and said, reproachfully: "How often, Can, I've heard you say that your house was so big and full of mice——"

"And if I should leave," interrupted Candace, quickly, "the mice would get such upper hands of me that I couldn't never get rid of 'em."

Delphine's eyes fell in vexation, but Candace laughed and raised her shapely foot to the heat, drawing aside a becoming new gray skirt. Delphine pulled her own broad shoes under her own skirt and longed fervently to be able to say sharp cutting things in the sweet way in which the other spoke.

"Well, I must be goin'," said Mrs. Blake, rising slowly, "even though your fire does smell good. I haven't got my sittin'-room stove up yet. Melvin said he'd run in this evenin' and put it up," and looking over her shoulders to assure herself that this blow had struck home, she departed.

November snow flew, but still Melvin Brown had not made choice of a housekeeper, and Lindaville had become more and more curious. People asked questions of everyone save Melvin himself. He was not a man whom people questioned. He lived alone, in two rooms, and kept them as neat as any woman could have done, cooked his own food, and seemed to enjoy life in spite of his neighbors' disapproval.

"It ain't natural for a man to be putterin' around in a woman's place," said Delphine anxiously one December day when Candace Blake was calling.

It was always Candace who was calling on Delphine, as Candace prided herself on her pedestrian powers, principally because Delphine was too stout to walk even the half mile which lay between the small brown house and the big white one.

"Oh, I don't know," returned Candace, carelessly. "He tells me he is gettin' along all right," with a sly emphasis on the "me," which instantly congested her hostess's cheeks. And then, "Now before I forget it, Del, will you give me that receipt of yours for your new salad? Melvin said the last you sent him was lickin' good."

Delphine gasped. She lost the power of speech in the wave of anger and embarrassment that went over her at the knowledge conveyed in her caller's words. Her round face revealed the workings of her mind instantly to Mrs. Blake, who stroked a large new muff and smiled evenly at the shamefaced woman hurrying after her receipt book. In the pantry, behind the door, a few tears fell into the furrows of Delphine's fat cheeks. She wiped them away with her apron and rubbed out her eyes before returning to the sitting-room.

Mrs. Blake copied the receipt and drew her golf cape around her. (Delphine wore a blanket-shawl.) "Well, I must be goin' now," and for once Delphine did not urge her to remain to supper and eat of "just what few victills there is in the house."

The winter passed and spring came. May

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"I HAVE AN IDEA THAT HE'LL PROBABLY ASK YOU —."

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found Melvin Brown putting in his crops and cooking his food. June found him still alone, harrowing, hoeing, cooking. Lindaville, all except two of its residents, had ceased to wonder and turned its attention elsewhere.

These two could not abate their interest while one lived a quarter of a mile due north on the turnpike, and the other a quarter of a mile due south on the same road, counting Melvin Brown's house as the central point, and as long as one of them was famed for her cooking and the other for attractions unusual in Lindaville's middle-aged women.

Throughout the year each had steadily assured the other that she would be the one selected. The only difference was this: Delphine said it honestly, Candace merely to torment her friend. Delphine believed in the depths of her simple soul that Melvin was a regular caller at the big white house because of the chance and apparently careless remarks that Candace let fall as to what Melvin said to her about this and that. She came to dread Candace's frequent visits, yet long for them. She waited for a call as for a blow which could not be averted—in cringing submission.

Still when it came she was not prepared for it. One July afternoon she had taken her basket of mending out on the south porch and settled herself in a straight-backed chair, when the gate opened suddenly and Mrs. Blake swept up the walk. For once she looked heated and excited. Delphine's heart rose suddenly into her throat and so filled it that the words, "Well, Can," could scarcely force themselves out.

Candace dropped into the rocker opposite Delphine and began to fan herself vigorously and rock rapidly. It was unlike Mrs. Blake. Delphine felt the change in the atmosphere and all her world darkened.

"Land! Ain't it hot?" exclaimed Candace.

"Some," murmured Delphine, laying her stocking down, for her hand shook so she could not control her needle.

"Such a muss as I've got to go into!" continued Candace. She meant to thrill her tone with disgust, but, instead, it rang with triumph.

Delphine cleared her throat to hide the tremolo in her faint, "What?"

Candace eyed her. "There's all that house of Melvin's to be gone over this hot weather. Imagine that!"

Delphine tried to speak. Her large face turned from red to a faint greenish pallor as she managed to articulate, "I told you you'd—" she could get no further.

Candace seemed, for once, not to notice her friend's confusion. Kindly, she looked attentively at the turnpike and said, brightly: "Oh, yes! I know you've said all along that Melvin would call on me. He wouldn't take a 'no.'"

"When do you go?" came huskily from Mrs. Miles. Her voice proclaimed that tears were not far off.

"Well, I've promised to shut up my house and go down to-morrow. Guess I might as well, if I'm goin' to get his house into living order by November. Not a mite of cleanin' done since Mandy died. My stars! It won't do for me to be settin' around with all that work on hand. I just run down to borrow your ceilin' broom. Such a lookin' place! You must come up and see it. Well, if you'll lend the broom, I must be goin'."

Armed with the ceiling-broom Candace departed, every movement of her skirt proclaiming victory. The north kitchen-door did not open its usual crack this time. What was the use? The die was cast and Mrs. Blake, not Mrs. Miles, was installed as Melvin's housekeeper, and Delphine's world was a temporary blank.

The days passed slowly even when she had again taken to opening the north kitchen-door and sitting opposite, where she could catch glimpses of the limber Candace's progress from room to room in her house-cleaning course.

Candace was too busy to call at the little brown house, therefore all that Delphine knew she had to observe. She frequently wondered when "it" was "comin' off," meaning Melvin's wedding, and concluded that "it" would transpire after harvesting. And so it did.

One afternoon, when Candace had been at Melvin's about four weeks, Delphine heard the rattle of the chain at the well-curb back of her house. She went to the open window and looked out. Melvin Brown was drinking. He had just come from the oat-field, clad in his blue overalls. They needed patching, Delphine noted, and determined to tell Candace when an opportunity presented itself.

"Afternoon, Mis' Miles," said Melvin, sociably.

He leaned his rake against the well-curb and, pushing his big straw hat well back on his head, came up to the window. "I was comin' down after supper," he said, a shade

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of embarrassment creeping into his stubble-bearded face. "I wanted to ask ye to do me a good turn."

Delphine shook a bit in sudden excitement and leaned over the window-sill. "You might as well come yet," she said, eagerly.

Melvin's embarrassment increased. "Wall, I guess I'll ask you now and save time," he said, candidly.

He turned and expectorated skilfully over a bed of pansies. The movement gave Delphine time to recover herself. She trembled no more, but stood upright again. "Well," she said, in a hard voice.

"I want that ye should do a little bakin' for me. Could ye?" Melvin discovered a straw clinging to his coat and gave it his undivided attention.

"Do some bakin' for you?" gasped Delphine. "For the land sakes! When?"

Melvin began chewing one end of the straw while he hung on to the other end. "For next Sunday and that week. Some pies, and puddin's and cakes, and sich stuff."

Delphine gasped. "It" was to happen. "*She* wouldn't like it, I'm afraid."

"Who?" asked Melvin, blankly.

"Why, Mis' Blake."

"O Christmas! Mis' Blake can't cook," returned Melvin, good-naturedly, absorbing the entire length of the straw. "And I want somethin' decent in the house when I git back from—" there Melvin paused and his face got red.

"Where are you calculatin' to go?" asked Delphine, faintly.

Melvin ground a hole with his heel in the edge of the pansy-bed and successfully blew the chewed straw as far as the well-curb.

"Well, if I must tell ye, Mis' Miles, I'm goin' to Smith Summit Sunday to git married."

"Smith Summit!" ejaculated Mrs. Miles. "Why should you go to Smith Summit?"

Melvin began another hole among the pansies. "Why, dang it all, Mis' Miles, I've got to go where my girl is."

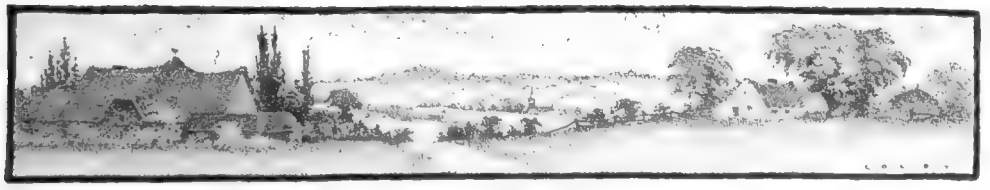
Delphine took a firm hold of the window-sill. A sudden burst of sunshine illuminated her world. "Then ain't it Mis' Blake?"

"'Ain't it Mis' Blake?'" Melvin drawled, grinning. "Ketch me! I got Mis' Blake for a few weeks 'cause she's so spry on her feet for a woman of her years, and I wanted that the house should be put to rights. That's what I wanted of her."

Melvin carefully pushed back the dirt that his heels had displaced, and turned to his rake. "Will ye do them things, Mis' Miles, the cakes and things?"

"Yes, yes," cried Delphine. Her voice was joyful. Her face was aglow. All the gloom of the past few weeks vanished as if by magic. She suddenly discovered that she had been unhappy, not because she cared for Melvin Brown, but because she had been humiliated by her intimate friend who was "so spry on her feet for one of her years!" Delphine's bosom swelled as she leaned out of the window and called, eagerly, "Does Candace Blake know?"

"Naw," returned Melvin. He stooped for his rake with a knowing glance backwards as he added, "But I 'spose she'll be likely to hear of it before Sunday, though."



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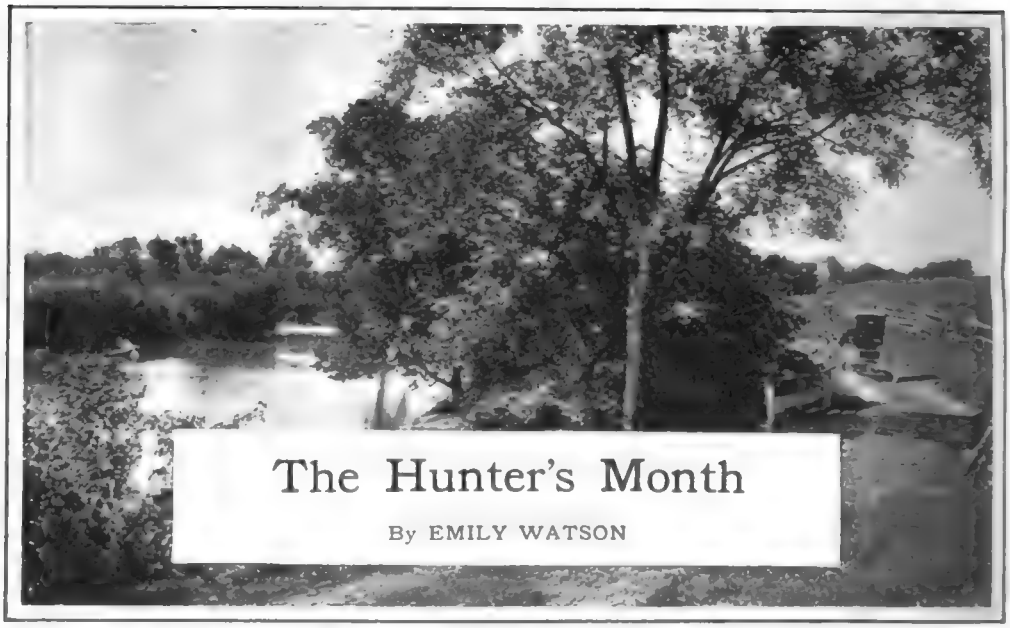

# The Hunter's Month

By EMILY WATSON

"JUNE, the river—July, the sea-shore. August, the mountains—September, foreign cities." So reads an ancient almanac, that, among much other miscellaneous information and advice, offers suggestions as to the vacations appropriate to the various months. Foreign cities in September? The compiler of the old almanac doubtless meant well, but he must have been a dweller in streets; he can never have known the country in those first, radiant weeks of autumn, when the earth, aware of the approach of the penitential months, enters on a final carnival of beauty. Picture-galleries, public buildings, stuffy hotels, when the woods are ablaze with splendid color; when a golden haze glorifies lake, and stream, and sea; when the air is grown so sparkling that mere breathing is an inspiration? Perish the thought! On the contrary, then is the time for such outings, if you do but know how to set about it, as are possible at no other period of the year.

Are you among those who are happy only when killing something? During the summer months, the dreary stretches of marsh-land along the sea-coast have been of value merely as patches of soft brown color, restful to eyes wearied with the shimmering glare of the white sand, and the intense blue of the sea and sky. An infatuated botanist or two may have penetrated their damp recesses, in a search for specimens, but otherwise, the swamp creatures have held undisputed sway of these waste territories. In September, however, the sea marshes acquire new interest. For the man with a gun they become a boggy paradise; in early autumn they are the chosen home of the plover and the sandpiper; and the shooting of these small birds requires just that amount of endurance and of cunning necessary to transform murder into a fine art.

Have you ever done any marsh-shooting? It is well to understand in the beginning that it is no amusement for sluggards. An hour before sunrise must see you afoot, armed with a gun, a little whistle, and some decoys, making your stumbling way to the blind, or sheltered spot, which you have determined on as the scene of your operations. (If you are wise you will have selected ground near the mouth of some creek.) Of course you have on waders, but in the dark you cannot pick your steps, and so find your way into many pools, the slimy water of which manages to trickle uncomfortably down, over the rim of your rubber boots. On reaching destination you first place your decoys in proper position, then conceal yourself carefully, and wait with what patience you may the coming of day. Off the sea blows a wind cold and penetrating; the marsh mist finds its way through your sweater. From the surrounding swamp come queer, uncanny noises—a

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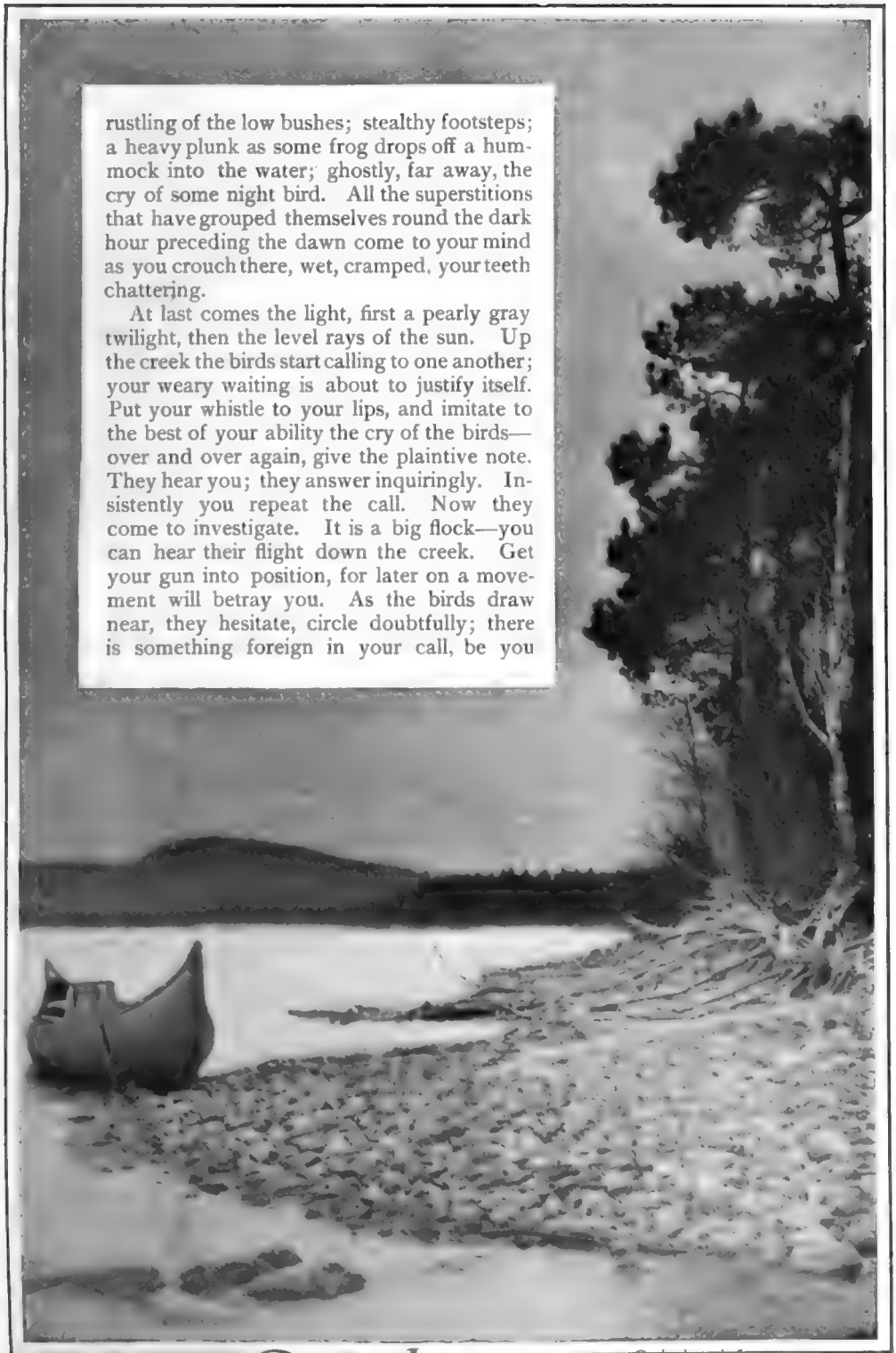

rustling of the low bushes; stealthy footsteps; a heavy plunk as some frog drops off a hummock into the water; ghostly, far away, the cry of some night bird. All the superstitions that have grouped themselves round the dark hour preceding the dawn come to your mind as you crouch there, wet, cramped, your teeth chattering.

At last comes the light, first a pearly gray twilight, then the level rays of the sun. Up the creek the birds start calling to one another; your weary waiting is about to justify itself. Put your whistle to your lips, and imitate to the best of your ability the cry of the birds—over and over again, give the plaintive note. They hear you; they answer inquiringly. Insistently you repeat the call. Now they come to investigate. It is a big flock—you can hear their flight down the creek. Get your gun into position, for later on a movement will betray you. As the birds draw near, they hesitate, circle doubtfully; there is something foreign in your call, be you

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never so expert in the use of the whistle. Then they catch sight of the decoys, apparently feeding peacefully. Suspicion is lulled, and down they drop. Now is your opportunity. At the noise of the gun, the survivors utter cries of alarm, and wheel wildly up the creek. Again comes the persistent call, seemingly from the decoys, who feed on undisturbed. If you know the different notes of the birds, you will soon coax the flock back again.

Not the most exciting form of sport, perhaps, but one not to be despised; and specially valuable, coming as it does, at a time when the denseness of the woods renders other shooting well-nigh impracticable.

Apart from the bag you bring home, a day in the marshes is not wasted if you have the seeing eye. The reeds and various swamp grasses, the stunted bushes, present endless studies in browns and faded greens. Here, atop of slender stems, are the purple flower-heads of the blazing star. The sand-hills are warm with the rose-colored blossoms of the sand knot-weed. Wherever the ground is dry are patches of golden-rod. And over all, the soft light of the low September sun.

With August trout-fishing is over, but September is one of the very best months for black bass. The growing coldness of the water brings the fish from the cool depths, whither they retreated in the scorching weather, back to bask on the bars and in the shallows; and the sudden disappearance of the cloud of moths and insects that have fluttered over the lakes all summer, leave these large feeders hungry, and not inclined to question the nature of the flies that adorn your cast. Like marsh-shooting, bass-fishing calls for early rising. Between five and seven is the time that the fish bite best. In the flat-bottomed punt, which your boatman propels with a monotonous, jerky, half-arm stroke of the oars, you float along slowly, not too far from the shore, casting as you go. The lake is like glass, and you must throw your fly expertly, or it will break the water in its fall, and rouse suspicion in the mind of the greediest fish. Suddenly there is a splash at the end of your line; whirr, goes the reel. "You have him!" cries your boatman—most unnecessarily, for every nerve in your body is telling you of the fact. Now, if you have a light rod, your work is cut out for you, for the bass, though not as fierce, is an even more

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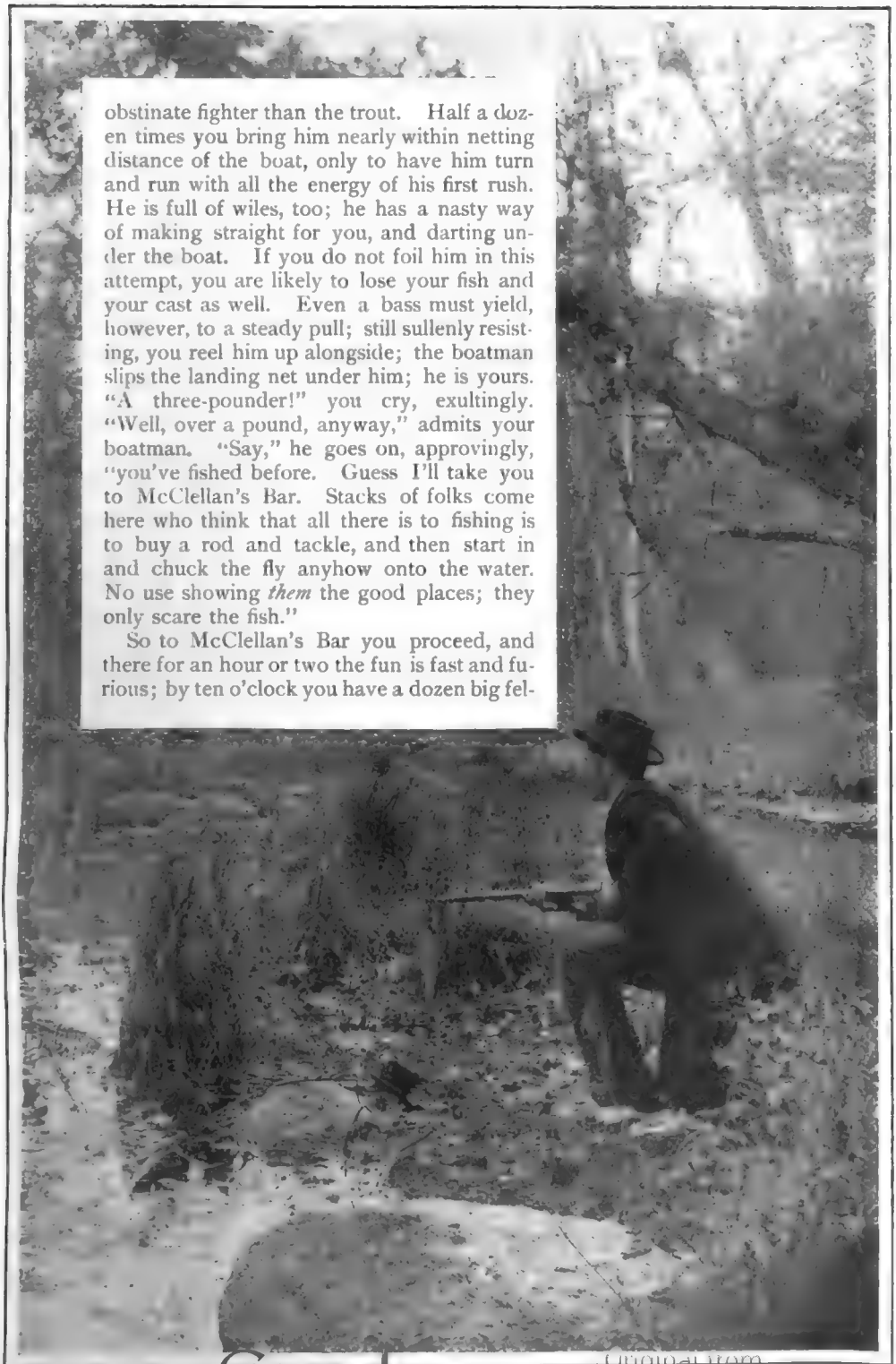

obstinate fighter than the trout. Half a dozen times you bring him nearly within netting distance of the boat, only to have him turn and run with all the energy of his first rush. He is full of wiles, too; he has a nasty way of making straight for you, and darting under the boat. If you do not foil him in this attempt, you are likely to lose your fish and your cast as well. Even a bass must yield, however, to a steady pull; still sullenly resisting, you reel him up alongside; the boatman slips the landing net under him; he is yours. "A three-pounder!" you cry, exultingly. "Well, over a pound, anyway," admits your boatman. "Say," he goes on, approvingly, "you've fished before. Guess I'll take you to McClellan's Bar. Stacks of folks come here who think that all there is to fishing is to buy a rod and tackle, and then start in and chuck the fly anyhow onto the water. No use showing *them* the good places; they only scare the fish."

So to McClellan's Bar you proceed, and there for an hour or two the fun is fast and furious; by ten o'clock you have a dozen big fel-

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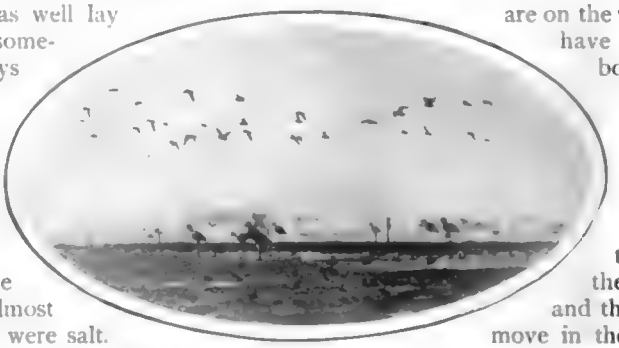
lows in the boat, all over a pound. As the sun gets high, however, fewer and fewer fish rise, and those, only of small size.

"Guess you may as well lay off now, and get something to eat," says your mentor. While the boatman gets breakfast, you will if you are wise take a swim. The cold nights have made the lake water almost as bracing as if it were salt. After your bath you are as fit as a fiddle and as hungry as a hunter. How good is the fresh fish cooked with salt pork—the flavor of wood smoke in the coffee is delicious—you eat a meal that, remembering later in the city, puts you to the blush.



There are several hours to be loafed away before the afternoon fishing begins. Of course you have brought a book with you. It doesn't matter what it is, for you will not read it. For seven years a man took with him on fishing expeditions a copy of Keats's "Endymion." At the end of that time he confessed that he had never got beyond the eighth line. You doze a little, for you were up at an unearthly hour; you watch the clouds drifting overhead; the puffs of wind that play across the lake; the yellowing leaves that drop idly from the trees. A squirrel comes and chatters at you; a chipmunk intent on affairs of his own, darts back and forth from the bank; a kingfisher does some successful fishing off a nearby stone. It is four o'clock, and the afternoon shadows are on the water, before you have time to become bored. But perhaps you are one of the tender-hearted, who find no pleasure in the outwitting and the destroying of the fowls of the air and the creatures that move in the waters, or perhaps the sportsman's life is too strenuous to appeal to you. Find a pleasant companion and set off on a driving tour. The roads are in good condition in September, and the days just hot enough to make sitting idly in a carriage delightful. Choose for your excursion a country that is fairly well sprinkled with villages, so that if, as is very likely, you never reach the points marked out on your itinerary, your deviations in route may lead you to other hamlets where you will find bed and board. Of course you must drive yourself; a coachman-conducted tour is a poor affair. A light covered buggy that turns easily is the best of all traps. Take with you what the livery keeper calls "a kind horse": an honest, intelligent beast to whom you may look for aid in moments of emergency. His speed is a matter of little moment, for it is not the number of miles that you cover daily, but

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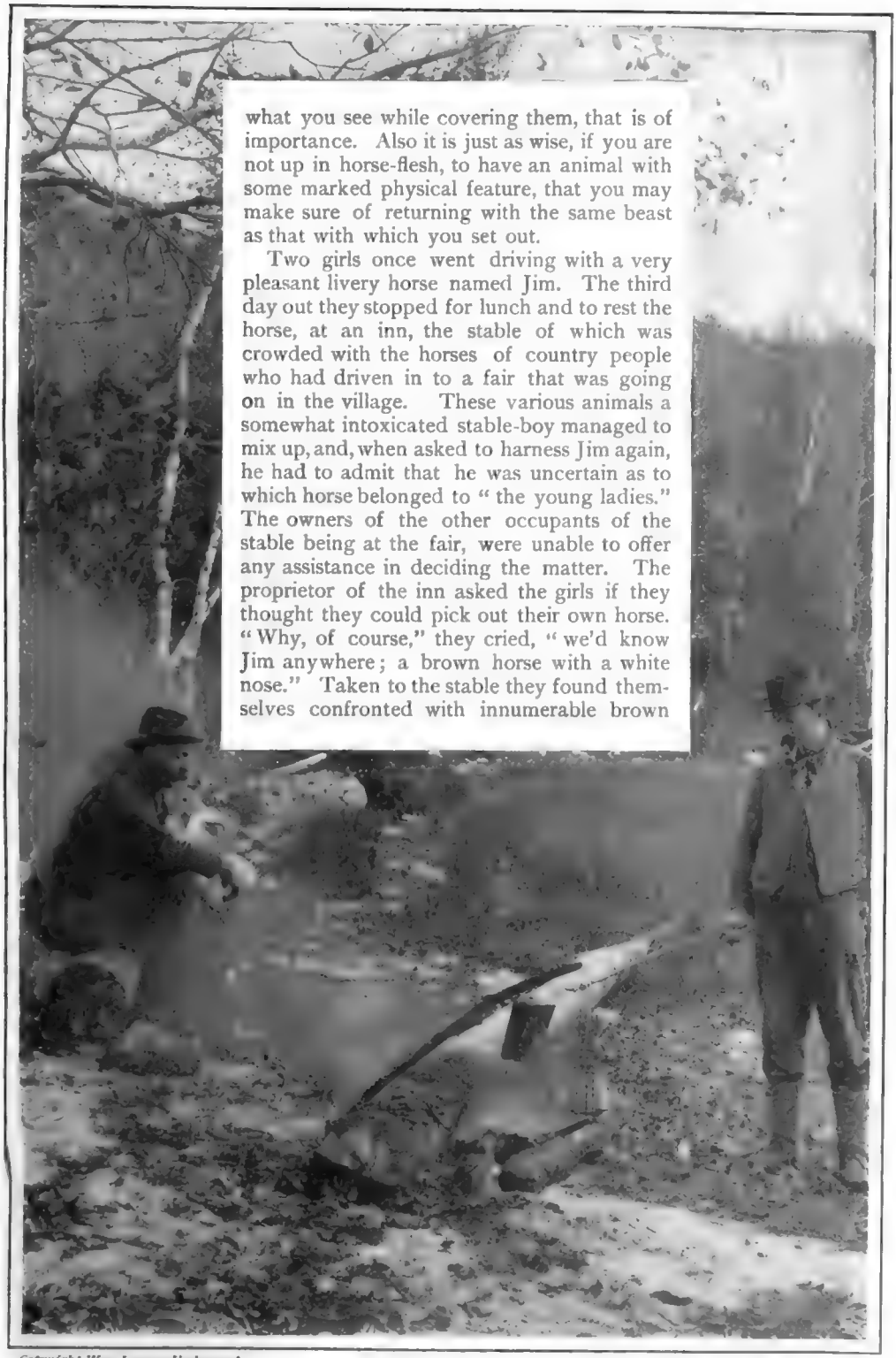

what you see while covering them, that is of importance. Also it is just as wise, if you are not up in horse-flesh, to have an animal with some marked physical feature, that you may make sure of returning with the same beast as that with which you set out.

Two girls once went driving with a very pleasant livery horse named Jim. The third day out they stopped for lunch and to rest the horse, at an inn, the stable of which was crowded with the horses of country people who had driven in to a fair that was going on in the village. These various animals a somewhat intoxicated stable-boy managed to mix up, and, when asked to harness Jim again, he had to admit that he was uncertain as to which horse belonged to "the young ladies." The owners of the other occupants of the stable being at the fair, were unable to offer any assistance in deciding the matter. The proprietor of the inn asked the girls if they thought they could pick out their own horse. "Why, of course," they cried, "we'd know Jim anywhere; a brown horse with a white nose." Taken to the stable they found themselves confronted with innumerable brown

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horses, all of whose noses were white. "Horses look terribly alike with their harness off," confessed the girls, "but," brightening, "*our* horse knows his name. Jim! Jim!" At the sound, one of the brown beasts stretched out his neck and neighed intelligently. "That's he," cried the girls; "good old Jim knows us, even if we don't know him. Besides now we look at him closely, we recognize his expression." "Well," said the proprietor, "if you're *sure* it's your horse——"

The girls drove off and finished their tour successfully, though once or twice Jim gave

evidence of mannerisms that they had not remarked before. "And how did Jim suit you?" asked the livery-stable keeper, from whom they had hired their rig, when they finally drove back into his yard. "Nice horse, Jim, best I have in the stable. But in the name of mercy," in a voice of consternation, "what's that you have between the shafts?" "Why, isn't that Jim?" faltered the girls. "Jim," cried the livery keeper, furiously; "that broken-down beast, Jim? Not by a jugful it isn't." And so it proved, to the detriment of the girls' purses.

If you want to enjoy the best of the day you will start off, each morning, about eight o'clock. The sun by then has warmed up the air, yet has not had time to dry the myriad drops of dew that glisten on every blade and leaf, nor to dispel the wraith-like patches of white mist that hang over the low-lying meadows. The road out of the village in which you have spent the night lies through a region of farms. The vegetable gardens are rich colored with their ripe crops; the fields yellow with grain ready for harvesting; the orchards veritable gardens of Hesperides with golden and rosy fruits. But it is in the garden where nature works unaided by man that you have set out to wander. You soon turn off into a narrow country lane that promises to lead in the direction whither you would travel. Who says the wild flowers are over in September? The ditches and fields both sides of the road are as gay with them as ever they were in July.

Here is a quotation from a diary kept on a September driving tour: "We determined to devote to-day to noting all the flowers that we passed. This is a list of them. Ten varieties of golden-rod; the deeper yellow tansy, which is not a golden-rod at all as many people think; asters, blue, white, purple; the reddish blossoms of the iron weed; the deep blue bud-like flowers of the closed gentian; the pink heads of the Joe

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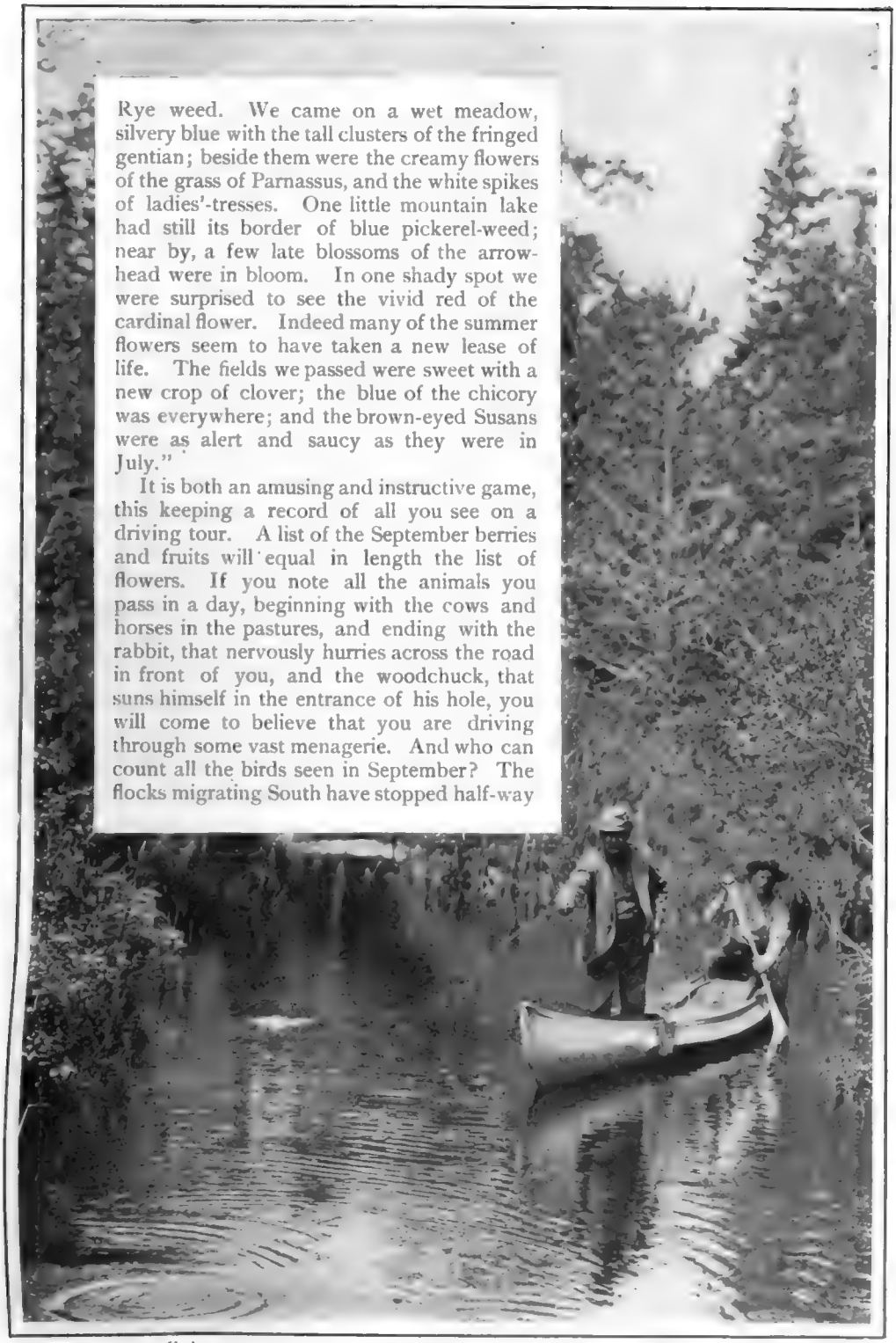

Rye weed. We came on a wet meadow, silvery blue with the tall clusters of the fringed gentian; beside them were the creamy flowers of the grass of Parnassus, and the white spikes of ladies'-tresses. One little mountain lake had still its border of blue pickerel-weed; near by, a few late blossoms of the arrow-head were in bloom. In one shady spot we were surprised to see the vivid red of the cardinal flower. Indeed many of the summer flowers seem to have taken a new lease of life. The fields we passed were sweet with a new crop of clover; the blue of the chicory was everywhere; and the brown-eyed Susans were as alert and saucy as they were in July."

It is both an amusing and instructive game, this keeping a record of all you see on a driving tour. A list of the September berries and fruits will equal in length the list of flowers. If you note all the animals you pass in a day, beginning with the cows and horses in the pastures, and ending with the rabbit, that nervously hurries across the road in front of you, and the woodchuck, that suns himself in the entrance of his hole, you will come to believe that you are driving through some vast menagerie. And who can count all the birds seen in September? The flocks migrating South have stopped half-way

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in their journey to gorge themselves on the ripe haws and berries. From every thicket come whistlings and twitterings. Even in July, before their northern flight, there were no such assemblages of the feathered folks.

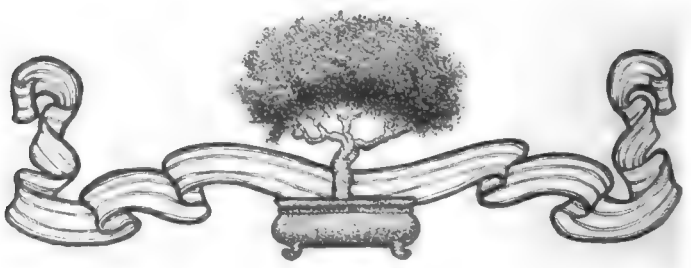
A sixteen-foot canoe, a tent, blankets, some canned stuffs, and a friend are all the outfit needed for an excursion into a wonderful land of romance. Launched on the stream of some little northern river that wanders through unknown wildernesses, and into the heart of dark pine forests, you quickly lose your sense of the present and come to believe yourself living in the pages of one of Fenimore Cooper's novels. Two bored twentieth-century people, seeking an escape from the daily round? Nonsense. You are Indian warriors, stealing softly down stream to surprise some hostile camp. You are free traders on your way to the trading station to dispose of your summer's accumulation of skins and furs. You are early pioneers, in quest of a spot on which to erect the first log cabin of a settlement that is later to become a mighty city. With infinite precautions you go forward, for Iroquois may lurk behind any tree; unknown dangers may encounter you with each turn of the river. Nor, romancing aside, is the excitement of danger wholly lacking from your lives. It needs no small skill to navigate successfully the rapids, where your river rushes with a madness of haste, or to make your way around the points where the current runs swiftly. A single false movement with a paddle, an instant's hesitation to act, will mean disaster. Creeping silently, in your canoe, under the shores, your approach heralded by no crackling of twigs, you get intimate glimpses of the lives of the wood creatures. You surprise a deer come down to the stream to drink; perhaps you catch sight of a bear wandering sulkily along the bank. Do not feel alarm at the nearness of bruin; he will be much more afraid of you than you can possibly be of him, and will take to his heels the instant he sees you. The musk-rats and the minks hardly heed you as you glide past them, but fussily carry on the business of their lives under your eyes.

At night you lie on your bed of pine boughs and watch through the tent door the ghostly processions of Northern Lights across the sky, and the slow march of the stars. Wonderfully friendly and comforting is the sight of the well-known constellations to one out in the wilds. Soon you drop into a sleep such as never comes to those tossing on springs between four walls.

The only menace to the pleasure of a canoe cruise is bad weather. A wet canoe, a sloppy tent, are evils hard to bear with. Yet even the moist days have beauties of their own; and in your capacity to spend hours in rain-drenched garments, without ill results, you recognize what your time in the open has done for you in the way of health.

They are all too short, these days of happy idleness. Soon the imperative call of the city makes itself heard, and packing up rods, guns, and paddles, you reluctantly turn your back on the life of the woods and the rivers. But you take away with you a store of pleasant memories; an endless series of pictures with which to gladden, during the winter months:

> That inward eye,
> Which is the bliss of solitude.



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# Children of the Stage

By ALEXANDER HUME FORD

ONCE in so often there is a rush of children to the stage and juvenile drama becomes pre-eminently the thing. We are at the beginning of such a period now, and a dozen new child wonders will soon be trumpeted from the bill-boards and the ash-barrels. The question arises—What becomes of all the stage children? Do they grow up to become great stars, or does their forced precocity burn out the lamp of genius at an early age?

It is about once in each decade that plays calling for children to assume the leading rôles come into vogue. In the late seventies, juvenile opera companies were the rage; toward the nineties, "Fauntleroy" created a dramatic era, carried everything before it, and even brought about a new style in the customary dress of the well-to-do small boy. Last season we saw another revival of the child drama when "The Little Princess" was successfully launched; and now scores of plays with child stars are being rehearsed for production next season in various theatres throughout the country. All of which recalls to the present generation of grown persons visions of brilliant little stage meteors that in bygone days flashed across the dramatic firmament, and were seen no more.

Not all the little stage comets, however, disappear permanently beneath the horizon; some in after years return to the dramatic sky and remain there as fixed stars. Effie Shannon and a number of others sprang from the ranks of the juvenile "Pinafore" companies of a quarter of a century ago, while the crop of Fauntleroys is just coming to full maturity.

Perhaps at no time in the history of the drama was there such a budding of infantile

WEBB RAUM NATALIE BLACK.

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LUELLA DREW
A member of a famous family of players.

ZELDA SANDERS
Said to be the most beautiful child ever seen on a New York stage.

EFFIE SHANNON
Who still continues her early stage successes.

genius as during the period immediately following the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" craze. Then Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett had no difficulty in finding a child capable of successfully sustaining one of the longest parts ever written. To-day a diminutive adult in the person of charming little Millie James is the *Little Princess*, while the revival of "Fauntleroy" failed to draw the customary Broadway audience and was forced to close its season prematurely.

At that time the little girls of the stage were in the lead, while to-day the best child actors seem to be boys.

It was the talent of a little girl that first gave Mrs. Burnett the key to dramatic success. In the fall of 1887, Edward Sothern produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, Augustus Thomas's version of "Editha's Burglar." For two years the now famous dramatist had toured the country acting in this little play with a child star in the person of Della Fox, a star destined to a brilliant, but brief career. When the play was produced in New York, a new star was secured, and so great was her personal success that few remember that Sothern was chief in the supporting cast, or that the brilliant little masterpiece was Thomas's dramatization of the Burnett story; while the name of Elsie Leslie is indelibly associated with the part of *Editha*. It was the instantaneous success of the Elsie Leslie play that made Mrs. Burnett a dramatist. Smarting because of the fame secured by a playwright who had pirated her plot, she determined to herself adapt "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for stage purposes, and Elsie Leslie was made the star with a supporting cast such as no child has ever had before or since.

Elsie Leslie has always held her place in memory and tradition as the most attractive of all the stage children. She is a grown woman now, but still cherishes her childish ambition to become as great an actress as her early idol, Helena Modjeska. When not playing herself, night after night Elsie would occupy a box at the Booth-Modjeska productions, and when she made her début last spring, as a Shakespearian star, it was evident that she had acquired some of the technique and many of the qualities that made the great Polish actress famous.

Elsie Leslie has recently entered into life partnership with Joseph Jefferson Winter, the poet's son, but at the age of ten she was in partnership with Mark Twain, and as the star in "The Prince and the Pauper" drew a salary of $250 a week, besides a partnership percentage, the lar-


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LITTLE RUBY
Well remembered as a charming baby dancer.

NORMAN TRUMPOUR
A clever actor and a phenomenal boy barytone.

BIJOU FERNANDEZ
Who was first successful as a child actress.

gest salary ever paid a child actress in any country.

Tommy Russell was the other famous *Fauntleroy*. Once he had arrived at the age of discretion, however, and shed his curls, Master Tommy came to the conclusion that he was not cut out to be an actor, so he turned his attention to business, and is now a very successful young fire insurance agent with an income of $5,000 a year. To earn this amount on the stage he would have to draw a salary of $200 a week, for the actor is usually idle half the year; so from a practical standpoint it was a wise choice, and his sister, Annie Russell, still has the little brother whom she brought up as a member of her household.

Wallie Eddinger was the most versatile of the early Fauntleroys. Petted on the Pacific coast, as Tommy was nearer the Atlantic, Wallie came rather late in the field to contest for first place as a Metropolitan child favorite, yet no child has done anything more artistic than this little fellow's work in the "Soudan." It was he who created the leading part in the still evergreen "Holly Tree Inn," while his *Chrysos* in the children's production of "Pygmalion and Galatea" at Wallack's Theatre, some ten years ago, set a standard in legitimate comedy never since excelled by any youngster.

It was as a gay Lothario in real life, however, that Master Eddinger was best known among the scores of stage children with whom he played on various occasions. He made love to *Norah* in "The Holly Tree Inn," and eloped with the little maid. In real life, this precocious fair-haired youngster, after declaring his admiration to several playmates of the gentler sex, actually, at the age of nine, proposed to Miss Gertie Homan, aged seven, then leading lady in "Bootles' Baby" at the Madison Square Theatre. A contract, in the childish handwriting of the little lover, and signed by both children, still exists. In it these two little sweethearts promise and vow five things: first, that they will have no other sweethearts but each other; second, that when grown up they will be married and never secure a divorce; third, that they will always act together; fourth, that they will buy a house on Fifth Avenue, out of their earnings; and fifth, that at the age of twenty-one they will retire from the stage and live on their joint income.

Gertie is now the wife of a manager who owns the largest theatre in Milwaukee, and she sometimes sits in her husband's box to

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witness performances in which Wallie takes part; for her former fiancé has become a robust young man who plays leading parts in Charles Frohman's stock companies, and still regrets that his boyhood sweetheart has left the stage.

Gertie Homan, ten or twelve years ago, was considered the Bernhardt among the children of the stage. She was a beautiful little brunette from New Orleans, and had no less distinguished personage for her great-great-grandfather than the immortal Schiller. Of course Gertie also played *Fauntleroy*, alternating with Wallie in California. She was a discovery of A. M. Palmer's, however, and it was in important child rôles in his Madison Square Theatre company that she was best known to the public. Critics predicted that the little girl would grow up to be a remarkable Shakespearian star; yet her last appearance before retiring to quiet married life was made as a soubrette, and it was the golden-haired Elsie, loved because of her childish ingenuousness, who in later life essayed Shakespeare.

LITTLE TUESDAY

Who began her stellar career at the age of four.

Cinderella-like romances surround the lives of some stage children. They live real lives more incredible than any parts played on the stage. There was Zelda Sanders, the most beautiful child that has ever stepped before footlights in New York. Selected because of her beauty, she was coached for months in a leading rôle, and had the distinction of making her début on the stage as a full-fledged star at the Standard Theatre, now the Manhattan. Lucky Baldwin, the California millionaire, saw the child, was fascinated by her, and, adopting her as his heiress, took her from the stage and placed her in a boarding-school. During her holidays she was mistress of a wonderful ranch in California. Horses, carriages, and servants were hers to command. The aged multi-millionaire idolized the beautiful child, and it was his promise that some day she should have a company of her own at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco. But, alas, the theatre was burned, Lucky Baldwin's fortune vanished, and little Zelda came back to her parents in Brooklyn. She is now a beautiful woman and has returned to the stage. Some day this Cinderella may perhaps find another play that will do for the woman what "Drayton Hall" did for the child, but at present we hear little of Zelda Sanders who was a millionairess for several years of her life.

Another pet of millionaires was Joe Arthur's baby niece, Little Tuesday. Tuesday began her stellar stage career before she was five and retired at the age of seven after a monster benefit at the Star Theatre that netted the little lady over five thousand dollars; for all her friends, including members of the Vanderbilt and Gould families, turned out in full force. For a time Tuesday played a part in her uncle's play, "The Still Alarm," but it was the child's imitations and her dances that made her famous. Little Tuesday is now a very big girl, and has just graduated from the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

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Tuesday as a baby dancer had but one rival, La Regaloncita, the little granddaughter of Bishop Ewer of the Episcopal Church. Her mother, the Bishop's daughter, had married in South America, and, after family reverses there, she returned to New York with her two little girls. For nearly two years there was a running fight between Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who had been a personal friend of Bishop Ewer, and the little dancer La Regaloncita. Mr. Gerry was determined that the granddaughter of his old friend should not remain on the stage, and the Bishop's daughter was equally determined that her child should dance in public. The newspapers took sides and a war was waged that went into the courts and made dissension even at the State capital. The present law regarding children of the stage was the final outcome of the fight waged between La Regaloncita and Mr. Gerry. The law was defied by the little dancer, and finally the two children were driven from the New York stage and their mother took them to Mexico where she was fatally stricken with yellow fever. La Regaloncita and her sister, La Graciosca, then returned to South America to live with their father, who is a physician in Chili. Whether they will return to the stage now that they are grown up remains to be seen.

BEATRICE ABBEY

Whose repertoire, at the age of eight, embraced nearly every juvenile part.

ETHEL FIELD

A general favorite at the Children's Theatre in New York.

Not all of America's child actors have made their fame in New York. Probably the most beautiful and attractive boy that ever graced the footlights, Norman Trumpour, has never seen Gotham. Just after the World's Fair James Elwyn Davies, the

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GERTIE HOMAN
Once known as the Bernhardt among stage children.

LORES GRIMM
The nine-year-old "leading man" at the Children's Theatre.

VERA HATSON
A stage associate and protégée of Lores Grimm.

Welsh actor, took two promising pupils under his protection. One was Florizel Ruiter, the protégé of Secretary Gage, who, two years ago, after a brilliant career as a boy violinist, was taken ill and forced to retire. The other, Norman Trumpour, is now at college, but, as a boy with long chestnut curls, he was the idol of the women and the leader of his followers in every kind of mischief.

Norman was not proud of his curls, but he found them useful. With a face as fair as a girl's, and curls to his waist, this ten-year-old boy delighted to sally forth into strange parts of town where his local fame as a boxer had not preceded him. Invariably some boy his age would reach for those curls, and then the fight began. Norman was usually victorious, for he knew that if defeated a severe thrashing was his reward on returning home, while victory meant that he would receive a quarter of a dollar from his father. This worked well until one day Mr. Trumpour discovered that some of the vanquished were securing a commission as salve for their bruised faces.

Although girlishly beautiful, Norman was gifted with a deep baritone voice, and scorned any but boyish games. He had one little girl friend, and he pitied her from the bottom of his heart that she was not a boy, even

IPSA VENIA

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CORINNE
As she appeared in one of her early parts.

WALLIE EDDINGER
Who created the leading part in "The Holly Tree Inn."

DORIS MITCHELL
Who appeared last year with Julia Marlowe.

going so far as to lend her an old suit of his clothes that she might come and play with him without letting his boy friends suspect that he could be seen playing with a girl. His little sweetheart returned the favor once when Norman was placed in coventry. She smuggled to him a girl's outfit, and together the youngsters marched out of the house under the very eyes of Norman's parents without creating the slightest suspicion as to the identity of the larger of the two girls. Norman was also known as the phenomenal boy barytone soloist in the vested choir of Chicago's leading Episcopal church, but his recitations from *Peck's Bad Boy* were what made him famous throughout the middle West as a child actor.

MERYL MORSE

Luella Drew, a distant relative of Ethel Barrymore and John Drew, was the best known dancer in the group of Chicago children that has sent to New York such delegates as Bonnie Magin and Anna Laughlin. Luella, before she was twenty-one, made the hit of "The Burgomaster," but left the Dixey company to become the wife of a Washington physician.

Doris Mitchell, who is just sixteen, but has played in New York during the past season with Julia Marlowe and in "Hamlet," is also a Chicago girl. She has been on the stage

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since she was six years old, and, like many other stage children who have acquired fame, is the child of wealthy parents, her father being a prominent Chicago attorney. Doris Mitchell bridges the distance between the stage children of yesterday and those of to-day, for once more the stage is overrun with children, as it was when she was a tiny girl.

Having been called upon to write plays for child stars a decade ago, and, during the last seasons, supplying the dramatizations used at the Children's Theatre in New York, it has interested me to compare the methods of work of the little people I met years ago with those of the modern children.

The audiences that patronize the so-called children's plays are always the same, mostly grown persons, mothers and others fond of children, who, if they like the plays, bring the children on Saturdays ; but in America the precocious youngster scorns the play that is supposed to be written down to his intellectual level. At the Children's Theatre, New York, much money was lost experimenting with fairy-tale dramas in which trick donkeys and bears played leading parts. Neither the parents nor the children cared for Cinderella and Jack-the-Giant-Killer, so they were withdrawn and a class of plays sought that would really appeal to the children.

In Russia, the intellectual men of the empire for years experimented with Mother Goose tales and other such books for the peasants, but the peasants would have none of them. At last a genius put together a collection of the masterpieces of the great Russian authors, and as "The Book for the People" it swept the land and is found to-day in every home where Russian is read. The children of America, like the simple peasants of Russia, demand good literature, and so it was that the masterpieces of Mark Twain, Charles Dickens, and other famous authors were dramatized for the big and little actors of the Children's Theatre. The experiment proved a success; it was the *story* the children wanted, the story simply told in plain language, and if a child was the interesting character around which the play revolved, so much the better.

The little star last season was a graduate from Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre stock company. Master Lores Grimm was playing the boy part in "The Wilderness," when he was secured for "leads" at the Children's Theatre.

This little chap, now nine years old, is the son of a prominent organ manufacturer of Cincinnati, and has been on the stage ever since he was four. Three years ago he played *Ib* in "Ib and Christina" at the Madison Square Theatre, and since then has appeared in all of Charles Frohman's productions requiring the services of a small boy. In the few years of his stage career he has saved enough money to purchase a piece of real estate in Cincinnati that brings him in a fixed income of thirty dollars a month, and this Master Lores is permitted to spend on clothes, for it has always been his ambition to be the best-dressed boy on Broadway. For two seasons this little Beau Brummel has actually set the fashions for boys' clothing; but not on his thirty a month, for, when playing, Lores receives a larger salary than any child now on the stage. At the Children's Theatre he was paid fifty dollars a performance, which is a far greater amount than is usually paid to grown stars on Broadway. Next season Lores Grimm heads a road company producing a play written especially for the ex-star of the Children's Theatre.

Another boy who received his entire stage training at the Children's Theatre is Webb Raum, a grandson of General Green B. Raum, and the son of a wealthy New York manufacturer. In pieces of highly emotional character this frail-looking little fellow used to shine with a brilliancy suggesting the true fire. Last season he played in the ill-fated production of "Huckleberry Finn," and, having "shot right up," is now a big boy at school, where he will remain until he is grown.

Just what stage training is worth to a child is demonstrated from the fact that of all the children who passed through Augustin Daly's remarkable school of acting, we hear of not one as a well-known actor or actress. A child, as frequently as not, will play its first part as ably as anything it is ever called upon to do again; and often, alas, a few years of stage life will make a naturally lovable child so artificial that its acting becomes cold, mechanical, and as repellent as anything well can be in the hands of a child.

In the Children's Theatre company were a dozen adult actors and actresses and as many children. Although seldom more than one child was called upon to play a leading part at a time, unless several one-act plays were on the bill, the entire force was always prompt at rehearsals, and only old stagers

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TOMMY RUSSELL ELSIE LESLIE

The two most famous stage children, both of whom made their first great success as Little Lord Fauntleroy.

could have gone through their lines and business with the children romping about the theatre, playing tag and doing all in their power to make their comrades in the cast forget their cues in the excitement of the games. But in this they were seldom successful: at the right moment the little star would dash in all aglow, speak his lines, and dash off again at his exit to resume the game where it was left off. The grown actors would read their lines over and over again and study new business every day, while the children learned their parts in a twinkling and, except when on the stage, seldom gave thought to the rôles they were to enact ; yet on the day of the first performance the little fo'ks were too often the only ones in the cast absolutely letter perfect in their lines and thoroughly self-possessed and natural.

Little Beryl Morse, who plays the baby girl in the "Little Princess," made her professional début at the Children's Theatre. She and Webb Raum had rehearsed "The Master of Carlton Hall" for months, but just before the first production at Proctor's Theatre, little Beryl was notified by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that she could not appear on any stage until she was seven years of age; so it was not until some months later at the Children's Theatre that she celebrated her emancipation from the rulings of Mr. Gerry's Society. The romps of these two youngsters were enjoyed as much by the company as by themselves. More sedate and reserved was Beatrice Abbey, the heroine of a hundred plays. This young lady, at the age of eight, had enacted almost every child part known to stock companies, but her greatest success was made as *Abbey* in Mark Twain's "Little Lady and The Lord General," which was written for the Children's Theatre. Beatrice was the only one in the company on the opening day who was not nervous, and seemed absolutely certain that she at least would be a perfect success; and she was.

The real romping days at the Children's Theatre, however, did not reach their climax until Lores Grimm arrived, and became the leader. To keep in order a dozen fun-loving children, bubbling over with the exuberance of youth, had proved a trying task to the management; but where the awe of the stage manager wielded but a temporary check, a word from Lores would cause complete and continued obedience. The children recog-

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nized him as the star, and he saw to it that there was no other leader. One or two of the older boys tried to assume dictatorship, but the little general of eight quickly found a way to not only subdue but actually enroll his opponents as trusty lieutenants. The young actor, whom Olga Nethersole had christened "Little Lord Chesterfield" when he was the pet of her company, had only to say, "Quiet, now, that's my cue, and I don't want any noise," to quell a perfect babel behind the scenes; and, while Lores was on the stage, his followers invariably sat in the front seats watching his work with open mouths.

And well they might, for the leader of romps in an instant became the most earnest of hard workers. Everything was forgotten but the part he was playing, no rehearsal seemed too long, and often the coach was the first to give in, while his pupil was still fresh and enthusiastic to know more of the business attached to his part. Let the suggestion be made that the children be given a half-hour for rest and play, however, and down would go the star's part, and with a shout of "Come, let's play!" he would be off to lead in the most boisterous games in which both boys and girls could indulge indoors.

Of course there was a gentler side to these little people, brought up in the atmosphere of stage romance. Their puppy love affairs began at a tender age. Master Grimm had left a little girl in Cincinnati, to whom his heart was comparatively true, but, after all, Lores was the son of man, and the little girls at the Children's Theatre were attractive beyond compare. Lores looked on the beautiful little Ethel Field as one of the boys, and in her dignified way she scorned all sentiment, admiring Lores not for his looks, but because he could run her a good foot-race. Ipha Yenia, who had played boy's parts for Joseph Jefferson, and was a musician, liked the boy with the curly golden hair because he could play duets with her on the piano, and was never tired of singing comic songs and sentimental ballads. But it was different with the little Brooklyn beauty, Vera Hotson; this was her first stage experience, and she was placed under the direction of Master Grimm that he might make an actress of her. There is no question but that the little girl looked up to the star as a veritable hero, and as for Lores—the chestnut hair, brown eyes, and gentle ways of little Vera came very near making him entirely forget other dark eyes in Cincinnati. After the end of a week he was pleading that his protégée be made his leading lady, volunteering to coach her as *Agnes*, when he played *David Copperfield*.

Why do children go on the stage where they learn to represent all the emotions of life before they can begin to understand their depth? It is certain that poverty drives few children to the stage door, and, invariably, the successful juvenile actor is the child of comparative wealth. Master Grimm may be said to have a fortune in his own right, and even brain enough to manage it; for, during his summer vacation from stage work, it is his delight to buy out a news store, build up a large custom, then sell out at a great advance in the fall. In fact, he secures all his theatrical engagements, and makes his own terms. Master Webb Raum will be a very rich man some day. Little Natalie Black, who made her début at the Children's Theatre and played later on Broadway, is the daughter of a wealthy railroad contractor. Anita Heckler has a prosperous father, yet this little maid is the fourth of a family of girls to grace the stage, and so it goes, through the list of the successful ones, at least. I do not recall an instance, however, where a father capable of earning a living has wished to place his children on the stage; it is invariably the mother who is ambitious that her youngsters pursue a histrionic career. She is optimistic, and sees only the sunny side of stage life, resting confidently in the belief that her mother's love will shield her offspring from the baneful influences. And perhaps she is right.

Too often a few months or years of stage experience convince both mother and child that there are other callings equally honorable, and perhaps more lucrative than the actor's profession. Marriage takes many young girls from the stage they have known all their lives, and the sure returns of business management is apt to tempt boy actors to step across the footlights to a position nearer the box-office; but the average stage children, attractive because of their youngness, grow up into sheep little resembling the tender lambs whose gambols amused, and, unable to secure legitimate dramatic engagements, drift into the chorus of operatic companies, or take up their positions behind the department store counters. It is only the very few that carry the precocity and charm of youth into adult age, so that they again become as famous as during the few brief years of childhood.

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# The Unemployed Rich

## Their Servants

By MARY MANNERS

"DON'T talk to me about them, my dear," said old Mrs. Penguin, turning her black front, black eyes, and round vermilion-tinted face solemnly to the company, as she sat enthroned in the very middle of a great gilt chair sipping her after-dinner coffee. "I could tell you a tale! The experiences I've had with them would fill a volume. I've tried every nationality and all creeds."

"I think it's largely a matter of treatment," put in a meek little blond bride, with rabbit teeth, whose opinions seemed to be concealed in the palms of her hands, if one might judge by the assiduity with which she squeezed those members together whenever she was about to make a remark.

"Treat them as you please, they are all alike," snorted Mrs. Penguin. "I've served an apprenticeship! I know!"

The other ladies, of whom there were five or six present, chorused an assent, and appeared each to be conscious of some important, special information which she was burning to communicate to her neighbors, but Mrs. Penguin had the floor, and interruption was impossible.

"I AM IN THE HABIT OF TAKING AN EARLY CUP OF TEA AT EIGHT."

"The more consideration you show, the less you must expect," she continued. "Now, there was that last maid of mine—I believe *you* recommended her to me, my dear Louisa" (nodding majestically toward a high-nosed, bony, auburn-haired lady, beautifully attired in pearl shoulder-straps, a white and silver brocade skirt, and a crown). "She turned out a perfect fiend. Made a great

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scandal with the butler; set the whole household by the ears, and then it appeared she'd been married to him for ages—which made it worse, if possible, for of course he pretended he was a single man when I engaged him. She helped herself to my gloves and veils, used my petticoats and pocket-handkerchiefs freely, and, I believe, even wore my *clothes* when it suited her to do so."

"Really, Mrs. Penguin, I'm very sorry," answered the person addressed, in a tone of the utmost indifference, "but I fancy they all do that sort of thing if they get a chance. I am rather careful to engage one whose figure does not at all correspond with mine. If I had thought of that, I should have warned you, but you were in a hurry, you may remember, for some one to take abroad with you, and I had found this woman reasonably satisfactory."

"May I ask, then," inquired Mrs. Penguin, with some asperity, "why you wanted to get rid of her?"

"Upon my word, I hardly remember now," replied the thin lady, with an elaborately hidden yawn. "I think she objected to taking care of the dogs. Yes, that was it."

"Oh, not those sweet little toy-terriers of yours, dear Mrs. Hunter!" cried several voices. "I don't see how anybody *could* object to *them!*"

"Well, they seemed mutually to dislike each other, and, as I keep the dogs constantly with me, it is important that I should have a maid who gets on with them. She didn't, so I let her go."

"It must complicate life a good deal to be obliged to select one's personal attendant from among a set of female dog-fanciers," remarked Mrs. Penguin, sarcastically. "She had nothing of that sort to put up with at my house. I simply demanded that she should do her work properly, and keep me and my wardrobe up to the mark."

"Upon my word, I'd rather have looked after the dogs," whispered Mrs. Hunter to her nearest neighbor. And they both laughed a litttle as they glanced at Mrs. Penguin's candid wig and crumpled satin gown.

"I always permitted her to go to bed, and come down in her *dressing-gown* to unlace me if I stayed out *later* than *three*," continued that lady with the air of one who has made almost unheard-of concessions, "and, although I am in the habit of taking an early cup of tea at eight (I just wake up to drink it and fall asleep again directly, you know), why, she'd have to be up long before *that* for the kitchen breakfast, so she could hardly feel *I* imposed upon her. Of course, I depended upon her to keep my things in order, retrim my hats, refresh my bodices, make up little Frenchified head-dresses and wraps, look after the table linen, and do all my shopping, orders, errands, etc.—just what one expects of any maid. My place is a very easy one. But, my dear, such ingratitude! She left merely because I accused her of being too attentive to Haresford, who turned out to be her husband, you know—so unpleasant—and charged her with guzzling in the pantry, and ordering things for herself on my bills."

"And had she?" asked the little bride, showing all her rabbit teeth in a grimace of amazement.

"Well, I couldn't *prove* it when I came to look into it," said Mrs. Penguin, "she had been so sly, but I'm certain she did. And now she's bringing an action for libel against *me* because I wouldn't give her a character. I declare, if I *did* throw the inkstand at her, as she swears I did, I'm glad of it."

The little bride looked aghast. "Oh, I'm sure one would remember if one had done a thing like that," she faltered.

"When I lose my temper," observed Mrs. Penguin, looking very red and fierce, "I don't often remember what's happened. Anyhow she left, the ungrateful hussy, and I'm without a maid, and, of course, a butler."

"I'm so afraid of them," exclaimed the bride, suddenly confidential. "I don't mean maids and butlers only, but all servants. Now I've been trying every morning for a month to tell my cook that we are going abroad for the summer and she must find another place, and every day when she comes up I only say, 'Oh—er—Joanna—there will—be—two for dinner.' Finally, I got Freddy, my husband, you know—to tell her. and she said she'd been going to leave me anyhow on the first of May. I was so relieved."

"You wouldn't have been relieved if she had walked off at a moment's notice, and you had *not* been going to Europe," put in the hostess of the evening, a tall, tempestuous-looking woman, chiefly remarkable for the hard glitter of her teeth, eyes, and diamonds. "Really, servants are without consciences these days, and certainly without capability. One's whole life is poisoned by them. And they're such gossips. I wish we could have deaf-mutes or automatons."

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"But suppose they happen to like a place, it must seem hard to be dismissed, for no fault of theirs, at the end of six months," said the bride.

"Oh, fiddlesticks, my dear! They'd dismiss themselves quickly enough if they found anything they liked better. Don't trouble yourself about that."

The bride did not appear altogether satisfied. "My mother never had any difficulty with her servants," she declared. "She always kept them for years and years, but my friends are changing all the time."

"Don't talk to me about *old* servants," Mrs. Penguin was beginning, while Mrs. Hunter whispered, "I should think not. They'd never last beyond the first flush of youth in that establishment," when their hostess burst impulsively into the conversation.

"Oh, Lord!" she exclaimed, "what I suffered from them! My husband insisted upon keeping as many of his father's ancient retainers as cared to stay on after the old gentleman's death. I'm happy to say I scared some of them off, and others were, in the fulness of time, gathered, but there still remains Ruggles, and Ruggles is so snail-like and so set in his ways that I'm sure he'll last another twenty years, although he must be at least a hundred now."

RUGGLES CERTAINLY DID SHOW TRACES OF AGE.

"Couldn't you pension him off?" asked a fat, puffy lady, her chair creaking violently as she leaned forward in the interest of discussion.

"He wouldn't leave us for a house and lot," returned the other. "And my husband won't turn him off. Says he 'has our interests so at heart.' That may be, but I could put up with less interest and more smartness. He is getting so snuffy and shaky. You look at him the next time he comes in."

The old butler and an attendant footman or two had indeed come in and out several times during the conversation, and stood, a good deal like the coveted deaf-mutes or automatons, while the ladies helped themselves to coffee or liqueurs; the door now opened again to admit them, this time on a stealthy hunt for empty cups and glasses. Ruggles, under close observation, certainly did show traces of a venerable age.

"But I think he's very picturesque and respectable looking," pleaded the bride, when the hunt was over and the hunters gone.

"Oh, my dear, those old-fashioned ideas about servants are entirely exploded," mocked the hostess. "What you want is a 'presence.' I really admire those splendid London footmen who make you feel like dirt when they open the door to you. I like youth and smartness."

Here a pretty, brown-haired little woman, dressed and posed as if she were a Natier painting, lifted her voice for the first time.

"Well, since our experience with Jenkins," she said, "I shall always distrust *those* qualities. I suppose it will all be out in the papers in a day or two, so I may just as well tell you about it."

"Oh, do, dear Mrs. Lingard," cried the other ladies, as one man.

Mrs. Lingard was the wife of a well-known sporting gentleman, who kept open house and made a steady income in precarious, some people even said nefarious, ways. They were a gay, good-humored couple, and much liked.

She crossed her feet demurely on her footstool and began in a gentle, childish voice:

"He'd been with us for nine years," she said, "ever since we were married, and William" (alluding to her husband) "trusted him implicitly. He had the care of everything; and he was such a good servant, quiet and quick and capable. He took almost all the care of housekeeping off my shoulders—and when we went abroad he made all the arrangements. We always took him with us when we travelled; he was a very good courier, and he spoke French and a little German. Well, this winter William thought he looked ill, and he insisted upon sending him to the doctor, and the doctor said he must

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have been a hard-drinking man for years. Those were his very words. And William remonstrated with him, and he said he'd go, and we found he had stolen and pawned a lot of silver, because he had been losing money at the races—betting right and left. Wasn't it awful? The detectives have been after him for days. But to-day William heard from the man himself, who is ill and in hiding somewhere, and he went down at once," said Mrs. Lingard, evidently vague as to the locality where the avowed criminal might be found, "and Jenkins confessed everything to him, and begged for mercy."

In the midst of the exclamations following this story, the gentlemen began to filter in from the dining-room, with that curious air of reluctance and unwillingness to part from each other which is in such marked contrast to the rustling alertness and amiability of their reception. Among them was a thin, dark little man, the head of some philanthropic settlement in the slums, whose simple earnestness and sincerity it was at that time the fashion to lionize. Several ladies hailed him at once and repeated to him the substance of what they had just heard, asking him what he thought *now* of the fundamental fine qualities of his dear lower classes—a subject they laughingly pretended he had been lecturing about to them during dinner.

He gravely disclaimed having attributed the exclusive possession of any qualities, either good or evil, to any class, and, turning to Mr. Lingard, inquired whether he meant to prosecute.

Mr. Lingard did not see what else he could do. Most of the silver might be recovered, it was true, but the beastly ingratitude of the thing was what made him angry. To cosset and coddle a hound like that in your house for nine years, and then have him turn on you! The fellow was too ill to get away, and so he hadn't given information yet, but he had every intention of letting the law take its course. Hanged if he hadn't! Would have telephoned to headquarters before dinner if he hadn't been so confoundedly late.

"Don't do that, sir," whispered an agonized old voice in his ear, and a trembling hand tinkled the neck of a bottle violently against the rim of a goblet at his elbow. "Apollinaris, sir?—He is my son!"

At many houses it is the custom to moisten the possibly parched throats of the guests with mineral water half way through the evening, but Mr. Lingard's back had been turned toward the door, and he was therefore quite unaware that the servants had entered with this simple refreshment. He started violently.

"My only son, sir," repeated the shaking voice below its breath.

"Ruggles!" cried out the hostess, sharply, "what are you doing?" For the Apollinaris had long ago overflowed the glass and was streaming down upon the carpet. "Are you in your right senses?"

"No, madam. Yes, madam." And he suddenly straightened himself up, the color coming into his withered old cheeks and his eyes flashing under his white, shaggy eyebrows. "You can go," he said, motioning away the footman, who stood at a little distance behind with the tray of glasses. And then: "I should like to have a word with Mr. Lingard privately, if he'd be so good."

"Really, I—er—it's of no use, my good man, believe me," stammered that gentleman, in great irritation and perplexity.

"Ruggles, leave the room," said his mistress, angrily.

But the old man did not stir.

"If Mr. Lingard won't speak to me alone," he said, "I'll have to speak out before all these ladies and gentlemen."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said his master, calmly, interfering for the first time, and putting a not unkindly hand on his shoulder. "Come, there's been quite enough of this. Go."

But the philanthropic gentleman, who had been observing the butler closely, now interposed.

"As long as it has gone so far, I beg you to let him say what is in his mind," he entreated earnestly.

"Thank you, sir," cried Ruggles, turning to him gratefully. And, waiting for no further permission:

"You see, sir," he began, "my son took service with Mr. Lingard under the name of Jenkins. William Jenkins Ruggles he was christened, but he dropped the Ruggles, thinking it a kind of a comical name. I suppose I should be glad, now that he's disgraced it, but I ain't. As honest and well-meaning a young man he was as ever lived when he started, and that's why I want to speak out now and tell you gentlefolks that it ain't altogether a servant's fault when he goes wrong. You don't mean it, but you're careless; you're careless in your talk if you ain't any

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"DON'T DO THAT, SIR," WHISPERED AN AGONIZED OLD VOICE. "HE'S MY SON!"

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other way, and it's all heard and repeated and set store by in a way you'd hardly believe. Your fathers and mothers, gentlemen and ladies, they were different, and they looked after their servants and their houses different. But you don't care what we are like if things run smooth and give you no trouble. The tradesmen, maybe, bid to the butler and the cook for your custom, and the higher the bills are the better it is for them both, and half the time you don't take no notice, and it gets kind of easy to pick up things in little ways. Everybody's too rich and too reckless, and that's the whole trouble. What do these young men that's waiting on the table hear talked about all the time? Why, money, and how much you can do with it, and how mean you look without it. That's not just what you say, but that's how they hear it. A man must have it to be looked up to. There's a coachman's club here in this city, and who's the president of it, and has the right of way at balls and dinners and such like? Mr. Goldbanks' coachman, because Mr. Goldbanks is the biggest money owner in town. They see extravagance all round them, and hear it talked all the time, and they go and do the same. If you boast of how much you've made playing cards and betting on the races, why they'll think it's a grand thing to do, and they'll do it once too often and be catched like my poor boy. I ain't defending him," his voice broke as he turned to Mr. Lingard. "A man who steals his master's silver is a thief. I heard it all. I listened out there when Mrs. Lingard was telling it. But there's men all over this country that's stolen other men's silver and gold, and lands, and strength, and spirit—and they're prospering. It's the little sins that count. No, I ain't defending William, but, if you will excuse me, you stole his conscience, sir, before he stole your silver. You'll get back your property, but he'll never get back what he's lost—and if you send him to prison, he —he'll come out worse than he went in. He was a good lad when he went to you, but you do keep a rather fast house, sir, and it's hard for an ignorant man to see higher than his betters. If you'd give him a chance—if you'd let him off——"

There was silence in the room.

Ruggles fumbled in his coat-tail pocket for a handkerchief, and wiped his eyes with little furtive pinches and polishings, as if they were rather precious decanter-stoppers that he had been washing.

The philanthropic gentleman looked at Mr. Lingard, who was exceedingly red in the face. Everybody else avoided looking at anybody else.

"You had better go now, Ruggles," said his master. "If Mr. Lingard has anything to say to you later, I will let you know."

"Shall you prosecute?" asked the philanthropic gentleman, meeting Mr. Lingard's eye.

"Damn it, I suppose not," answered Mr. Lingard, sullenly. "There's not much in what he said, but it makes one—ahem! thoughtful."

"My dear," said Mrs. Penguin, to nobody in particular, "say what you please, they're a bad lot. But I suppose if they were in our places and we in theirs, there wouldn't be a pin to choose between us."

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# Dawn

By ALOYSIUS COLL

TO sunless life the dreaming gulls awake!
Frail rosaries of clouded amethyst
The paddles of a hundred dories shake
Over the sleeping waters, veiled in mist.

A fisher laddie dips his oar, and sings
An answer to a barking village dog;
The startled boats unfold their chill wet wings,
And disappear, affrighted, in the fog!

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# The Art of Getting to Sleep

By HARVEY SUTHERLAND

TO be able to waken one's self at a predetermined and usually unearthly hour without external prompting is an accomplishment of which one may well boast, and of which many do boast, I hope with entire truthfulness. Continually to be doubting other people's word is perhaps a bad sign, but I confess that when one of these gifted mortals tells how the tide served for weak-fishing at 3.30 A.M., and the appointment was for 3 sharp at Sammis's pier; how he did not want to rouse the whole house with the alarm-clock, and how, furthermore, if he had put his whole trust and confidence in the clock it would have been just him to snore through its long-protracted trill, so he simply impressed upon his mind, "Two-thirty," because that would give him about time to dress and get down to the dock. "Two-thirty," he said to his mind. "Two-thirty. Understand?" And his mind nodded its head and said: "All right, boss, I'll call you. Don't you worry. Two-thirty," and he went to bed at seven and slept like a top, and it seemed like it was no time at all before he waked up with a sort of a jerk, as broad awake as ever he was in his life. He struck a match and looked at his watch, and what do you think? Well, sir, it was just 2.31. When a man tells me that, I look him right in the eye.

If he adds: "Now, how do you account for that?" I always say: "Why, my dear fellow, that's your Subliminal Consciousness." I find that's the best way out of it. It shuts him up, because nine times out of ten he doesn't know what the Subliminal Consciousness really is any more than—than I do. He rather suspects that it is some kind of mental weakness of his that it would be well to keep other folks from knowing about. So it stops him from bothering me with foolish talk about how he was always that way from a child, able to wake up whenever he wanted to. It must have been in the family. His father was just that way and his Uncle John — did he ever tell me about his Uncle John? Well, sir, one time—but it was to hush up such talk that phrases like "The Subliminal Consciousness" were invented.

It used to be that Animal Magnetism was all the go to explain every cock-and-bull story. Telepathy came in after that and had quite a run. It is still in favor among a certain class, notably heretical clergymen that strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, that reject sensible Bible miracles and avidly run after silly Boston miracles; but, with most people, Telepathy lost credit by being associated so much with carbon transfer paper. For example, you went to see one of these men that are "sensitive" to thought and he had you write out something on a pad of paper with a hard pencil. You tore off the sheet yourself, folded it up yourself and never let go of it till it got so hot when he touched a match to it that you had to let it fall into the ash-tray where it burned all up. And yet he told you what you had written. The theory was that writing it down had, as it were, "precipitated" the thought so that the "sensitive" apperceived it. But sometimes he got careless and let a corner of the transfer paper, three sheets from the top, stick out a little, and you formed a theory of your own. It occurred to you that he took the pad with him when he went out for a match and—well, I won't say what occurred to you.

But to return to sleep. The accomplishment of waking one's self when one wants to, while more showy, is not nearly so valuable an accomplishment as the art of going to sleep when one wants to. The real crux of the weak-fishing problem is, not how to get up at 2.30 A.M., but how to get to sleep at 7 P.M. Early rising is out of date too. Only old fogies go on about how beautiful everything is at a quarter before 5. (There ought to be a law against having such hours on the clock.) I don't doubt in the least that this is the prettiest part of the day; but it will have to be a good deal prettier than it is now to roust me out when I am getting that lovely sleep that comes after I turn over and decide that I need not get up for awhile yet.

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I wouldn't give two pins to know how to cheat myself of that sleep for the sake of a few weak-fish, but to know how to lay me down and take my rest without any fuss or fiddling, without turning the pillows over and over to find a cool spot, without shifting from side to side—ah, that's worth while. I have experimented in this matter no little, and I have discovered an infallible method. That is, it is infallible in my experience. To find out whether it will prove to be infallible in the experience of others is partly why I write this.

It is understood, I presume, that all the conditions must be favorable to sleep. The bedroom should be quiet, dark, and airy. In winter it is better to have the window away up than to shut it so that a knife-edged draught shall chill an exposed shoulder. The temperature of the bed should be agreeable. Getting to sleep when the feet are cold is as slow a job as getting to sleep when hungry. A hot-water bottle in one case and a piece of bread and butter in the other will help things. I leave it to you to decide which is for which. A warm bed in winter is easily got, but a cool bed in summer is not so simple a proposition. However, a sheet made of straw matting, interposed between the regular sheet and the mattress, will be found to mitigate sensibly the horrors of a hot night. It preserves the softness and springiness of the bed, and yet is pleasantly cool, without being too cool.

Myself, I find that sleep comes soonest when I have no pillows at all. I know that they say that when the head is high the blood runs downhill into the body, thus attaining that bloodlessness of the brain which attends sleep. Maybe so, but I should think if the blood was thus subject to gravity this restful anæmia of the brain could be best attained by standing up. Most people find it impossible to go to sleep in that position, however. I have a notion that the brain regulates its blood-supply by the amount of work it has on hand, and my reason for no other pillow than the hand is that it is easier to get an unimpeded breath when the head is on a level with the backbone.

The next thing is to relax utterly. Remember that the corner of the jaw is the citadel of tension. While that is clinched no sleep can come.

These details of preparation are common to all hypnogenic methods. The heart of the mystery is the disposition of the mind so that sleep can come. The reason why we fail in this is the same as the reason why we fail in other things: We do not very genuinely want to succeed. As we lie stretched out after a busy day, there are so many thoughts that we want to chase after that we drop the notion of sleep, though we know that to-morrow is another day on which we can think. It is all very well to say: "Dismiss these thoughts." How to dismiss them is just the problem. It is a good thing to say to one's self in a drowsy fashion: "Sleepy, sleepy. oh so sleepy! Sleep-ee-ee, sleep-ee-ee-eeee," if one can get over the notion that he is not deliberately courting sleep. I can't. The practice of counting is much recommended, but I never knew but one man whom it benefitted and that only in an indirect way. After he wore out, so to speak, counting in English, he learned to count in German and then in Swedish. It came in handy in business, but not in getting to sleep. Watching an imaginary flock of sheep jumping over an imaginary wall in unending procession is a good plan, too, until after it is tried. It fretted me not to be able to visualize the sheep and the stone wall better, just as it fretted me to try to remember whether I had got to 279 or 289, and it is perfectly possible to go on counting and still think of the things that worry the mind and keep it from resting.

At all times a perfect mob of ideas and words stand at the gate leading into the mind trying to get in. While we wake and are sane, there is something that stands at this gate and lets in only the sensible ideas and the words that have relation to the subject in hand. All the others it keeps shooing away with: "Get back there! Go on away." If we went so far as to let in every idea and to allow the unrelated words to set the speech-muscles going, people would think we were crazy and rightly, for we should be crazy. It is this inhibitive faculty that keeps us sane. But in order to reach the general paralysis of sleep we have to pass through a preliminary stage wherein we are as foolish as any lunatic. When the sentinel at the gate of the mind goes off duty for the night the mob of irrational ideas and words come trooping in, and that mysterious moment between consciousness and coma is when appear such ghosts as are properly authenticated and are not mere lies. It is precisely the stage when the hypnotic subject is made to see visions at the will of the hypnotizer.

Now if one could find out how to tell this

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sentinel of the inhibitive powers that he might quit and call it a day, the trick would be done. We should be overrun at once with the irresponsible nonsense of dreams and go right to sleep. This is what I propose to show how to do.

With the eyes closed in the dark one sees, after his attention is directed to it, a kind of yellow phosphorescence more or less dispersed. Little dots of this tend to move about and to take on form that changes momently. They seem to be quite flattered by one's notice after being neglected for so long, and become obligingly active. They shift into all kinds of shapes, mostly nonsensical, but often forming patterns like the palm-leaf in an India shawl. Sometimes they even go so far as to make a bit of landscape. I recall one wherein was presented a patch of gravel in glaring sunshine with a toad in the middle of it. An artist friend of mine occasionally sees a pair of clasped hands perfectly modelle d, but my most frequent visitor is a grayish-brownish hexagonal plate bulged in the middle like a lens. It is not geometrically regular, but looks as if it were a natural growth. It slowly revolves on its perpendicular axis, and is now broad and now narrow. Sometimes it is a figure 8 made of two triangles, apex to apex, but it also revolves on a perpendicular axis and in the same direction, against the hands of a watch. There are plenty more, but I am always so interested to see what comes next that I forget them. Anyhow I could not describe them.

These presage speedy sleep, but the prophecy becomes fulfillment when I intentionally open the door of my mind to the rabble of unrelated words and phrases that eagerly troop in. For some reason or other I find that the vocable "abracadabra" is a good one to start off with. Presently they come with fitful halts and sudden dashes, after this manner: "Describe . . . you know as well as I do . . . impersonal . . . that is what I told her . . . that is what, that is what, that is what . . . but on the other hand . . . . well, if he could do it, why didn't he? . . . Zeissler . . . anybody says . . . The Narrows . . . forgetfulness . . . supposing he should . . . the Bridge promenade . . . Roman candles . . . the thing to do . . ." and so on. Often a word or sentence will repeat itself with increasing rapidity—and shall I say loudness?—until it is all a jumble which breaks up simultaneously with the disintegration of the colored pattern before my closed eyes.

I cannot describe the process very exactly, nor can I tell how long a period elapses before blessed sleep comes. It cannot be very long. How delicious is the moment when fades the waking world and one departs! That it may be so with me when fades the waking world forever, and I take my departure for good and all!

One word more. When I am very tired and mentally exhausted these wild and whirling words, that come unbidden and unrelated, spell themselves out upon the keyboard of an invisible typewriter, and the letters have no more form but only movement. I wonder if others have experiences similar.

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# Trifles?

By ERNEST NEAL LYON

COUNT nothing trivial!
The merest mote
Upon the telescope may cloud a star,
One faulty note
The symphony's clear harmony may mar.

Count nothing trivial!
A woodland flower,
Or smile, illumined by Love's holy light,
May lead, in power,
A soul to conquest o'er the hosts of Night!

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# The Reign of Queen Isyl*

By GELETT BURGESS and WILL IRWIN

## THE PAGEANT

*How Queen Isyl rode in state through the city and saw a face at a window. How the Chamberlain sought to discover the mystery and was hindered by a stranger, and how the two outwitted the spy. THE TALE OF LOVE SARTORIAL.*

BY the time Isyl had reached home, dressed for the street parade, and got back to the Pavilion, the procession was ready to start. The Chamberlain was nearly prostrated with the suspense when it was found that her whereabouts was unknown. To have to provide a third Queen would have been too much. The Grand Commander had returned in a towering rage.

With much confusion of orders, the several divisions were got into their places in line and the order given by the Grand Marshal to start. Every possible organization was represented, from the civic displays of the fire and police departments to the military corps of the regulars and the National Guard. Besides these were innumerable vehicles bedecked with flowers, floats representing different industries, fraternal societies, school-children, Chinese tongs bearing their sacred dragon, and the Board of Trade in hacks.

The Queen's float was a sumptuous affair decorated with flowers and bunting. Roses were applied like paint, and from the row of columns rising from the base, festoons and garlands were hung in gorgeous profusion. The Ladies in Waiting sat on a semicircular seat, while above them, raised high in air on a gilded throne, Queen Isyl surveyed the town and received the acclamations of the populace. The San José Commandery of the Knights of the Golden Gate on horseback, in white vaquero costume, acted as the Queen's guard of honor.

When the procession passed under the floral arch that crossed First Street, the magnificence of the city's decoration manifested itself in a dazzling profusion of flags and bunting. The main street was a bewildering perspective of changing colors. Overhead, from balcony to balcony and housetop to housetop, stretched arches, festoons, and banners, reaching away into the distance, making the route of the procession a brilliant tunnel of purple and gold, while on either side of the street a vast throng of people in holiday array was massed like two banks of flowers ribboning the alley of some Brobdingnagian garden.

As her float progressed, there came up to Isyl from the crowd a murmur of innumerable voices combined in one strange sustained chord, while before her and behind the brisk

* SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: On the opening night of the Fiesta, a red-headed stranger came to Golcher's road-house and hired it for the night. Bob Almeric's daughter had been elected Queen of Youth and Beauty—naturally, with votes at ten cents each. The supporters of her chief rival, Isyl Shea, not consoled with her appointment as Maid of Honor, had vowed vengeance. As the two girls prepared for the coronation, Miss Almeric was summoned downstairs. From that moment she disappeared. To crown Isyl in her stead was the only alternative. That night a red-headed stranger offered to help Isyl find the real queen, giving her a ring in token of good faith. They started the search next morning in an automobile, but, owing to an accident, accomplished nothing.

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music of military bands crashed in dissonance. Handkerchiefs waved, an occasional cheer broke forth, and from every possible window were men and women staring. She was confused by the bewildering sights and sounds, and more embarrassed by the feeling that she was a usurper. She had done her best to find the true Queen, but accident had baffled her search. The mysterious stranger had again left her, and again she was alone in the face of gazing thousands. She wished it were over.

The parade countermarched and her float, after returning down First Street, came to a temporary halt near the floral arch. She was looking absently into the packed second-story windows along the line of march when her eyes were drawn to a single face.

It was Norine Almeric. Though she had but an instant's vision, Isyl was sure of that. Norine stood a little back from a window, but, from the height of the Queen's throne, she was plainly visible. Her expression was that of a person in great distress.

Isyl had scarcely time to recognize her, however, when Norine disappeared from the window, and at the same time the float lurched forward. A hundred feet farther the procession halted again; and Isyl looked down into the street for someone to whom she could tell the astonishing news. The Chamberlain who, riding at the head of the parade, had already finished the route and was returning to witness the pageant as a spectator, was making his way toward her, nodding to various friends right and left.

Isyl caught his eye and beckoned to him. He ran up and climbed one of the wheels of the float to whispering distance as she leaned to him.

"I saw Norine Almeric!" she called cautiously, so that her ladies might not hear. "She was in the window of a house over the Star Billiard Hall. Can't you go and see what it means? She may be kept there against her will!"

He nodded, jumped down, and made his way back up the street. The colloquy had of course been visible to everyone, although it had not been overheard, and amongst the observers there happened to be a special writer for the San Francisco *Enquirer*. The scene was not lost upon him. It might mean an important story. So he, too, elbowed his way through the crush and followed the Chamberlain.

Just before the procession started again, Isyl, looking over a board fence which screened him from the street, saw Tom Parrish run through a vacant yard in the direction of the house where Norine had appeared. She watched him in surprise until the float carried her out of sight, but, just before that, he entered a side-door of the block. Then she was swept on down the street.

The Chamberlain, forcing his way through the crowd, reached the Star Billiard Parlors. Its doors were wide open to the street, disclosing a row of tables, a bar, and, in the rear, a glazed door. Beside the street door was another, leading into a narrow hall from which stairs arose. On the right of this hall there was entrance into the billiard parlors.

Seeing that the parlors were deserted, he passed through this side entrance and started upstairs to investigate the second story, passing a sign which read "Star Hotel. Rooms by the Day or Week." Half-way up, he was met by a man descending.

The stranger was a well-formed Englishman with a smooth face, dressed in gray tweeds; a jolly, muscular-looking man of twenty-eight or so. He stood blocking the passage and said, good-naturedly enough.

"I say, old chap, what d'you happen to be looking for, if you don't mind?"

"That's none of your business that I know of," said the Chamberlain, attempting to force his way past. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I might make the same retort, don't you know, but I won't. Here's my card, if you like, but I'm afraid you mayn't go upstairs just now, you know. I wouldn't insist, if I were you."

"What's going to prevent my going up?" said the Chamberlain, hesitating.

"My word, what do you expect I'm standing here for, old chap?" said the Briton.

"What right have you to prevent me?" the Chamberlain blustered, but without attempting to set foot on the next step. Instead, he glanced at the card which read, "Mr. J. Montgomery Lee."

"I have the right of superior biceps and a good old-fashioned desire to make trouble with them for you, if you insist on being an ass," was the reply.

"Is Miss Almeric up there? If she is, I want to see her!" the Chamberlain demanded.

"Miss Almeric is not up there, I give you my word for that. But if she were, you

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couldn't see her, I give you my word for that, too. It's my opinion you're pretty jolly impertinent, you know."

At this moment the *Enquirer* reporter, still on the trail of the Chamberlain, appeared at the door below. The Chamberlain instantly changed his attitude, for it would not do for the papers to get hold of this information. The idea seemed to strike J. Montgomery Lee at the same time. He winked, and with this tacit understanding the two descended the stairs.

"What's up?" said the reporter.

"Nothing that I know of, except the price of purple bunting," said Lee. "Why?"

"Oh, we saw the Queen send his jags off here on some errand in a hurry, and it looked like a story to me. Say, put me wise! I'm from the *Enquirer*, you know. The more we get about this show, the more free advertising you get."

Lee escorted him into the billiard parlors with a little forcible politeness, handling him by the left elbow. The Chamberlain followed, noticing that the door in the partition had a window through which anyone who descended the stairs could be easily seen. The three men took seats in a corner, and Lee offered his companions cigars.

"The fact is," he said, "there is a small story, though I must say I'm sorry you've discovered it. If you'll promise to hold it back till to-morrow or next day, I'll give you the scoop, and I'll see that none of the other papers get it. But really, you know, it's not much. I'd much prefer you wouldn't use it."

"Well, you go ahead with the news, and I'll hold it out," said the reporter. "You understand, I'm not a common, ordinary reporter; I'm a special writer sent down here to do the general fluff and flim-flam of the Fiesta from the sidewalk point of view. But if this is news, we have to have it, and we'll handle it as considerately as possible."

"That's very decent of you, really," said J. Montgomery Lee. "You see, it's no end of a delicate matter to me, and I'd be pretty badly cut up if the thing got out, at least if it were published directly. The fact is, my wife's upstairs with two trained nurses, and she's a bit out of her head, don't you know. She'd had nervous prostration, and her brain's slightly affected. She thinks she's a Queen. I expect that reading about all this Fiesta rot and the election and such poppycock rather got on her nerves. When they began to decorate the town she got the idea that it was all on her account, don't you know, and so I rented a room here just to humor her, and see the parade. She was quiet enough till the Queen's float came by, and then she had a 'crise de nerfs.' I'm going to take her up to Agnews to-morrow, where she can be nursed, and I rather hope the attack will pass off. She's very delicate and high-strung. That's all."

The reporter smiled at the Chamberlain. "It's too bad!" he said. He turned to Mr. Lee. "What did you say your name was?"

"Parker, Thaddeus Q."

"If you don't mind, I'll make a note of it," said the special writer.

"Oh, you're welcome to," said Lee, and he stood up, intimating that the interview was finished.

The reporter, however, made no move to go. It was evident that he was not so easily deceived as Mr. Lee had hoped. The truth was, he had not failed to notice the fact that the Chamberlain had been watching the door in the partition ever since they entered the parlors. So he put his feet on a chair, and thoughtfully examined the lighted end of his cigar.

"I expect that's about all I have to say," said Lee, finally.

"Oh, there's no hurry. I have nothing to do for awhile," the reporter answered, yawning.

Things were thus at a deadlock, the Chamberlain watching Lee, Lee watching the Chamlain, and the reporter watching both, and all three with one eye on the glazed door, when a man entered the billiard parlors from the rear. He had red hair. As he reached Lee's chair, he tapped that gentleman on the back twice.

"Well, Gummy, what's doing?" he asked, inspecting the two others.

"Plenty," Lee replied. "Here's a reporter has got hold of the story of my wife's insanity already, and I had to give him the details."

"Oh," said Tom Parrish, "and our little friend in the incredible regalia here?"

"He seems to be equally inquisitive," said Lee.

"You seem to take your wife's trouble rather calmly," the reporter remarked, chewing his cigar.

"Gummy Lee is a Briton, my friend and scribe," said Tom Parrish, "and he prides himself on never having been surprised but once in his life. That was when he was taken for an American at the Moulin Rouge."

"You fellows are all right. The only trouble

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with Mr. Lee is that he sports too many pseudonyms. Last I heard of him his name was Parker." And the reporter, with his arms folded, awaited a reply.

Tom Parrish grinned. "By Jove, Gummy, I didn't know you had that much imagination. I'm positively proud of you. What was the fairy tale?"

"Never mind, it didn't fool me a little bit," said the reporter. "Only, I've found that a man with several names to spare usually has a good story up his sleeve, and I want it."

The Chamberlain had come to the conclusion that Miss Almeric, if she had been in the house, was now safely away, and he rose to go. "I hope I'll meet you again, Mr. Lee," he said, giving that gentleman a meaning look. Then he left to find the Queen.

The reporter, however, not knowing the tenor of Isyl's communication to the Chamberlain, preferred to wait and watch the two friends, for he had transferred his suspicions to the Briton. He began, therefore, to talk volubly, in the desire to ingratiate himself with these men, and, if possible by patient waiting, to witness the developments of the situation. Something, he was sure, had happened in that building, or was about to happen, or they would not remain.

He watched the retreating form of the Chamberlain with a smile.

"Funny how some men like to dress up," he remarked. "It's natural for women to want to light themselves up, but when a man gets the clothes habit, there's generally a screw loose somewhere. Vanity doesn't quite account for it. There's been a great deal of discussion in the papers about whether women dress for women or for men. It's my opinion they dress for themselves. But when a man begins to watch the fashion tips, he does it with malice aforethought. It reminds me of a rather queer example of that I ran across in San Francisco once."

His two auditors manifested a mild curiosity to hear the narrative, and he succeeded in delaying them for a quarter of an hour with

### The Special Writer's Story

## THE MATINÉE PARADE; OR, LOVE SARTORIAL

There was a chap in San Francisco named Timothy Cobb. He worked in a chandelier factory on Mission Street, as a brass spinner, and he was a good one, too. He was as ordinary and as harmless a guy as any workman in the shop until he began to read the clothing-store ads in the newspapers and then he emerged from the chrysalis and became a wonder. It came about this way.

Every city, more or less, has its pet particular show, where you go to see and be seen. There's the church parade in Hyde Park, Sunday mornings, and the Broadway rialto in New York, for instance. But the pride and the joy and the glory and the boast of middle-class San Francisco is the matinée parade, every Saturday afternoon from four-thirty to five, down Market Street from Powell, and up Kearney Street to Bush, and back again. Here's where you find out what San Francisco women look like when they have their war-paint on, and what the cheap sports about town think of 'em. It's as good a show of beauty and impertinence and vanity and clothes as you can find on the continent of North America, and it isn't half appreciated, except by the loafers that hang up in front of the cigar-shops on the line of march.

Now when the brass-workers' union succeeded in getting Saturday afternoon off, Tim Cobb began to haunt the parade and pick favorites in the beauty contest, like the rest of the rounders. He had, like a good many San Francisco boys who have never been out of the State, an idea that the visible axis of the universe stuck out of Lotta's Fountain, at the corner of Market and Kearney, and his highest ambition at that time was to have a room over the dentist's office at the Geary Street gore, and see life out of his window night and day as it is lived in the giddiest town in the United States.

Now, about this time there was a girl who carried off all the honors in the parade by universal consent. She was the limit in feminine apparel, and a good-looker with a figure into the bargain.

She was the without-which-is-nothing of the show, the blue-ribbon entry of the parade, and so well known to the cigar-stand loafers and the curbstone rubbers that they called her "The Latest." The women that passed her in the line would stare over their

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shoulders for as long as she was in sight, looking her up and down and making mental memoranda of her outfit the way women will. She always walked alone and never looked right nor left.

The very newest things in female togs always came out on "The Latest" before any other woman had so much as a chance. If the fashion notes said big hats were coming in, she'd appear next Saturday in the biggest one on the street. If sleeves grew littler, she'd beat any girl in the parade, and in fact, most of the time she was about two jumps ahead of the first authentic reports on styles. You could tell, or a woman could, by looking at her on Saturday afternoon, just what the women's pages in the Sunday supplements would have pictures of next day. If she didn't show up till late, all the matinée girls in the procession would wait till she hove in sight before they'd dare to go home.

When Timothy saw her in the first automobile coat of the season, holding her skirts through the pocket, the way the Sunday papers told how, he surrendered. He went crazy over that girl, though he recognized that she was way out of his class, and he began to play for her.

Looking himself over in a calm, impersonal way, he saw that he couldn't qualify for such a queen as "The Latest." He'd been wearing a rather shiny black diagonal cutaway and his necktie was the come-easy, ready-made stripe. He decided he'd have to take a brace.

Now you know how advertising goes in streaks, one firm trying to beat another. Sometimes the papers are full of tobacco ads, and sometimes it's breakfast mush poems, and sometimes it's furniture jollies. At this time the ready-made clothing shops were splurging big, and the write-ups and pictures read like circus posters. And so Timothy got the tip. The Reager Brothers certainly had an ad writer who could hurl rhetoric. The firm was then pushing an overcoat called "The Rambler," the newest thing for swell dressers, for $12.78, and one glance at the parade was enough to show that they were selling 'em fast. "The Rambler" had a nifty little diagonal pocket that tipped off the brand, and there was no mistaking it a block away. Every self-respecting goat in the line had blown himself for the proper shell.

By giving up the theatre for next week, and standing off his laundry bill, Timothy managed to hold out $12.78 on pay-day, and at four o'clock he was a thoroughbred "Rambler" as far as outsides went, for a long overcoat covers a multitude of sartorial sins. But when he looked in the glass, he had to acknowledge that his derby hadn't that catchy flare shown in the windows of the swellest hatters, and his shoes, bought at a bargain sale, were months behind the proper thing. He almost gave up in despair, but the sight of his inaccessible queen in a plaid tunic made him determine to be worthy of her.

That week he took up Reager Brothers' section of the paper and he read an argument something like this:

"Why not get one of our snappy, dashing Blackenwhite effects? A brisk, stylish, cleverly tailored suit for $9.66! It has a hang and a swing to it, a set and a go about it that satisfies the smartest dressers in town. It has the broad-shouldered cut, and the wide-rolled lapel reveres that are the rage this season. Modelled on the most exclusive lines of the latest mode, and built of the sauciest suitings, finished with style by artists in every particular. Only $9.66, while they last, and it won't be long!"

Timothy bought a Blackenwhite effect next Saturday, and had but twelve cents left. He borrowed from a chap in the shop and contemplated his queen at a respectful distance. But alas! The "Rambler" had now been superseded by the "Beau Brummel" spring topper overcoat, with four pockets and buttons. Moreover, his hat and shoes were anachronistic. The swell dressers were buying Alpines with Panama rolls, and, for footwear, the popular choice of the real-thing sports, was the opera-toed oak tan bluchers.

Timothy now began to work in the factory as he had never worked before. Inspired by the desire to gain worship in the eyes of "The Latest," he became a fiend at the turning-lathe. He worked during noon hours, he worked overtime at night, in spite of all the rules of the Brass Workers' Union. He went without cigarettes, and he walked back and forth from the factory. He left his boarding-house, took a hall bedroom, and ate at a Japanese restaurant.

But he could never quite keep up with the styles. He sold his "Rambler" to a second-hand clothing dealer for $3.50 and bought a "Beau Brummel" topper. Just then the "Blackenwhite effects" gave way to the reign of "Scotch Greens" and a suit of this popular and modish worsted cost him $13.40. He achieved opera toes, just as the fashion

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TIMOTHY GREETED HER IN UNDISGUISED AMAZEMENT.

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changed to "Walkabout" heels, and his late imitation Panama roll, for $2.13, appeared just as the parade donned the "Florodora" pearl-felt head-pieces without bands or ribbon. Meanwhile, the queen of his desire walked alone, gowned in "The Latest" bell-skirts with military blouse and raglan, remote from possibility. He followed her dumbly paying her homage. Once, in a fit of ambition consequent upon a purchase of a buff canvas waistcoat, he ventured to nod to her. He was not quite sure whether or not she answered the salute.

But Timothy's zeal at the factory was not unnoticed. His devotion and industry soon caused him to be promoted to be stock-clerk and assistant foreman, and his salary was increased by $7 weekly. Every cent of it went into the till of Reager Brothers.

He was now almost able to keep up with the latest novelties in dress, and every Saturday he had a talk with one of Reager's salesmen to obtain the first tip on new importations. He still lived in the hall bedroom, and dined at the Japanese restaurant, but the dazzling prospect of being the best-dressed man in the Saturday afternoon parade seemed near at hand. He was made foreman of the shop with another raise of salary, and then he began to welter in clothes.

He had a fine contempt by this time for tailor-made raiment. You never saw tailors' advertisements in the Sunday papers —how could you tell what was what, if you went to an obscure shop without a show window, and were secretly measured for a suit? Everyone who read the papers knew that Reager Brothers were "world beaters for overcoats," that they employed only the highest-priced union labor, and handled only the most exclusive designs. Their tag in the neck-band of a suit made that suit absolutely correct.

He was pointed out now by the lookers-on at the parade as one of the stars. He began to be a bit original, selecting ties a a shade different from those the Reagers showed in their cases, and, to his delight, his choice was copied. Girls would smile at him, and whisper as he went by. And then, to make his success assured, "The Latest" began bowing to him regularly as she passed him. But both still walked alone. He dreamed of her when he slept, but even yet he dared not actually address her.

One day while he was, as usual, in jumper and overalls, helping an apprentice at the lathe, the speaking-tube whistled, and word was called up that a lady was coming upstairs to pick out a chandelier in the stock-room. He met her at the elevator, and wilted with mortification. It was "The Latest"!

She was all smiles and good graces, and never seemed to notice his greasy working clothes, and he managed to find the chandelier she wished, hardly daring to look her in the eye, she who was the ideal of his wildest fancies, the stylish fashion plate of the matinée parade. She spoke to him, however, as to an old friend, even as to an equal, and, to his surprise, handed him a card and asked him to call on her, when she left.

He read the inscription, "Miss Gerty Baggo, 2006 O'Farrell Street," in a daze, and resolved that very night to call on her, and remove the loathsome impression that he knew his overalls had made.

He went to his room and looked over his clothes as a general inspects his battalions. He selected a shirt first, one of his refined shirtings, and adjusted to it a nobby collar of the exact height recommended that week by the favorite haberdasher. This he garnished with a tie described in the show window of the same shop as "ultramondaine." He drew his trousers from beneath the mattress where they had been pressing; he picked one out of five fancy waistcoats, and donned a Reager coat cut with the latest round-hip effect. Then he sallied forth, a bit uncertain still as to his attire. He could not be quite sure that his forty-eight-cent pin-dotted open-work black hose had not been superseded since Saturday.

He called at 2006 O'Farrell Street and was shown into the boarding-house parlor by the landlady. She took his printed card and soon returned, saying that Miss Baggo would be right down. This gave Tim Cobb time for a swift look into the mirror over the mantel. Then he arranged himself as gracefully as possible upon a sofa, stretched the crease in his trousers tight, ran his hand across his hair, and pulled down his cuffs so that they showed about three-quarters of an inch of imported fancy twilled madras.

Miss Baggo came at last. Timothy, giving her time for an impression before he rose, greeted her in undisguised amazement.

She wore an old gray wrapper; her hair was in kid curl-papers; her feet were incased

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in red knit-worsted slippers. It is very much to Mr. Cobb's credit that he still thought her wonderful. His queen could do no wrong.

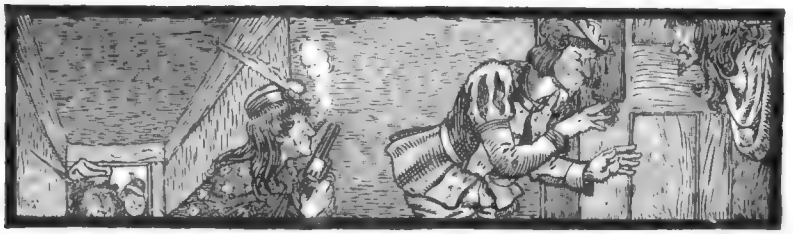
"How d'e do?" she said, and then, "Why, I thought of course you'd wear your old clothes! Why didn't you?"

Timothy was speechless. Miss Baggo went on, as she seated herself beside him like an old friend:

"I just do get so tired of *having* to dress up, it's a relief to be able to wear what I please in any comfortable old way, and I thought you'd feel so too. To-morrow, Stitcher & Baste get their new fall styles, and they'll be tighter than ever. I'm awfully sick of the job—aren't you?"

He was staring at her in a daze, and she stopped and looked at him.

"Why!" she said, "I haven't made a mistake, have I? Don't you dress for the Reager Brothers? I thought, of course, they hired you!"



## THE QUEST

*How Queen Isyl was impeached of treason and besought the service of her knights. Of their quest for La Beale Norine, and how the Grand Commander rescued a fair damsel in distress. THE TALE OF LOVE INSIDIOUS.*

THE Chamberlain, feeling sure that nothing further was to be discovered of Miss Almeric's whereabouts, hurried to the Queen and told her of his ill success. The fact that Tom Parrish had again appeared in connection with Norine's mysterious disappearance did not escape Isyl's notice, though she could not think what it might mean.

She had dismissed the Chamberlain, and was still in her dressing-room at the Pavilion when, answering a knock at the door, she found Bob Almeric, Norine's father, in a high state of rage.

"See here, I want to have a talk with you, young lady," he said, gruffly, "and if you don't tell what you know, by Jove, I'll see that you're made to! Now, where's my daughter?"

"I don't know! I thought she was at home, ill."

"You know better than that!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I did see her to-day at a window over the Star billiard hall, but you said yourself that she was at home."

"Of course I said so. Do you think I want a scandal out in all the papers? I thought you knew something about it! What is she doing in the Star Hotel?"

"I don't know! Really I don't!" Isyl protested. "We tried to find her there, but she had gone. That's all I know about it!"

"Well, where's she gone?" he demanded.

"I don't know," she repeated. "I wish I did!"

"This is a pretty kettle of fish!" he growled. "It's going to make a whole lot of trouble for somebody, and don't you forget that, young lady! Norine's mad enough to do almost anything crazy, but this is a little too much. It looks to me like she had been spirited away. See here, Isyl Shea, you were the one who saw her last, in this very room. You were her rival in the voting, and your friends all had a grouch because you weren't elected. They cost me a whole lot of money, too. I hear the Knights of the Golden Gate threatened to boycott the Fiesta, and, as it was, they didn't show up till you were crowned. It looks pretty suspicious to me. I believe they kidnapped Norine and are holding her, and I believe you had a hand in it.

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Here you are, the only one to profit by her being away, you're wearing my daughter's shoes, by Jove, and it's up to you to tell where she is, or I'll make a row about it."

"You needn't threaten me," Isyl replied, pretty angry herself by this time. "I don't know anything about it, and that's all I've got to say."

Bob Almeric had watched her closely to detect the slightest sign of falsehood, and, just at that minute, as Isyl raised her hand to fasten a hat-pin, he caught sight of the sapphire ring she still wore.

"Let's look at that ring?" he cried, taking a step toward her. "By Jove, I believe that's Norine's ring. You don't know anything about it, do you? Where did you get that ring, then?"

Isyl, now thoroughly aroused, put her hand behind her. "It's my own ring!" she asserted stoutly. "Never you mind where I got it. You sha'n't see it, either. You needn't come here and try to bully me, if you are the boss of the county! I'm not afraid of you!"

"I'll have you prove that, young lady. It looks to me a good deal worse than I had suspected, even. You'd better look out for yourself, or else confess now!"

"Will you kindly leave my room?" Isyl exclaimed, her eyes flashing.

He departed, muttering threats, and, as soon as the door had closed behind him, Isyl broke down. Why had she lied about the ring for the sake of a man she had known but two days? Whose was the ring, and if it were Norine's, how had Tom Parrish obtained it? Her mind was full of doubt. When Tom was accused she could stand up for him against anybody, and even lie for him, but, alone with herself and her suspicions, it was unbearable. Bob Almeric's words, too, had an ominous sound. He was powerful and he could, as he said, make trouble for her. She must in some way discover where Norine was, and her friends, the Knights of the Golden Gate, who had been also accused, must help her. It was not impossible that they knew something about the matter, for now her suspicions of the Grand Commander's words came back to her.

"You must remember that I prophesied this," he had said, and again, "We fooled them this time!" Could it be possible that the mincing, pretty, asinine school-master possessed spirit enough to plan an abduction? She could not believe it. She wished Tom Parrish were here to advise her.

Throwing on a wrap she went downstairs alone, evading the chaperons, picked her way through the crowded streets, and reached the headquarters of the Knights of the Golden Gate. The place was boiling with riotous youths in uniform, for the San José Commandery was keeping open house for the refreshment of the visiting Knights. There was a babel of talk and laughter and a great scurrying of waiters with plates and glasses.

The Queen appeared to be the only woman in the place, but she was too excited to be embarrassed. She approached the first man she met and asked for the Grand Commander. She was shown upstairs to a room where he was entertaining several high officers of the order.

He came forward to greet her with a look of great surprise, and the visitors arose to leave the room. Isyl detained them with a gesture.

"Please remain, gentlemen," she said, regally; "I have come on official business and I need your help. It is a matter which concerns the honor of the Knights of the Golden Gate!"

She was then introduced to the several Worshipful Scribes, Senior Wardens, Seneschals, Guardians of the Seal, Chancellors, and so on, but would not be seated, and stood proudly erect while she told her story, first asking of them a pledge of secrecy.

Isyl was young and pretty, the pageantry and ceremonies of the Fiesta had given her a position which, if not serious, was picturesque. The scene was dramatic. The Knights, having played at this romantic game in lodge and conclave, all titled and bearing their secret insignia, knowing pass-word and countersign, grip and symbol, felt the spirit of adventure stir merrily within them. They eagerly consented to undertake the quest, and promised the Queen their allegiance. One and all protested ignorance of any knowledge of Miss Almeric's whereabouts, and denied having plotted to place their candidate upon the throne. Indeed, it seemed that these high officers rather regretted not having thought of so attractively desperate a conspiracy.

The Grand Commander stood somewhat aloof, sulkily, for his resentment against the Queen for the way she had, as he thought, trifled with him, was embarrassing now, when she came to ask favors at his hands. But upon reflection he was glad of it. Nothing

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would serve his petty spite better than that his scorner should be dethroned, and her rival reinstated. So he, too, pledged himself willingly to the effort to find Miss Almeric.

She gave them the only hint of Norine's movements that she knew, and it was decided first to mount and ride out to Golcher's to see what might be found there. It was five o'clock when they descended and sent urgent orders for their horses.

As Isyl walked away from the Headquarters, escorted by a visiting Knight, she was abstracted and answered her companion's questions and remarks vaguely, for her thoughts were chiefly with the mysterious stranger who had helped her before, when she most needed a friend.

She looked up from her musing, and there he was, but to her disappointment, not alone. He stood in a doorway in conversation with a young girl whom he was earnestly addressing, and, as it seemed, familiarly. Isyl needed only a glance as she passed to scrutinize her from head to foot. The girl was facing her, and had a swarthy, handsome countenance, with coal-black hair. She was dressed in a red flannelette shirt-waist, and Isyl did not approve of her. Tom did not see the two as they passed.

As she was driven home to the Willows, Isyl saw the two again. They were passing into the post-office ; this time they were side by side in a buggy, and Tom was driving furiously up Market Street toward the Alameda. It was all the Queen could do to keep back her tears and talk composedly.

Meanwhile, the Knights, booted and spurred, had set out, a cavalcade of some half-dozen riders, and pelted down First Street with small disregard for the comfort of pedestrians. They clattered under the tall electric-light tower at a Spanish trot, singing and jesting, and, once out of the crowd, settled into a lope that brought them, in three-quarters of an hour, within sight of Golcher's.

The party was cantering up to the road-house when they suddenly heard a woman's voice screaming. They drew rein and called to each other in surprise—the adventure was becoming more serious than they had expected. The Grand Commander spurred forward like a hero, and the rest followed him. Pulling up at the watering-trough, they threw themselves from their saddles. By this time the screams had stopped, and the silence alarmed them more than had the shrieks.

The front door was locked, the windows were fastened. They went round to the back of the house, and all was closed securely. The place seemed deserted except for a bull-dog chained and growling savagely in the the yard. The Knights held a consultation on the front porch, and, while one drew a revolver, the Grand Commander put his foot through a pane of glass, lifted the sash and climbed in. The rest followed him. They trod lightly, as if afraid of the sound of their own footfalls, and spoke in whispers. The room was empty, so was the little white dining-room, so was the kitchen.

As they were about to investigate the upper story, the Grand Commander dashed over to a corner of the room and picked up a heavy wrap. It was a black velvet cape, lined with ermine.

"That's Norine Almeric's cape!" he cried. "She was to have worn it at the coronation—I know it, because it was rented from Cohen's costume place for fifty dollars, with the crown and jewels. She must be here in the house!"

At that moment a startling shriek came from the room directly over their heads. Then all was still again.

The Grand Commander trembled, hesitating, but a Worshipful Scribe, he with the revolver, took the lead. "Come on, boys," he called, "let's look upstairs."

They followed him up to a landing where were three closed doors. Two rooms were found to be empty; the third door was locked. The Grand Commander peeped through the keyhole, but could see nothing. "Who's in there?" he cried.

"Oh, for God's sake let me out," a woman answered.

"Who are you?" asked the Grand Commander.

"Let me out, can't you? I'm locked in!" she screamed.

Two of the Knights threw themselves at the door with violence. The bolt broke free, and they fell into the room. There, standing by the window, a handkerchief to her mouth, was a handsome young woman of swarthy complexion, dressed in a red flannelette shirt-waist.

"Oh, thank you, so much!" she exclaimed. "I was afraid I'd never get out!"

"How did you get in? That's the question," said the Grand Commander, sternly.

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He was disappointed. So were the Knights. "How in thunder do you happen to be locked into a room in a deserted house, that's what I'd like to know, and who are you, anyway?" All the pedagogue in him was manifest in his tone.

"My name," said the girl in the red waist, "is Dolores del Robles. But how I happened to be here, locked in this room—that is a long story."

"Before you tell that, then, miss, tell me, have you seen Miss Almeric here in this house?"

"A tall young lady, with light hair, dressed in a beautiful white dress?"

"Yes, that's Norine," they exclaimed. "Where is she?"

"Ah, I do not know. She was in this room. She went away. It is a part of the story."

"Then tell it, for heaven's sake!" cried the Grand Commander. "Come downstairs and we'll light up first, though."

They went down, but the girl, asking to be excused while she arranged her hair, watched them descend. As soon as they were out of sight, she ran quickly into one of the other rooms whose windows opened to the east, overlooking the back of the house. She softly raised the sash and looked out. Beside the stable a buckboard was standing. It held two persons, a tall girl and a man. "Keep them for half an hour, if you can," called the man, just loud enough for her to hear. The girl in the flannelette waist waved her handkerchief, as the man took the reins and drove hastily away.

Señorita Dolores then descended the stairs, and found the Knights impatiently awaiting her. They arose, offered her a chair, and she began

### The Distressed Damsel's Story

## THE ULISTAC RANCHO; OR, LOVE INSIDIOUS

The Ulistac Rancho is all that is left of the Cañada de Santa Teresa, a seven-league grant in the Santa Clara Valley, and Señor Rodriguez and his daughter Ynez are all that is left of the Ulistac family, who received their land directly from King Carlos IV. of Spain, in recognition of distinguished services to the crown. The Santa Teresa Rancho was a small kingdom in early days, and the Ulistacs were the proudest and richest family in Alta Califórnia. God knows, they are proud enough now, but their land has been stolen from them, league by league, ever since the Gringo came. There are now sixteen hundred acres of the most fertile land in the county, though there are but two Ulistacs left to share it.

The old Señor is a Spanish gentleman of the old school, fiery, astute, and polished. He is a quaint talker, reading much in the old books he keeps in his hacienda. He is especially fond of Cervantes, whose words he is always quoting.

When his son died, the old Señor made a vow, and Jesu! he has had hard work enough keeping it! He swore to the Virgin at the old Mission San José, that his ranch should never be cut up, and that his daughter should never inherit it until he had found a husband who would promise to keep the ranch whole. Now, it was not easy to find a fitting son-in-law, for besides his vow, the Señor had many other things to be satisfied with.

The fame of the Ulistac Rancho and the beauty of the Señorita Ynez have long been spread over California, for it is the fattest pig for whom the first knife is whetted. Every young Spaniard in the country has tried for the ranch and the Señorita, for it is not often that one can get two such fortunes for the asking. Ever since Ynez came home from the convent in Andalusia, suitors for her hand have been coming to see the old Señor. They have come from San Luis Rey and Sonoma, and the Soquel, from Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, and even from San Diego—and every one of them has gone home again with his cigarette out, as we say. No one could please the Señor. He would keep each of them three days, for the Ulistacs are hospitable even for Spaniards, and in one way or another the old man would test the young señors, and find them never so shrewd as he, nor ever fit to be the husband of Señorita Ynez. For the Señor knows men as priests know the holy mass. He is a keen judge of human nature, and he is never mistaken—so he thinks! But he was fooled once, and that is why I, Dolores, second cousin of the Señorita Ynez, am here, telling you this story.

Although my mother was an Ulistac, my

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"YOUR DAUGHTER IS PRETTY," SAID THE YOUNG MAN. "IT WILL BE NO TROUBLE TO KISS HER."

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father was of meaner blood, and so it is that while I live at the hacienda and am the friend and confidante of the Senorita Ynez, I am more than half servant, too, and am not really taken into the family, which is a sore trial to me. So I was the first one to see the Señor Pedro del Mar when, last month, he drove up into our yard and called to me to tie up his pinto mare. How I have hated him ever since!

The Señor del Mar was a saucy youth with a few hairs of mustache and an impertinent smile as if he were the owner of the mountains and the sky and sea and moon itself. Jesu! one would have thought that it was San José himself come down from heaven to be worshipped! Before I had time to box his ears for his freedom with my chin, the Señor came out of the patio.

"Buenos días!" said the stranger, and he swept a bow in the old style. "Señor, you have a very pretty little rancho. It suits me perfectly, and it is all that has been said of it, so I am come to marry your daughter. And may God grant that she be as pretty as the ranch, though as for that, I doubt it!"

"My humble rancho and all upon it are yours," said the old Señor in turn, "and may I never see another such audacious señor without having a gun in my hand, or a dog to set on him. Whom have I the honor of addressing, if it pleases your impertinence?"

"I am the Señor Manuel del Mar de los Prietos y Bolbones," he said, "and it behooves us to get acquainted, since we are to live the rest of our lives together peacefully under your fig-trees here. How many head of cattle do you run?"

I momentarily expected the old Señor would draw a knife, but instead there was a twinkle in his eye, and he answered the question as politely as if the priest had asked it.

"Four hundred head of the best stock," he said, "and they are of course yours, if you will deign to accept them, but as for being my son-in-law, I remember the Master says, 'Every man is the son of his own works,' and you have done little yet, save insult me, to deserve the title. However, since you deign to visit me, come into the patio and we will talk together."

As the two went in, the Señor gave me a word to prepare a soup he knew of, for this was one of the ways he tested the wits of the suitors. So I went into the kitchen and made ready the dinner.

The Señor bowed the young man in as if he were welcoming a Grandee, and when they sat down to the table I watched to see how the youth would act. For you must know the soup was hot with fire and hotter still with *chili caliente*, so that it would burn one's mouth like a red coal, and many a young man had not stood the test with comfort.

Señor del Mar took one spoonful of soup, and then jumped up and ran to the door as if the fiends were after him, and then came back in a rage.

"Caramba! Santa Maria de los Centos Angeles!" he cried. "Where is your pump, Señor, for pity of the damned in hell! Is that the way you entertain a señor who has come five hundred miles to honor you? Keep the rest of that infernal mess to light your fires with, or to scald your pigs! Do you think I want to drink burning brimstone before my time?"

The old Señor laughed as I have never seen him laugh before. "Ah, he is no fool, this youngster," he chuckled to himself. And he opened a bottle from a corner of the cellar I had never seen used before.

When they had finished dinner the young man said: "Suppose you allow the Señorita the pleasure of looking upon her future husband, Señor. I confess I would like to see if she is pretty enough for me to wed."

"A little in one's own pocket is better than much in another's," quoted the Señor, "and you have not yet won my daughter. But what a man doesn't ask for, he doesn't get. The Señorita is a bit coy, and the meeting will wait till I am through with you. Suppose we ride over the ranch together this afternoon."

"It is well," the youth said, "for I was thinking of a few improvements that should be made."

So, as they went outside, the Señor said to me: "Tell Pedro to saddle Angel and Diablo quickly."

When the horses were brought up, the Señor's thoroughbred was given to him, but to Señor del Mar, Pedro led a galled, spavined, blind broncho who held his ears back and his head low. Also, he stumbled badly. When the young Señor saw the sorry nag that was given him, while his host had a fine horse to ride, he walked back into the patio and lay down in a hammock.

"Jesu! but it is hot to-day!" he yawned. "I think we had better wait till it is cooler, Señor, and smoke a few cigarettes in the shade."

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The old Señor smiled, and he rubbed his hands gleefully, for many a man, out of politeness, and for the sake of winning Ynez, had been glad to ride the galled jade.

"You can see farther into a millstone than some," he said to Señor del Mar, "yet you may be more knave than fool. Also, fear is sharp-sighted, and I would be sure you are a man as lusty and green as I, in my old age. The Ulistacs have always been known for their endurance and strength, and so must be any who marry with us. My uncle won my grandfather's consent that he should wed my aunt Maria del Pilar, by taming a broncho when his own shoulder was broken. When I was at school in Spain I made the pilgrimage to Valladolid with peas in my shoes. It is a good test and a hard one. So, suppose we see if we can walk from here to the corral thus." And he brought out a handful of dried peas.

"'Go easy, go far,' says your own Master Cervantes," replied Señor del Mar. "If you wish to walk with peas in your shoes for your sins, why, you do the walking and I'll do the praying. I have heard that the prayer of one wise man is worth the entreaty of fifty fools!"

The old Señor grasped his hand, laughing, and he said: "Well said, O my son-in-law, and now we will drink another bottle, and send for the Señorita."

When I went up to call the Señorita Ynez, you may imagine I was in a blaze at the impertinence of the young del Mar, and when she asked me of him, I put a flea in her ear.

"The señor has been gracious enough to accept your hand," I said, "though indeed it seems that you are only thrown into the scales to make up for the land's scantiness since the last fifty-varas was got by the Railroad. I never saw such a braggart out of a book, and he is now telling your father of the beauties of San Juan Capistrano, all of whom are, it seems, madly in love with him! He doubts if you can be as beautiful, Señorita, so you had better put some paint on your cheeks!"

Jesu! but she was angry, and I feared I had gone too far with my words. But she said:

"I will show him if I am, and without paint, either, and I will also show him other things, Santa Ysabel helping me!"

So she went down.

"Ynez," said the old man, "this is Señor Manuel del Mar de los Prietos y Boibones, your future husband. Salute your bride, my son-in-law!"

Señorita Ynez went red as fire as she said: "One moment, Señor. The property first, the wife afterward. Have you kissed the deeds of the Santa Teresa Grant?"

"Jesu, your daughter is a spitfire, but she is pretty," said the young man. "It will be no trouble to kiss her!"

"It will be a good deal of trouble, by the Holy Virgin!" Ynez exclaimed. "You had better finish your wine, for the kiss will wait. As for me, I shall not!" and she ran upstairs and cried and stamped her feet till the adobe fell from the walls.

"The fewer the kisses the tighter the knot," said the old man trying to smooth things over, for now he was bound that the Señor del Mar should be his son-in-law. So they sat and drank our red wine, talking over the rancho and how it would never be cut up into lots as the Gringo wished. Twice they sent for more bottles, and when I saw that they were finished with the business and were talking about Ynez, I listened in the shadow near the window.

"May the Virgin forgive me, but women are like pigs," the old man was saying. "Drive them away from the gate if you want them to go through it. Ah, Señor, I know women! I have been young, too, in my time!"

The Señor del Mar laughed loudly and long, for our Muscatel is a heady wine, and he had been drinking freely of the bottle. "Yes, yes," he said, "I know that, Señor. There was a woman at Los Pulchas——"

"Ynez says she will not accept you," the old man went on, "but 'yes' is as short a word as 'no.' If we are to lasso the girl, let us grease our riata with a little thought. You are a fine fellow and have a head on your shoulders. Bueno. You open the gate and I will drive her harshly away from it. Caramba! She'll run through in a minute. Do you understand, or must I crack the nut to show you the kernel?"

"It is as plain as the nose on your face, as Cervantes himself says," said the young man.

"Well then, agreed. You insult me. I drive you away. You come back to court the girl, I fire upon you. I forbid her to leave, therefore she flies with you. Behold, the pig is through the fence!" And they both laughed uproariously to think how clever they were.

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I went up and told the Señorita, and together we planned how to make fools of the two men who knew women—especially one at Los Pulchas, for I did not forget to repeat that.

The next day as the two men sat outside, the old Señor asked the young man for a fire for his cigarette, and Señor del Mar handed his own cigarette, lighted end first, which, you know, is not according to Spanish etiquette, and a great insult.

Jesu! but there was a scene like a theatre while we watched.

"Señor," said Señor Ulistac, "you have criticised my house, my ranch, my cattle, and my daughter, but I will not stand a boor who does not know how to pass a cigarette. Men have been killed for less than this in my time, and I give you four minutes to leave this place before I fire on you!"

Señor del Mar arose and when his horse was brought, he rode away, not without some words to show how brave he was. Faugh! as if he could fool us!

"I shall still consider myself the lover of the radiant Señorita Ynez!" he cried, as he left, and he waved his hat to her as if he were already married. She stared at him, acting her part, too, as well as he.

The old Señor forbade Ynez to leave the place, and she pretended to be greatly angry at it. That night she heard a sound at her window, and when she opened it, there was Señor del Mar ready to make love to her. When she had talked to him through the blind for a few minutes, the old Señor discovered them, and ran out and began to shoot his gun, and the young man fled away. So, for several nights he came, and the Señorita wept to herself, when her father was looking. He swore at her and accused her of loving Señor del Mar, and said if she once saw him, she should be put in a convent.

At last the comedy reached a crisis, and a note was brought to the Señorita, asking her to elope with the young del Mar. You should have seen her face when she read it! But the time had come for what we had planned.

She sent back a note, therefore, saying that, as she was not allowed to leave the house, she would meet him, disguised in my clothes, for I, of course, was allowed full liberty to go and come. He was to meet her at the oaks near the county road, being ready with a wagon.

The elopment was planned for last night, and so, at nine o'clock, after the house was still, I threw on a cloak, and ran all the way down to the road, for I was frightened. It was dark, and I feared lest the old Señor would be in pursuit, as part of the game. If he discovered that it was not his daughter who was running away, I knew he would be terribly enraged. As for the young Señor, I trusted that I could deceive him, as he did not know Señorita Ynez very well, having had but little talk with her.

Señor del Mar was waiting in the wagon, and when I reached the place he jumped down, helped me on the seat and drove off. Just then we heard a pistol-shot behind us, and we knew that Señor Ulistac was following us, as a part of the joke.

Señor del Mar whipped his horses, and we raced at a terrible speed, so fast that he had no time to speak much to me, or discover that I was not Ynez. The old Señor followed for many miles, shooting occasionally. How we laughed at him, each of us for a different reason!

Finally, there was no shooting, and Señor del Mar slowed down his horse, and said:

"Now, Señorita Ynez, I will have that kiss I have been so long waiting for!"

Then I threw off my hood, and I said, calmly: "You have talked of driving pigs, Señor, but, as Cervantes says, this time you have the wrong sow by the ear! As for the kiss, you may get it of the woman at Los Pulchas, if you need it!"

Then I jumped from the wagon and ran away in the dark, leaving him so frightfully angry that I dared not listen to him. I walked two or three miles till I came to this house.

So much for the Señorita Ynez, whom I hope to see to-morrow—now for, what was her name?—Miss Almeric.

Well, I came to this house, and the windows were lighted, and I heard men singing loudly, so I passed round to the back, thinking I might find a woman by the kitchen door. While I was in the yard, I saw an upper window opened and a woman looked out. She called down to me, softly.

"I am locked in here," she said, "and I cannot get out! Do you think you can help me? I will pay you."

Looking about the yard I saw a ladder, and after hard work I succeeded in standing it against the wall of the house. Then I climbed up and entered the window.

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The lady was in a white satin dress, quite beautiful, and she said, softly: "Listen! If you will stay here in my place, so as to give me a chance to escape unnoticed, I will pay you well. Just sit down here, and be sure you cry loudly occasionally, so that the men below will know that there is still someone here."

I was not afraid of them, so I consented. She went down the ladder, and removed it, and then went away into the dark. I stayed here all night alone, and early in the morning the company of men left and locked the house, after saying through the keyhole: "Don't be afraid, someone will sure let you out soon!" So I waited, tired and hungry, till now. It is all very strange. I do not understand it! Do you?

(To be continued.)

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# The First Woman Ambulance Surgeon

By MARIAN WEST

NEARLY two years ago, at a competitive examination for the position of ambulance surgeon in New York hospital work, a young Cornell graduate distanced all the rest, and, by the right of heading the list of competitors, won the position. But unfortunately the name at the top of the list was Emily Dunning, and a woman had never yet been appointed to ambulance duty. Commissioner of Charities Keller was consulted, and to him were forwarded protests from the staffs of various hospitals—Bellevue, Gouverneur, Fordham, Metropolitan, and City. A woman was declared unsuitable for this work, which required a number of qualities specifically masculine. The objections seemed logical, and Dr. Emily did not receive the appointment.

This was a keen disappointment to an ambitious student, eager for experience, such as ambulance service gives, and denied it by no lack of professional fitness. Compensation came in a position as assistant to Dr. Mary Putnam Jacoby, and for a year Dr. Dunning worked under this foremost woman physician in the country, profiting greatly by the association. Then she again entered the lists as candidate for an ambulance surgeon's post, and again distanced all the other competitors; and this time she was allowed to take the fruits of victory. She was formally appointed to Gouverneur Hospital, and there, after the prescribed six months preliminary as an interne, she pinned on the surgeon's cap and took her seat in the back of the ambulance to answer her first call.

This appointment of a woman to the "bus" is admittedly a test case, and the fate of the next young woman anxious for the post depends on the success of this one—her stanchness, her adequacy to the varied demands, her physical endurance. That other women will wish to follow is inevitable, for there is no branch of the service that covers so wide a range of experience. Any calamity that flesh is heir to may be waiting at the end of the swift run through the city, and the doctor must make his diagnosis on the instant, and proffer the wisest temporary treatment, often under the eyes of a gaping thousand, before the gong clears the streets for the return trip. Nerve, judgment, accuracy—a year of ambulance duty will develop these if anything can.

The objection to a woman in the position has been a general one of fitness. The work will necessarily take her into all manner of places femininely called "impossible," and into gatherings that might well daunt the unaccustomed. She will be daily face to face with horrors, and under trying conditions; for the jolting rush to the scene of disaster is a great strain on the nerves, and sometimes call follows call so quickly that the surgeon has barely time to dismount. Dr. Dunning realizes keenly that she is on trial for others as well as for herself, and has entered on the work with an earnest courage that bodes well for her fellow-workers.

It is an interesting fact that, although a pioneer—term once symbolic of all that is most freakish in womankind—Dr. Dunning is as far as possible from the ridiculed type of earlier days. Her glasses and a certain quiet

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DR. EMILY DUNNING.

his photograph shows Dr. Dunning hurrying from the hospital to the bulance—very much on duty. Being a snapshot, it does not do the ing physician justice, for, besides being very capable, she is a very tty woman, with direct blue eyes, quantities of fair brown hair, a nded figure, and a smile both reserved and sweet.

self-reliance of manner suggest the college girl—she graduated with honors from both the scientific and the medical courses at Cornell. Otherwise she is a distinctly pretty woman in the early twenties, with a rounded figure, direct blue eyes, a fair skin, and an abundance of light brown hair. Moreover, her clothes fit. On duty she wears a short tailor suit of blue, with the ambulance red cross on the right sleeve of the coat, a white shirt, and the regulation visored cap. Off duty, there is nothing to mark her from any other attractive modern young woman.

The work of an ambulance surgeon does not begin gradually, allowing him to grow accustomed. Dr. Dunning's first day was quite as hard as any other is likely to be. Being assigned to "first call" meant that she, assisted by one other surgeon, must answer all emergency calls between nine in the morning and five in the afternoon—this including accident cases in the dispensary department; she must also be one of the four surgeons on duty during the night. By eleven the first morning she had attended to thirty-one cases in the dispensary and two ambulance calls, and afternoon added five more calls — among these two "drunks," a crushed leg, a heat prostration, and a crazy woman.

The crushed leg was the misfortune of a pedler in Park Row, who was run over by a brewery wagon, and lay groaning in the centre of a dense mob of spectators when the ambulance from Gouverneur dashed up. There was a perceptible stir of amazement as a young woman swung down from the end seat, and the policeman in charge had to stare twice at the surgeon's cap and bag before he could collect his wits and open a way through the crowd. Dr. Dunning seemed entirely unconscious of the staring and the wonder, being deeply intent on her patient, whose boot and trouser

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had to be cut away and the injured leg bound in splints before he could be lifted to a stretcher and placed in the ambulance. The work was deftly and quickly done, then the doctor jumped back to her place and gave the order to start. Quite spontaneously, and as one man, the crowd cheered, and, for the first time, the young doctor seemed aware that she had had a large and interested audience—though she showed it only by a slight flush.

A pioneer of this sort must inevitably be the victim of a certain sensational interest. The daily press must take her with a touch of sentimentality, filling the mouths of ambulance drivers and police with chivalrous zeal to lick anyone who may ever annoy her, and even investing her with "a proud, glad smile" for the crowd's applause. No one who has met Dr. Dunning could mistake for a moment her attitude toward her work, an attitude frankly serious, impatient of notoriety, wholly without the trivial vanity that might enjoy being petted as the "girl doctor." To her this experience is an incident in her career, a stepping-stone to bigger things, not a detached exploit. A year of this work will qualify her for the position of house surgeon, and when her hospital career is over she will take up private practice. Those who know her work prophesy a brilliant future.

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# Night

By ROSINA HUBLEY EMMET

OH dark, Oh silent, Oh sweet!
To the soft night
I bow my head—
It hath been said
Day is more pure, more bright—
But still I ever love the Night!

Oh liquid sweep of sky,
Star-begemmed,
I turn to thee—
For all day I must be
To light condemned,
But now I live by radiant darkness hemmed.

Oh night! Oh wonderful!
Thou canst reveal
Such mystic things
In whisperings
And then conceal
These mysteries which Day ne'er can feel.

Oh sadness! Oh happiness!
Two in one
And one in two;
Oh thou ever-new
Night without sun,
Kiss me, sweet dark, e'er thy reign be done.

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# The Gods and Their Feet of Clay

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

THIS was fifty years ago. Springfield was not so large as it is now. Indeed, Rock Island had said one might blot out Springfield with a horse-blanket; however, Rock Island was jealous and a rival.

But whether great or small, that rainy afternoon Springfield felt itself to be a place important, and, by the subsequent lights of history, one may read how Springfield was right.

The hall of the "House" of the Illinois Legislature was uncommonly crowded. The galleries were crowded because a national senator was to be chosen and the war would be fierce and close. The floors were crowded, since the Senators were present to add themselves to the House members for the purpose of a joint session. There they sat, an even one hundred on joint ballot, and the fight for that national senatorship was on.

It has been written how the battle was to be fierce and close. One glance at party strength would exhibit this. Of the one hundred to vote on the joint ballot fifty-one were Democrats, while forty-nine would be of that new sept of politics, the Republicans, which had come into recent being with "Abolition of Slavery!" as its cry.

These figures of fifty-one and forty-nine, while breathlessly close, still would have left unchallenged victory with the Democrats had it not been for a disgruntled five. These were led by Palmer—who years later would be a senator himself—and called themselves "Free Soil Democrats."

Palmer, like the great Lincoln, was a mountain white from Kentucky. Aside from his feuds, the mountain white owns to all that natural wrath of the highlands against the lowlands which, as a sentiment, has made half the history of Scotland. The mountain white is invariably as poor as that mountain whereon he lives, and, being poor, he hates the rich lowlander. In the olden days of Kentucky, he hated slavery as a main source of lowland wealth. It will be plain, therefore, that both Lincoln and Palmer came honestly by their slavery resentments.

In this war for a senatorship there were three forces to take the field. Palmer and his fellow recalcitrants would not vote with the Democrats since the latter stood for slavery. On the other hand, they would not vote with the Republicans, since the latter were not Democrats. To be entirely consistent they flocked by themselves, put up a candidate of their own, and, giving him their five votes, went with him to the dogged last.

There were three candidates proposed. The Democrats named Shields; the Republicans named Lincoln; the dogged five named Lyman R. Trumbull. The first ballot showed Lincoln forty-nine, Shields forty-six, Trumbull five. There would be no one chosen, since it took a majority to elect.

The contest staggered on for sixty ballots. Speeches were made; sly proffers were privately whispered to the members in hopes to change their votes. But argument and sly offers were without avail; those one hundred statesmen were honest and likewise stubborn folk. On the sixtieth ballot as on the first, the count stood Lincoln forty-nine, Shields forty-six, Trumbull five.

The leader for the Democrats was a vigorous personality, being Morrison, who was years later the leader of the House of Representatives, and a celebrated chief of the Ways and Means. Morrison was no more than thirty years old; but he had fought through the Mexican War, had gone to California in '49, was six feet tall, stood as straight as an Indian, and owned an integrity and an intelligence to match his personal appearance. Wherefore, despite his youth, Morrison flourished the accepted captain of the forces of Shields. Also he had defeated his father-in-law for his seat in the Legislature, and this feat may have added to his prestige.

The slow roll-calls dragged on through hours. Palmer and his Free Soil Democrats continued to defy the utmost of party pressure, and abode as stolidly immovable for Trumbull as five stones. Morrison saw with the last of it how the Palmer rebels could

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never be brought to bay for Shields. It was then in his fertility that Morrison proposed a compromise.

"If the straight Democrats abandoned Shields, would the Palmer rebellionists abandon Trumbull, and unite with their sorrowing brothers on Robinson, a Democrat whose position on slavery was not as hateful to the Free Soilers as was that of Shields?"

That was the query put by Morrison to Palmer. The latter, as weary of strife as was the other, most willingly agreed. They would go through the next ballot with the candidates as they were; on the vote to follow, all would unite with fifty-one votes on Robinson and end this party civil war.

"That was the compact," said Morrison, when forty years afterward he was telling the story, "but Palmer and I never got a chance to carry it out. Lincoln was watching; he saw we had agreed. Lincoln never waited. He sent word to each of his forty-nine people. On that last ballot Lincoln's name was not heard of. Every man jack of the Republicans voted for Trumbull, who years later became Lincoln's chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the Senate and drew the 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments, and elected him with fifty-four votes. I have remembered Lincoln from that day as the sharpest, shrewdest, quickest politician I ever met."

## OUTWARD SIGNS OF GRIEF

It was on a day when the gas company, grown artistic, made out its bills on paper tinted to a blushing pink. The slant-eyed members of the legation under the dragon flag of China had spent their first week in official Washington. It came and went for them without event, but it served to broaden their information, and to deepen, perhaps, their contempt for the strange white savages among whom they had been sent to dwell. The white savages, for their side, had not learned much touching the newcomers. These latter had managed their week's existence with that gentle secrecy—a sort of soft silence which is common of the children of Cathay—that told little to the onlooker.

And the white savages were not curious. They were queer, these Chinese; but not in Washington, where the queer occurs so often it becomes the commonplace. The white savages went up and down in their destinies before the stone house, the Chinese peered in a spirit of furtive curiosity from the windows, and the condition which subsisted between the visitors and the visited might be safely named as conditions of peace and ignorance.

But the interest of the white savages was to receive a stimulus. The sun came up one certain Monday morning; its first beams showed the shutters on the stone house to be closed tight, and in a way to tell of darkling gloom inside. Also, the dragon flag floated at pitiful half-mast—a grief-trick copied of the white savages and meant for compliment.

As the day broadened on toward noon, sobs and howls and groans issued faintly forth from the stone house to speak of the woe within. More time went by; the sobs mounted, the howls gained power, the agony was multiplied.

"Something ought to be done," said a sympathetic white savage; "they may be killing each other or committing suicide in concert."

Then a policeman appeared; he listened to the moaning and the groaning, but hung in the winds of hesitation. There is such a commodity as international law, and a legation house is more sacred than a church. Wherefore, the policeman, wise with a decade of Washington, would be unresolved.

Still affairs were not to remain at a standstill. A shriek of unusual merit brought decision. The policeman climbed the steps. He tugged at the bell; he thumped with his club. At last the door was opened to these clamors.

It was clear to the policeman, now that entrance was gained, how a blow had fallen on the Chinese. He could read it in the unhappiness wringing their faces.

The interpreter stepped forward to explain. The interpreter spoke English in an obscure way; he did not read it. The local talent which should later translate English into Chinese and Chinese into English, had not as yet arrived. However, the interpreter was equal to the hour's needs.

With his explanation, he exhibited a scrap of pink paper. It was of that pink which is the official mourning color in China far away. The paper had been thrust beneath the door.

The interpreter, when the suspicious paper arrived, while unable to read it, had been

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clear as to its meaning. The fatal pink would tell the story. A mighty officer of state had died, perhaps the President. Wherefore the Chinese, polite to extravagance, were prompt to mourn as was their bounden duty. They had abandoned themselves to tears; they were now in their turn surprised to think that even among savages any should rise up to ask a reason.

The officer wore a sheepish air; he took the pink token from the woe-shaken hand of the interpreter as one who receives the evidence of his own guilt. With the aid of a sophisticated laundry-man, washing hard-by, and who was summoned for ends explanatory, the pink slip was disclosed in its character as a gas-bill.

The coil concluded as it should. The shutters were flung wide, the dragon flag run fully up, and the Chinese cleared their brows of sorrow. In the end they laughed; for your Oriental owns his sense of humor. He can see a joke when it is explained to him, and be joyful thereat.

## GRANT'S MEASURE OF MEN

The long shadows were slanting toward the east. In that room of the White House, sacred as the private workshop of the President, and where he is supposed to transact his fame and hatch for himself a second term, sat one a trifle over middle age. His face showed grave and worn, and his stubble beard was shot with gray. And yet, while anxious, the face was no less resolute; the gray eyes told of an iron will and utter self-reliance. It was the face of a man who had conquered his way from low to high—who, from an obscurity whom few had known and all forgotten, grew in five years to be the world's first soldier with a million and a half of men to follow at his horse's tail—it was the face of President Grant.

There came a tap at the door; it half opened and the messenger announced:

"Senator Morton, of Indiana."

The heavy, severe figure of Morton appeared; the door closed behind him, and Grant and he were alone. The greetings between the two were friendly enough—nothing effusive, however, since neither was a hypocrite and neither loved the other.

The talk ran from affairs in the Senate to the affairs of the nation at large. Public interest and party interest were each in its turn discussed. At last Morton got to the purpose of his call. It was a vacant judgeship, a seat on the United States Circuit bench, which by rule and precedent Indiana was entitled to fill. The senior Senator from Indiana had a candidate; he gave the name and urged his claims and his fitness.

Would the President name Mr. Blank for that Circuit Judgeship?" demanded Morton. "It would be an appointment to match with the desires of the Indiana delegation in Congress."

Morton paused; he had said enough; the occasion was but formal. What should the President ask more than his suggestion? What could he do but follow it? Thus argued Morton within his breast, for the senior Senator of Indiana was a haughty spirit and owned withal a tacit contempt for one, even a President, who, when all was in, was only a soldier.

Grant turned his deep glance on his visitor where the latter stood awaiting the news. Then a light, half humorous, half resentful, shone in those gray eyes. Grant measured Morton more closely than the latter measured him; he knew how Morton held him to be of the field rather than the cabinet, and one therefore who should be led by him at a time like this, and blindly do his word. Wherefore Grant—for he could be stubborn and proud—was moved for the surprise of Morton.

"Do you know a General Gresham of your State?" asked Grant. "He was wounded down below Atlanta when he served with Blair." Morton recalled Gresham, albeit a bit sourly, for he loved Gresham no better than he loved Grant, and condemned him for the same sabre reason. "I now and then," continued Grant, "met Gresham during the war. We once played poker together. I remember how he was a cool, wise, wary player; I believe he would make a good judge. On the whole, I think I shall name Gresham for this same judgeship."

Grant was no mighty conversationist; he said but little and meant all he said. Morton stuck for his candidate; he spoke of what was due to himself as a Senator and to Indiana as a State. He said the voice of Indiana's delegation in Congress was not for Gresham! It was of no avail; Grant would listen to the voice of friendship rather than the voice of a State, and preferred his own

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to the views of Morton. Gresham, he said it would be; and, with nothing to aid that soldier save the memory of the President for old days, Gresham, in the teeth of Morton, it became. The appointment was announced next day.

## THE MEDICINE OF DISCORD

They kept me one full month in Washington about my claim, for red tape is slower than the snails. During my stay I abode at the Arlington; and, because the days were warm and that patch of coolness lay close at hand, I put in my idleness on a bench in Lafayette Square. There was a statue of Jackson rampant on a horse in the centre of the Square, and Lafayette, the alleged proprietor, had been driven—in bronze—to take up his quarters in an extreme and meagre corner. This pleased me, and I rejoiced in it as a triumph for militant Americanism.

On the eastern fringe of the Square stood a brick house, broadside on, as sailors would say, to the street. The brick house had its history, too; for it had been the house of Seward when a stabbing assassin sought his life on the night that Lincoln lost his. In those days when I sat on my bench, it also owned an interest. A great statesman, one who had all but touched the presidency, lay dying within its walls.

It was my first afternoon in the Square when a hand-organ began to grind forth its turgid strains before the brick house. The tones of the hand-organ were harsh, the measures vigorous. I looked and listened, expecting with each moment that someone would issue from the house of doom and drive the din-maker away. Instead, a bright black man, evidently a butler, came and stood on the porch. He gave interested ear while the virtuoso at the crank poured forth a list which began with the "Marseillaise" and closed with "Maggie Murphy's Home." An hour went by before the repertory was exhausted; then the black man gave the organ man a dollar, and the music and the man went quietly their ways.

"I should think it would disturb your master," I said to the black guardian of the porch.

"He likes it," he replied. "The organ comes by his orders. The doctor says it does him more good than the medicine."

I reflected on this fantastic taste in melodies, to be the more fantastic when nerves were raw and throbbing. But I remembered how the first Duchess of Marlborough—"Old Queen Sarah"—had a hand-organ of eight tunes which she kept by her bedside and would grind it for her own pleasure almost to the moment of her death. The sick man's passion for discord was not without a noble precedent.

For a week I went and sat on my bench and heard the organ grind. The programme never varied; the concert lasted the hour; then came the dollar and the music ceased. One day a rival put in appearance. He had heard of the other's good fortune and sought to share it. The first musician would not hear of this. He leaned his instrument against an elm and fell upon the poacher tooth and claw. They made a prodigious row until a policeman came and calmed them with his club. The black man identified the rightful claimant, and the pretender was driven away.

For a full week I attended these concerts in the Square. Then came a day when the hand-organ did not appear. I looked at my watch; I was surprised, the concert was ten minutes overdue! What should delay him? Surely that easy dollar had its charms!

Then, as though in answer to my question, my eye caught a black flutter at the door. It was a knot of crape. The ear that had listened was dulled; the audience had departed; Blaine, Secretary of State, was dead.

## HIS WESTERN CONSTITUENTS

And this, being in good truth an adventure of Senator Dubois, should show the easy, old-shoe terms upon which the confident citizenry of Idaho dwell with those statesmen whom they select to represent their interests in the East.

It was after midnight in the camp of Blackfoot, and the Senator, home from a protracted Congress, was renewing himself with his friends. Having exhausted what might be called the better element, and not feeling at all like sleep, the Senator concluded to hunt up a few near constituents who belonged to the fringe of society. The Senator steered

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into a saloon, known locally as "The Tub of Blood." It was conducted under excellent influences, and the Senator was a friend of the proprietor.

"The Tub of Blood" stood wide open as the Senator turned in; there weren't many people, possibly seven in all. These, five white men and two Chinamen, were bending zealously to a game of "American Tan." You must know that the only people in Idaho in these gold-bug days to have money are the Chinamen. The impoverished Americans have been obliged to invent a particular tan-game in order to get close of this Chinese wealth. At Chinese or Fan Tan the Mongols are too deep for the Senator's constituents, wherefore they have constructed this Caucasian Tan to make headway against the saffron invader.

The Senator walked down "The Tub of Blood" until he came to where the Tan game was raging. The dealer—friend of the Senator—looked up.

"Hello, Fred, how are you?" he said, and a look of genuine pleasure came into his face. He was glad to see the Senator.

"I'm first-rate, Hunter," replied the Senator. "How are you? Taking your hemlock right along?"

"Sure," said Hunter, continuing meanwhile to slowly deal the Tan game. "How soon are you going back to Wash'n'ton, Fred?—Here, you hop-smoker, you can't play your money on that kyard. You know that as well as I do, you almond-eyed horse-thief!—As I was sayin', when be you goin' back East ag'in, Fred?"

"I'll be here about a week," the Senator replied. "All the boys doing well, Hunter?"

"Tolerable," said Hunter. "Say, you soap-consoomin' son of a washboard! you didn't win that bet. Set them chips right back on the kyard, or I'll have your laundry in flames in a second.—Yes, Fred, boys doin' well enough. You heard about Caribou Pete marryin' Big Liz?"

"No," the Senator replied. "You know I've been pretty busy in the Senate. Don't hear much real news back East, Hunter."

"No! I allow not," said Hunter. "Before you leave Blackfoot— By the Three Tetons! don't you short-horns know how to play Tan yet? Get your stuff up, an' get it quick. D'ye think I'm turnin' these kyards out o' idle cur'osity to see whatever's onto 'em?—No! I s'pose, Fred, you all back in Wash'n'ton don't hear much news till some of us jump in on you now an' then? Yes, Caribou married Big Liz, an' they're keepin' house over on the edge of camp some'ers. All they had, Caribou tells me, to begin life on was a coffee-mill and a buffalo-robe. That's what I call lettin' each other in on the ground floor: them nuptials was— Here, you pig-tailed eediot; pick y'r money up thar, or I'll take it away from you. You're gettin' plenty lethargic settin' over thar. What's the matter of ye? Dreamin' of China?—But do you know, Fred, I'll make a bet, even up, that Caribou an' Liz'll do all right. Caribou's at work every night, Liz has took a brace an' says she's goin' to live down the past, an' I'm allowin' she'll do it."

"Big Liz has shore lived down a heap of whiskey in her time," interjected one of the Americans, as he meditatively placed a bet.

"Well, I should yell!" remarked Hunter, in affirmation of the last statement. "Big Liz has soaked more booze than Locoed Charley, and he's gone plumb crazy at it.—See here, my tub-thumpin' friend, do you take me for a sucker? Now, get your chips off that kyard or I'll be on your neck. Next time you do that, I'll hang your cue up back of the bar, just to show what happens to a Chink when he gets funny.—Well, the deal's through, Fred, won't you take a drink?"

"Let's make it on me, Hunter," said the Senator; "that's what I came in for. Come on, boys."

"Me, too?" said one of the Chinamen, hopefully, pointing to himself.

"Yes," replied the Senator, "get in."

"Go over an' see Caribou," said Hunter, as the Senator turned to leave. "You'll find him rollin' stud over in the Bank Exchange. He'll be tickled to death to see you.—Now, you murderers, if you want another whirl at Tan come back here, an' I'll deal the duds off your back."

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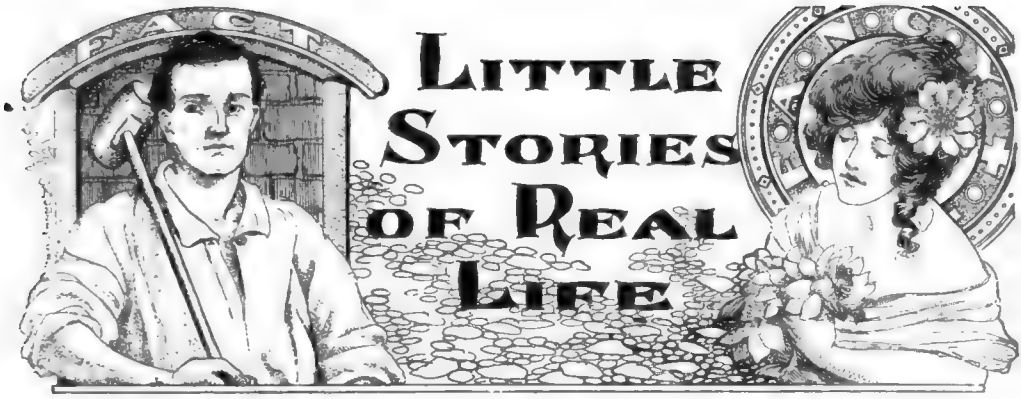


## The Wonderful News

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

THE two girls were in her room—Molly with the night-wrappered baby on one hip—when Constance opened her trunk, just as she had hoped and planned, dreaming over the little scene on the way home. She took out the photograph and dropped it carelessly on the table, her attention outwardly absorbed in the crushed bows of her good hat.

"Who is this, Constance?" asked Janet, picking it up. (Those were the very words she had planned for Janet.)

"Mr. Wilson—Frank Wilson," said Constance, holding the hat off at arm's-length and studying it frowningly.

"Oh, yes: the man you wrote about so much. I thought you said he was good-looking!"

This was a departure from the little scene of her dreams. Constance laid aside the hat and bent over the trunk.

"Well, he is," she said after a moment. "I don't think that does him justice. He is really remarkably handsome—fine-looking, you know. Everyone says so."

"He hasn't what you would call a romantic name," said Molly. "Let me see. No, no, ducky, mustn't touch! This isn't for you." She held the picture off at one side, safe from the baby's clutch, and Constance waited, blindly turning over her collars and ribbons. After a moment Molly laid it down.

"And you say Cousin Julia is entirely cured of her rheumatism," she said. "Dear me, I wish you had found out what she did, Constance. My left arm is so lame—I think it must be rheumatism."

"More likely it's carrying this whale," said Janet, poking friendly fingers into the baby.

Presently the girls left the room. Constance dropped the armful of clothes she was carrying, and, picking up the photograph, pressed her cheek against it.

"You *are* good-looking—you are perfectly beautiful! And I don't care what your name is," she whispered stormily. Then she threw herself down on the couch, holding the picture tightly clasped to her breast. "Oh, they're hateful. They don't know. I shall never care for them again!" The angry, broken sentences swept passionately through her brain, and her eyes filled with stinging tears. "They might have been a little interested—they might have asked one little question—they might have wanted to know the color of his eyes, even! And Molly didn't say one word, not one. Just laid it down. I don't feel as if I could ever forgive them." Presently she dried her eyes with a quivering sigh. "Oh, I suppose I'm silly," she admitted, sitting up and drawing her hand slowly over the picture. "Why should I care what they think of his looks, or anything? But I thought they'd be a—little—interested." The tears brimmed over again. She rose, held the photograph to her cheek for a moment, then hid it in a drawer. With an odd little reserve, she did not touch it with her lips; for he had not yet kissed her. That wonderful final moment was still to come.

By morning she had slept off most of her resentment. The two girls were so much larger than she, with her round figure and childishly curving cheeks, so much older than their six and seven years' seniority seemed to warrant. Constance always had a helpless sense that her anger would affect them about as deeply as a baby's, and hid her

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little hurt rages to escape the mortification of their futility. They had the immense advantage of not caring very seriously what she thought, while she did care, bitterly, for their judgments. But the morning found her humming, ashamed of the evening's feeling, and deeply glad that it had not been betrayed. She even took the photograph out and placed it, with reviving hope, on her dressing-table; perhaps they would yet awake to its importance. Good old Bridget's comment as she dusted—"That's a fine-looking young chap ye have there, Miss Constance"—set her spirits dancing.

Nevertheless, as the day wore on, the need to tell grew to a longing as acute as thirst. There was nothing to tell; that was the difficult part of it. But she knew, and her palm still held the significance of his last hand-clasp. The miracle had come to her. She tried to talk of her visit, but Molly was too absorbed in her baby to pay much attention, and Janet generally interrupted with, "Yes, you wrote about that," or heard with her eyes on her book.

"Oh, they don't care—I can't make them. No one wants to hear," she cried helplessly to herself, catching up her hat with an angry desire to be out from under their roof. A vague impulse took her to the old cemetery, lying bright and tranquil in the early summer sun. She dropped down on a mound in a distant corner—a mound only three days less old than herself—and buried her fingers in the cool grass.

"You would have cared, mother!" she said softly. "And you would have wanted to hear about him—how tall he was, and if he smoked, and what college he went to. You would want to listen. And you'd bring the subject up yourself, too, when I was apparently thinking of something else—you'd know I never really was thinking of anything else. Oh, I wish you could have stayed!" And she laid her head against the old headstone.

But it was living sympathy she wanted, someone who would rejoice with her now, this day, who would let her show one little corner of her wonderful new happiness. She went home still uncomforted.

"I wouldn't take advantage; I wouldn't bore them with it," she thought, forlornly. "They could trust me not to bore them. If they would only care just the least little bit!"

She found Molly and Janet both seated on the floor of the sitting-room, and the baby making unsteady journeys between them with great reward of kisses at either end.

"There's a letter for you, Constance," Molly said without looking up. "What did I do with it? Mother's boy—he did walk buful! Oh, I think it's on the mantle-piece."

It was a very thick letter. Constance's fingers shook so that she had difficulty opening it, up in her own room. There it all was, everything her heart desired, all that his eyes and hands had told her when they said good-by. She was the dearest girl in the world—oh, the beauty and the wonder of it!

She wrote back impulsively, with wet eyes and trembling lips. "And do come soon," she added. "I am so alone here. It won't seem so very important to the girls—they have always been so much older. They will kiss me and hope I'll be happy, and then go back to their own lives. They won't care to talk about it much. And it is so big and wonderful, I can't keep it to myself. And I know it won't bore you. Please come!"

She addressed her letter and went slowly down the stairs, a step at a time. She was going to tell the girls merely the bald fact of her engagement and she found herself unaccountably frightened. The sitting-room door was open and Molly was humming to the baby. Constance dropped down on the last stair and clenched her hands to muster courage. Janet's voice came to her suddenly.

"Do you know, Molly, I'm afraid it is serious—this young man of Constance's." The humming stopped.

"Oh, don't—I am so afraid it is," Molly exclaimed. "It came over me with a rush when she showed me his photograph. I simply could not say a word for a moment."

"Yes; I felt it too, and it made me resentful. I wanted to say something unpleasant about him," admitted Janet with a sigh.

"Of course, we want her happiness above everything," Molly went on; "but think what the house will be without her. We are both so old and staid, Janet!"

"I know," said Janet, sadly. "My heart has been in my mouth every time she spoke of her visit. One thing, he looks like a very nice fellow."

"Yes; and Cousin Julia would not have had him there so much if he were not," assented Molly. "Good little Constance—we will get used to the idea, I suppose."

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"Oh, I suppose so," said Janet, drearily. "But I am selfish enough now to resent it dreadfully. Why did we let her go visiting? There are hundreds of nice girls that would have done as well for Mr. Frank Wilson."

"Well, we may be making ourselves unhappy for nothing," suggested Molly.

"No, no;" Janet evidently shook her head. "It is the real thing—I feel it."

Constance went softly upstairs again, her letter still in her hand. In her own room she dropped down on the couch and buried her face against her arm.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, I'm so ashamed!" she sobbed.

Presently she opened her letter and taking out the last sheet, tore it into fragments.

"Do come soon," she wrote instead. "I want you to know Janet and Molly—they have been my two mothers, and they are so good and sweet and fine. You must love them very much, for I do, and I mean to stay close to them all my life, no matter where I live it. So please come. *Soon.*"

She sealed her letter and after mailing it walked about the garden till her eyes were clear and her lips steady. Then, with her heart very big and warm, she went in to tell the girls.

## 'Twixt Midnight an' Mornin'

By G. W. Ogden

MOLLY BRASSFIELD would go as her mother had gone. That belief, centralized in Molly herself, had taken root in the Cedar Creek community. She would waste away to a rack of skin and bones, coughing and hacking and wheezing, and die when the leaves began to fall, sometime 'twixt midnight an' mornin'.

People remembered Molly as she was when she married Jo Brassfield, strong as a heifer, broad backed, round faced and frisky. They said she was like a plumb tree, young to blossom and young to die. She assisted her husband in the perpetuation of his name to the extent of two reproductions of Jo and one of herself. Pearl Daisy was ten, Byron Henry eight, and Carlyle Jody seven when Molly concluded that the tumble-rod of her life was slowing down. That was in the spring. A cough that rasped like a file seized her and compressed her chest. As the weeks passed it bent her shoulders inwardly until the blades, like misplaced epaulettes, lifted her wrapper and marked their outline through it, consumed her figure and robbed it of its human softness. She stooped forward as she went about her household duties, as if bracing herself to withstand a little longer the attack of the monster that was crowding her slowly backward into the grave.

She knew the end would come when none were expecting it, because she would do washing the day before. Her mother had. She knew the night would be cloudy, with the wind in the north-east, and that she would wake with the feeling of a weight on her chest. It would grow heavier and heavier until her throat whistled and her mouth sucked the air in gasps; the weight would press harder and harder, cutting the breath off halfway down her lungs; harder and harder, shutting it out of her throat; harder and harder, until a ringing noise came into her ears; harder and harder until her sides panted and her chest heaved and the breath came like a spent wind between her lips, too weak to pass the barrier of her tongue. Then she would rise up suddenly and struggle to throw off the weight, and her hand would strike Jo's shoulder and wake him. And as Jo should spring out of bed to light the lamp she would fall back dead. Outside the wind would be blowing the leaves ahead of it, scuffing them like feet passing through the woods, drifting them in hazel patches, and banking them in runs and hollows. And it would be about two o'clock.

Yes, Molly knew the fall would cut the lariat that circumscribed her earthly grazing. Toward that end she had disposed of everything, except Jo, in which she had a tutelary or proprietary interest. Jo, she said, could not be willed like a silk piece quilt, seeing that her jurisdiction did not extend in his case beyond that part of the contract reading "Until death," etc. Feeling that Jo would not care to be trammelled with the care of three small children, she had provided for their disposition after they should become motherless. Pearl Daisy was to live with her aunt Dace; Byron Henry with his grandmother Brassfield, and Carlyle Jody with his maternal aunt Pink. These allotments were subject to frequent revision, but the field of beneficiaries was never enlarged. Molly usually did her planning at night after going to bed. It was not unusual for her to project an osseous elbow against Jo's ribs and cause him to pull up in his snore, like a

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man jerking a fish out of water with a primitive tackle, and say, "Jo, I've decided to let Dace have Carlyle Jody, an' Pearl Daisy can live with Pink."

"All right Molly—all right," Jo would answer, with the passive reverence of one complying with the whim of a dying person, which disposal, under any other circumstances, he would be constrained to argue. This arrangement probably would stand a week, then Molly would call Jo to witness that her dying bequest gave Carlyle Jody back to Pink and Pearl Daisy into the keeping of her aunt Dace.

Molly had divided her limited store of household treasures among the children with the oft-repeated declaration that the ownership was to become absolute and possession was to be rendered immediately following her burial. Numerous altercations between the children resulted. Byron Henry and Carlyle Jody sometimes fought over the question as to whom the cup with roses painted on it had been bequeathed. Such disputes were finally appealed by the weaker in the conflict to the legator. When visitors came Carlyle Jody always worked around in front of them and said:

"I'm goin' to have the silver mug when ma dies."

There was an exultant boast in the declaration that nettled Byron Henry. If he chanced to be at hand he would bolster up his dignity and importance by saying:

"That ain't nothin'. I'm agoin' to have the clock an' take it to gramma's with me when you die, ain't I, ma?"

Molly disciplined them by threatening to withdraw their legacies. When Pearl Daisy became unruly about churning or washing the dishes, her mother, with hand on her incavated chest and threat prefaced by a paroxysm of coughing which she appeared to reserve for such occasions, would declare:

"Now, Pearl Daisy, you'll jist see. You won't git that blue chainy bowl when I die, neither. Now you'll jist see if you do."

As the season lengthened Molly grew worse. She would not consent to Jo hiring anyone to do the work, and refused the offers of assistance from neighbors and relatives.

"No use a-helpin' me," she said. "I got jist so long to live an' all kingdom come kain't make it any longer. I'm agoin' to work right up to the end. I know I'll do washin' the day before I die."

Autumn drew on and the first frost sent the leaves earthward. The neighbors watched Molly's clothes-line. After each washing they went regularly over to see if the end had come. Molly always received them with cough-riven assurances that she couldn't last much longer. Outward signs seemed to signal the approach of the last day. Molly would sit with them, a piece of linsey thrown over her head and knotted under her chin, and recite the details of her last night on earth, according to her plans.

"I know it's agoin' to happen that a-way," she would say, "'cause I've seen it a thousand times. It's agoin' to come after washin', sometime 'twixt midnight an' mornin'."

The members of the Brassfield household therefore grew intimate with the thought of death, viewed as an event that was ultimately to make changes in their lives. They talked of it and reckoned with certainty upon it. It became familiar to them and the terror fell away from it. The children sometimes displayed impatience with the slow-footed guest that did not come, and Carlyle Jody, his heart set on the silver mug, often said to his mother:

"Ma, do you think you'll die after the next wash-day?"

The uncertainty was a stimulant that called them from their beds at daybreak, as the string of chance tugs at a boy and draws him to the trap he has set for the rabbit. They would steal noiselessly to the room where she slept and peep in at the door, to scramble back and report, with shortened breath:

"She's alive!"

Jo had hogs to haul to market, and the desire to place his animals in the competitive arena early in the day impelled him to leave home the night before. The children always met him at the bars, and climbed into the wagon for the ride to the barn. Jo's first question invariably was:

"Anything happened to your ma?"

Winter blew out the pale candle of autumn, but Molly did not die. With the beginning of cold weather she grew better, and the neighbors called to congratulate her.

"I'll live now till the leaves fall ag'in," she said, "but I won't never see another winter. This here'll be my last."

Spring brought more vitality to her. The cough was almost silenced and her cheeks filled out with a semblance of their old healthfulness. Only a quickening before death, she said. It was a handful of fuel on a fire that must soon go out forever.

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Molly declined again when the leaves turned, and appeared to be waiting only for a cloudy night and a north-east wind to launch her spirit into the shadow.

"Molly can't last long now," said the neighbors. "You can almost see her agoin'."

Mastered by the same opinion, Jo sat on the side of her bed one chill, restless night after Molly, wearied by the day's heavy washing, had retired. He looked into her hollow visage and noted the emaciation of the hands and arms crossed on the covers above her breast.

"Molly," he said, with gentle reproof, "you ortn't do no washin'. You better let me git Liza Oldham to do it next week."

"Yes, Jo," she answered, "you kin git Liza next week. I've done my last washin', I know that. I'm agoin' to go to-night."

Jo looked at the floor silently. Presently he raised his head. "Molly, kin I do anything fur you?" he asked.

Molly rolled her head slowly from side to side. "Not nothin', Jo," she replied. "I'm a-past doin' fur now."

"Molly," he said.

"What, Jo?"

"Molly"—Jo's throat clicked as he tried to force the lump that impeded his utterance downward—"Molly, you've looked out fur all the rest, but you ain't looked out fur me."

"Well, Jo, I 'lowed you'd look out fur your ownself."

"You've give the chillern away to Aunt Dace an' Aunt Pink an' mother."

"Yes, Jo, I 'lowed they'd be better off that a-way."

"You've looked out fur them, but you ain't looked out fur me."

Molly opened her eyes and looked at him reproachfully. "I couldn't give you away to nobody," she said. "I 'lowed you'd do your own pickin' an' choosin' when the time come."

"Yes, Molly, I will."

"I hope whosomever you choose'll be a good soap-maker an' a good washer an' ironer."

"She'll be all that an' more too, Molly."

"An' I hope she'll be a good Christian wommern."

"Yes, Molly, she is."

Molly raised herself to her elbow "*Is!* Jo Brassfield, do you mean to set there an' tell me you've already picked somebody to stan' in my shoes an' me not cold in my grave, no, not even dead yit!"

Jo meekly hung his head and plucked at the tacking of the comfort. "Well, Molly, you 'lowed I'd look out fur myself," he said.

"Who is it?" she demanded.

"Sence you been a-layin' off to d—to—to go so long, an' as you *didn't* go, but no tellin' when you *was* agoin', me an' Nancy we didn't see no harm in talkin' the matter over an'——"

"Is it that there whiffet of a Nancy Dunnigen? Jo Brassfield, can you set here an' tell me that you mean fur that long-necked hussy to take my place when I'm dead an' gone?"

"We didn't settle nothin', Molly, we jist talked it over."

"Jist as well a-settled it, jist as well, it'd 'a' been jist as respectful to your dead wife. Here I've been a good an' faithful an' cheerful wife to you for nearly thirteen year, an' you're married ag'in before I'm dead an' laid out."

"I hain't married yit, Molly."

"Well, thank the Lord fur that. Which way is the wind?"

Jo went to the door. "North-east," he said.

"Is it cloudy?"

"Yes, Molly."

Next morning Molly was up before Jo. He heard her singing a hymn in the kitchen as he pulled on his boots. People marvelled at her recovery, and the women trooped in from all Cedar Creek valley to talk to her about it.

Molly smiled as she explained: "Well, I'd looked out fur Pearl Daisy an' I'd looked out fur Byron Henry an' Carlyle Jody, but I couldn't pick out nobody to leave Jo to. I rasseled with the question an' I laid awake nights thinkin' it over. Jo he's petickler about his eatin', an' he's petickler about a heap of things. So I fin'lly says to myself, s' I: 'If I go Jo he's li'ble to suffer, so I 'low I'll jist stay here awhile longer an' keep on a-lookin' out fur Jo.'"

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# An Unconvicted Convict

## A Story of a Stockade Farm

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

I

IT was in the early autumn. The leaves were barely beginning to change. A blue haze like a half-transparent curtain hung over the rounded tops of the farther hills, the whispering breeze had fallen into silence, and the afternoon sun sank lower and lower, lighting with its slanting beams a broad expanse of half-tilled, worn-out fields. Here and there in the midst of the ploughed land were "galled spots" covered, for the most part, with the low bushes of the sassafras or with tangles of stunted briers. On the sides of the gullied hills a straggling growth of "old-field" pines was springing up, and the long lines of rickety fencing were almost hidden by unkempt, scrubby bushes and the tendrils of rioting vines.

A little way back from the dusty road which bordered this domain, shadowed by a grove of great old dying oaks and surrounded by rose-gardens that were now a wilderness of weeds, there was a desolate, weather-beaten house whose skeleton columns, long since bereft of paint and plaster, stood beneath the sagged and broken roof like gray, neglected monuments from a dim, forgotten past. Behind the house were some stables and a group of tumble-down cabins—the forlorn remnant of the old "quarter"; while over the roofs of all, changing the bare drab shingling into fields of the cloth of gold, fell and gleamed and drifted the yellow, marvellous sunlight. So it had fallen in the long ago when the gardens there were filled with blossoms, when the "quarters" overflowed with laughter, and the "great house" echoed to the singing of songs. So it was falling to-day, softly and tenderly—sadly perhaps it seemed to Bailey Jeems as he passed by the corner of the gardens to the foot-path that led therefrom.

Bailey Jeems was short and stout and black. All his life he had lived here in these old cabins. Fifty years ago he had been born here—a slave. On the hillside yonder his mother lay buried, and his wife. Once Bailey Jeems had thought that he, too, after his last day's work was done, would lie down there to rest; but to-day he did not think so. In some way, he scarcely knew how, evil days had fallen upon the Beverly place. It had never been quite the same, he thought, since the old master had died and the younger folk had moved away. He did not understand these new men who had bought the land, who were content to live in the city yonder and leave the Beverly place in the hands of unskilled croppers. In many ways he had taken advantage of their absence, but he scorned them for it just the same. The Beverly place needed a masterful man, one who could direct the shiftless negroes and order their labor; and the ex-slave knew this need.

It was not his neighbor's troubles, however, but his own, that weighed heavily on Bailey Jeems. He had failed to make the rent this year, and they had taken his mule instead. He could not farm without his mule, and, even if he could, these new people would never rent land to one who had failed to pay for its use. They had already notified him to leave. That seemed hard to Bailey Jeems. Surely he must have a right to live here on the old place that his master had owned. But they had told him to go; so to-day a stick was upon his shoulder, and at its farther end swung a bundle tied up in a red and white handkerchief, dingy now and faded from many washings. Beneath the bundle hung his coarse, half-worn shoes, for although the autumn had come, the warmth of the waning summer still lingered in the Carolina hills and the dry red dust of the roads responded pleasantly to the heavy pressure of Bailey Jeems's broad, black feet.

When he came to the end of the foot-path and stepped out into the highway beyond, a sudden temptation beset him. Why not stay here anyway, supporting himself by

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doing odd jobs and sleeping where best he might? Then he thought again of his children—of the two little boys in his sister's cabin who must have food to eat and rags, at least, to cover their nakedness, so he went on past the pile of stones where "de gin-'ouse useter stan'," and down the long hill to the creek.

At the top of the farther slope he stopped and looked back. Far away over the hills there was a tinkle of sheep-bells, and, somewhere beyond the broad, green bottoms, a woman was calling the cattle home. Slowly and lazily, with many an answering low, the full-fed kine, black, and dun, and red, and speckled, emerged from the waterside thickets of willow and alder. Long shadows crept out across the valley, and, on the ragged fringes of the eastern forests, a purple light came and went. For a moment the negro stood wrapt in thought. A suspicious moisture gathered in his eyes and he brushed it away with the back of his hand. Then, suddenly, the shadows lost their outlines and he turned again to the road. The western sky was ablaze with red and gold and the whippoorwills were circling over the hillside pines. It was "sundown" at the Beverly place, and Bailey Jeems was going away.

The hour of his departure had been purposely chosen. At all times the negro prefers the night for long journeyings afoot, and here and there was an additional reason in the fact that Bailey Jeems did not wish to be questioned. Much had he boasted in days aforetime to others of his kind of the honors that would come to him, the last of the family slaves, when "de young marster" came back to his own; for it was an article of faith with Bailey Jeems that some day the old race would come back, and the Beverly place be restored to its glory. That day seemed far off now, and his faith was waning; yet, in his heart, he felt that he ought to stay on even until death overtook him, holding fast to the "old place," in case his master should come.

Once out of sight of his home, the negro's stride was steady, and the long miles dropped quickly behind. Slowly the twilight deepened into darkness, and the little stars came out in the sky. Then the moon rose, round and red on the eastern horizon, and, climbing the blue vault above him, marked off the hours, nine, ten, eleven, and twelve. When the cocks in the wayside farmyards crew for the midnight hour, his step had grown weary and slow; still he labored on, shifting his light bundle from shoulder to shoulder, and stopping only to drink from the running streams. He had no clear idea where he was going. He was on the Anderson road—so much he knew—and he had a vague notion that a town called Anderson lay at its farther end. It might be that he could find work there; if not, he could go on until he did.

When morning came he found himself in an unknown section. The farms were better tilled than any he had seen, and the hills were steeper. He looked curiously at his surroundings. The tenant-houses, new and lightly framed, were but little like the sturdy cabins of hewn oak logs that he had left behind. Evidences of prosperity these clean, new houses were, but their very presence jarred on Bailey Jeems, and created in him a sense of isolation from all that he had heretofore known, for even this early he was longing to see old houses, old fences, and old faces like those at the Beverly place.

Journeying slowly and musing, he came presently to the skirts of a little wood within whose shadows were buildings larger in every way than those he had recently passed. The barns and outbuildings seemed truly enormous, and he looked about for the "big 'ouse" that, he thought, must surely attach to such an important plantation, but there was only a cottage of rough, unpainted boards. Cabins, too, were lacking, and Bailey Jeems wondered where the negroes lived. Across the road from the barns was a long, low structure, with iron-barred windows, its front fenced in with inch-thick plank and guarded by a gate, double-locked and heavily braced. Above the walls he could see a farm bell with its dangling rope, while from a short, black chimney within the yard volumes of smoke were issuing. It was a strange sight to the negro—so strange that he stopped to investigate, but when a white man with a gun appeared and gave him a warning, punctuated with oaths, he moved away quickly, for he had heard somewhat of penitentiaries, and he thought he had stumbled upon one.

As he re-entered the road, suddenly there came from the dark wall behind him the long-drawn, menacing bay of a hound. A shudder ran over him. He had heard dogs bark before, but in the notes of this one there seemed a strange and sinister meaning.

"Nigger dogs?" he queried. No, not the

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"nigger dogs" that he had known. It had been forty years since he last heard the yelp of the foxhounds trained to pursue escaping slaves, but he remembered well enough their musical crying. They were not dangerous, save as they pointed out to the white man the fugitive's track, for in those days a negro was property—valuable property, which it would have been the height of folly to maim. But the dog which he now heard gave out a deeper note, one which rang and reverberated in the open valleys like the heavy tones of a threatening bell.

The negro was footsore and hungry, but under his sudden fear he gathered up his strength and ran. Instinctively he felt the presence of an imminent danger, nor did he cease his headlong flight until the rising sun lit with blazing radiance the spires and roofs and chimneys of the town at the end of his road.

## II

Bailey Jeems had prospered in the first few weeks after his advent into the populous town, for he had reached it in its busiest season. So steady had been his employment and so remunerative his labor that he had even rented a room in a pine-board shanty, and had brought thither his children and his few belongings. But when the autumn days were ended this demand for labor ceased. Then Christmas came, and, without thought of the morrow, Bailey Jeems bought of the things that seemed to him good. Thus it was that on a bleak January morning in the opening days of this, the twentieth century, he found himself without food to eat or wherewithal to pay his rent. His children, too, were hungry and chilled, and the smaller one begged piteously for bread.

"Ain't you got a piece o' bread, daddy? Jes' a little piece!" wailed the child, and the negro could stand it no longer.

"Lay still, Billy," he answered. "Pappy's agwine"—he swallowed hard, for something seemed to choke him—"gwine ter git you all some bread."

Where he would get it he did not know, but he must get it somehow, he thought, so he grasped his hat and went out.

As he neared the section wherein shops are located the odors of a bakery smote upon his nostrils, and, stopping at the doorway of the building, he watched hungrily the cakes and the piles of bread that lay exposed in the windows. Just inside, on the top of the well-filled show-case, a single loaf lay apart from the rest, and Bailey Jeems noted it carefully. It was a round loaf, well browned, and the woman who sold was busy at the back of the shop. Bailey Jeems came closer and wondered if she were looking. He thought perhaps that she was, so he tried to go away, but presently gave over the effort. Then he edged nearer the loaf.

Once when her back was turned he reached for it, but his arm was an inch too short. He caught his breath quickly and waited.

"Wild roved the Indian girl,
Bright Alfaretta,"

sang the woman, turning her back and dusting away at the brown painted shelving,

"Where leaped the waters of the blue Juniata."

A quick step forward and Bailey Jeems reached again.

Just then the woman turned.

"Do you want anything?" she asked, briskly.

The negro was panic-stricken and dropped the loaf.

"N—no, ma'am. Y—yes, ma'am," he stammered.

The woman came back to the front.

"What is it?" she inquired.

Suddenly the negro grew desperate.

"Couldn'—couldn' I do sumpin', miss, fer a piece er dat ar bread?" he blurted out, and then, frightened by his boldness, he stood cowering and gazing at the floor.

The woman wanted nothing, but she was a woman, therefore she was pitiful.

"You might bring in some coal," she answered, kindly, and, when this was done, she gave him the bread and some unsalable broken cakes.

Bailey Jeems received the food humbly.

"Thanky, miss, thanky!" he said, removing his battered hat and bowing again and again. Then he smiled.

"Missy," he asked, earnestly, "is you any kin to my ole mistiss—Miss Ma'y Ann Bev'ly as useter be? You look jis 'zactly lak' her."

"No, I think not," the woman answered, returning to her dusting.

Bailey Jeems had known that she was not, but he was paying her the highest compliment of which his mind was capable.

"Mighty fine white 'oman Miss Ma'y Ann

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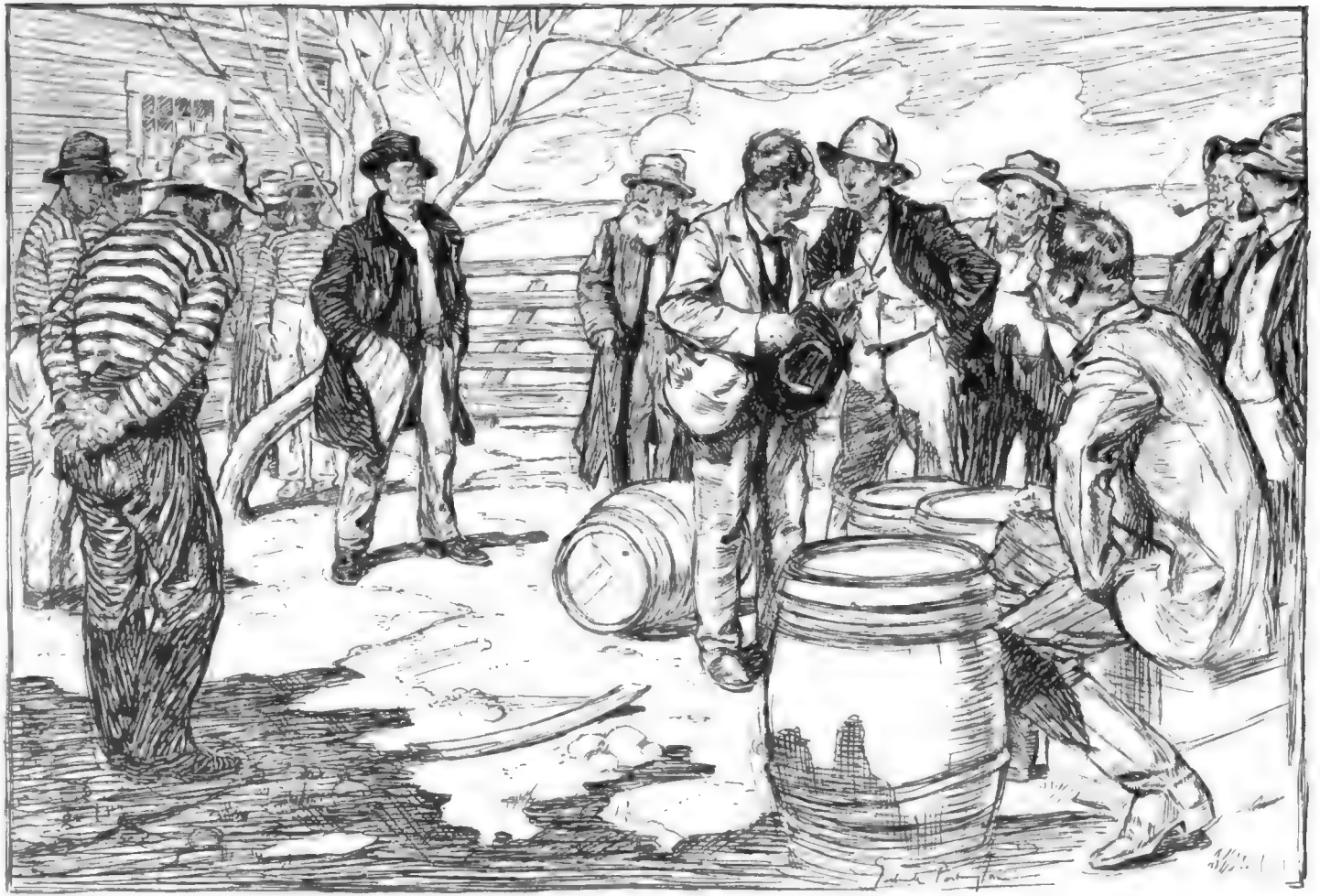

IN THE MEANTIME THE GRAND JURY GREW MORE AND MORE PUZZLED.

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Bev'ly wuz," he added, by way of explanation, "but she daid now." Then he turned and went out.

With this one day's food problem solved, Bailey Jeems was as much at ease as if he had made provision for a score of years; for the negro, though no philosopher, knows that to-morrow never comes. Grant him to-day but a little bread with a shelter such as the cattle use, and he is content; yea, more than content, he is jubilant. So Bailey Jeems laughed, blew his fingers to keep them warm, rattled his heels against the pavement, and hummed the refrain of a "corn-shucking" song as he hastened homeward to his children.

Once there, however, his spirits fell, for, at his door waiting for him, he saw the shabby figure of his impatient landlord. He knew what the white man wanted, and he was tempted to turn and run away. Four dollars, the rent of two whole months, was due, and there was not even a cent with which to pay.

With downcast eyes and shambling footsteps he came slowly on until he reached the door.

"Have you got my money, old man?" the creditor asked, brusquely.

"No, sir. Dat is, not yet. I gwine—" the negro hesitated, casting about vainly for a suitable lie.

"You're goin' to do nothin'," the other broke in scornfully, "an' you've got nothin'. Why don't you go to work?"

Bailey Jeems cringed like a stricken dog.

"I cain't git no work," he answered, hopelessly. "Dat's de trufe, boss, ef ever I tole hit."

"Well, that's what I'm here for. I can git you a job an'—an'"— the white man hesitated, for in his heart he was ashamed of the part he was playing—"if you'll just sign a contract your new boss'll advance the money to pay this rent."

Bailey Jeems's face brightened.

"Who gwine gimme dat job?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Why, Rowley will," replied the creditor. "He wants hands—wants 'em bad. You come an' go with me."

"All right, boss, all right! I'll do dat shore. Jes' gimme a chance to eat a mouful of dis bread fust," and Bailey Jeems hurried indoors.

He knew Rowley by sight and had heard that he farmed. It would be good, he thought, to go out again with the plough hands early in the crisp, cold mornings, whooping the old-time songs across the fallows and listening to the echoes as they died away in the neighboring woodlands. It would be good to hear the chirping of the blackbirds and the cawing of the crows; good to see the brown earth sliced by the keen, smooth ploughshares; and good, when the spring days came, to watch the green shoots of the corn and the tender flat leaves of the cotton as they pushed upward from the mellow soil and caught the vivifying rays of the bright warm sun. Therefore he ate hastily, and, when he had finished, went away with his landlord to find Mr. Jonadab Rowley.

Mr. Jonadab Rowley, the man whom they sought, was an influential man—that is to say, he had enough of worldly goods to lend his opinions weight—and he was a shrewd man withal. Once he had been very poor, but he had forgotten that. He thought poverty disgraceful, and was resolved never to be poor again. In days past he had made himself useful to other men, and now other men were useful to him. Just how useful only Mr. Jonadab Rowley could tell, for Mr. Rowley was the originator of that highly effective "stockade system" which many of his admirers copied, and which, at one time, bade fair to revolutionize the labor conditions of Mr. Rowley's entire community. It requires talent to seize an opportunity; genius creates the opportunity. Mr. Rowley must have had genius. Now that the "system" has been exposed, some claim that it could not have existed but for the help that Magistrate Almer gave; others say that Rowley made Almer a magistrate in order to establish the system. Both sides are probably correct. Rowley was willing to take the "goods" that "the gods provide," but when the "gods" failed, then Rowley made provision himself.

On this particular morning, however, Mr. Rowley was troubled, and neither the men who had copied his "system" nor even the magistrate on whose constructions of law that "system" hung, could do aught to help him, for the State Legislature was in session, and the indications were that they were going to interfere with Mr. Rowley's business affairs. Mr. Rowley cursed the Legislature from the depths of his heart. Why couldn't they let well enough alone? "Well enough," in this case, meant the leasing of convicts. For years Mr. Rowley had hired his labor from the State. It was cheaper so, and—well—

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more satisfactory. So satisfactory, indeed, had Mr. Rowley found it that he had proceeded to manufacture some private convicts of his own—convicts by brevet, as it were. That was the "system" for "everyone," among the negroes, "that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented" with his employer who found, sooner or later, that Mr. Rowley or Mr. Rowley's agent was ready to discharge the debt, to relieve the distress, or to buy the employee's release, provided solely that such would sign a little innocent-looking paper that Magistrate Almer had drawn—a paper which provided that Mr. Rowley should treat his free laborers just as his convicts were treated. The negro might not know just what he was signing, might even object when he learned the import of his act, but that made little difference, for was not Magistrate Almer there, clothed in the majesty of the law, to assure all doubters that the contract was binding? So Rowley, and those who had copied him, took the unwary and locked them up, and they became Rowley's convicts, for whom no rental was due to the State. So successful was this "system" that some of Rowley's imitators dispensed with the State convicts altogether. But Rowley was not of this class. He wanted all he could get. Even the State convicts were profitable, and to Rowley's mind it was better to make a profit than be President.

So, while Rowley was proud of his "system" and was pleased that his income increased, yet he knew that the "fool Legislature," as he called it, was about to forbid the leasing of convicts, and was troubled accordingly. Not only would he lose some laborers, but, what was far worse, he would lose the principal blind behind which the system was hidden. How could he explain to people that his laborers were convicts if they knew that no convicts were leased? Therefore, Mr. Rowley was preoccupied, and the white man had to knock twice before he and Bailey Jeems were bidden to enter.

Once in, however, the negro received the landowner's entire attention. Recruits for the system were always in demand, and here was a chance to obtain not only a man, but two likely boys as well. Almost before Bailey Jeems could realize his apparent good fortune, they were on their way to the magistrate's office to "sign up" the deceiving contract. Bailey Jeems did not see the good of it all—this signing of papers. To him these stilted phrases of the white man's law were strange and meaningless. Yet the sonorous sentences tickled his ear and gave him a sense of importance, since he must needs be consulted about them. Therefore he listened intently to the reading of the instrument and said "Yas, sir," dutifully at each impressive pause. Then, with becoming gravity, he made his rickety "cross-mark" at the very foot of the paper.

## III

It was night at Rowley's stockade. The yellow sunlight had stolen away and hidden behind the western hills. The pale afterglow of the twilight had faded into nothingness. For a little time the stars came out and twinkled in the heavens, then they, too, vanished—blotted out by the steel-blue clouds that came on the wings of the eerie wind down from the cold north-east. The lights in the stockade building blinked feebly and went out one by one. Nothing was left save the darkness and the low sobbing wail of the wind.

In the crowded rooms where the convicts and the contract laborers were herded together, all was still, for long ago these caged men, tired out from their hard day's toil, had ceased their hopeless mutterings and crept away to their close-packed, squalid couches. Among them, with his face to the wall, lay Bailey Jeems, but, of the whole wretched company, he alone was unable to sleep.

It had been a week now since he had come to this horrible place, but that week seemed long—months long—to the negro, who never before in all his ignorant life had been confined. He could not reason it out, but somehow it seemed to him wrong, all wrong, to be locked up and guarded, ay, and chained and whipped, for that same day he had been whipped unmercifully because, in his poor, blind, blundering way he had come to the help of his boy.

When he signed that contract he thought he was to have a cabin, a mule to plough, and a little garden of his own like those at the Beverly place. But when they brought him here, when he saw the spot from the very sight of which he had fled in the gray of that warm October morning, he knew that the future held hard things in store. Now

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his anticipations had been realized, and a fierce anger, the fiercer because it was impotent, clutched at the negro's throat as he felt the rasping coarseness of his blanket press against the puffed and swollen flesh of his shoulders.

"Sometime!" he whispered to himself between his set and grating teeth, for he saw again the scene in the stockade yard as he had seen it in truth the afternoon before. The high walls, blank and forbidding, shutting them in from the outside world, even the sun rays too low and level to enter; only the wide gray sky, cold and pitiless, looking down on his boy lashed by his arms to a tree, the smaller one, terrified but loyal, crouching beside him, and he himself, mute in his agony, watching the drunken guard as he plied the merciless rawhide strap. Once again he heard the boy's agonized crying, looked into his pleading eyes, and saw his young flesh creep and quiver; and once again he heard that single, sobbing utterance:

"Pappy! Oh, pappy!"

His own flogging had followed. They had raised the blue welts on his shoulders till the pressure of a single garment stung like a fiery torture, but he had not felt it then, and scarcely remembered it now. A time would come, he thought, when he would be free, and that guard would pass through a narrow way in the deep woods, or walk abroad, perhaps, in the still, deserted fields, and he would creep after him cat-like and cunningly. From bush to bush he would stalk him, biding the opportune time, and presently he would come up with him, and then!—and then!

"Sometime! Please God, sometime!" he shouted aloud, his voice quivering between tears and shrill, demoniac laughter as he leaped standing to the cold, rough floor.

The shock sobered him, and he stood for a moment, quiet. Startled by the sudden cry, the great hounds ranging the yard bayed restlessly, the sleepers stirred with uneasy groanings, and from the pallet beside the wall came a child's light breathing, broken by a quivering sob. As he heard that, the negro's tense muscles relaxed, and he stretched his arms out helplessly. A great wave of despairing pity rose in his breast, and his heavy head dropped forward.

"Po' little Sam!" he said. "Po' little feller!" and he cast himself, face downward, on the bed.

Outside the wind rose higher, driving in wild confusion the low-hanging, watery clouds, and presently there came from the clapboarded roof the monotonous swish and patter of a cheerless northern rain. And so the night wore on until daylight came, and the stockade bell tolled out its summons to the toil and trouble of another day.

With the coming of the dawn, Bailey Jeems had grown quiet and determined. He would not stay here—not even another day. Yesterday they had worked in the ditches that drained the low-lying "bottoms"; to-day, in spite of the cold and the stinging rain, they must go there again; but the negro was glad, for there the guards were few, and the laborers were many. The character of the day, too, would help him, for the white men who watched would hug their fires and the thick, green shelter of the pines. So Bailey Jeems talked in whispers to his boys. They were too small for the ditches, and hence must be left behind. He was explaining this to them and instructing them how to slip away when they were sent to carry food to the hogs, and to hide, burrowing like rabbits in the great straw stacks that stood in the rear of the barns.

"Don't you be 'feared, Sam," he whispered earnestly, " 'kase pappy gwine come. W'enever hit git good dark, an' de gates is shet, and de dogs done gone ter sleep, pappy gwine come an' git you all out'n dar."

When they had eaten they were separated, the boys kept to the chores about the prison-pen, and Bailey Jeems sent to the ditches. It was bitter work there, standing knee-deep in the ice-cold water and shovelling the heavy mud out to the bank, but the negroes plodded steadily on. Many wore leg-irons, but others did not, and, of the latter, Bailey Jeems was one. Far down at the end of the long, narrow ditch the willow-trees stood thick, and a tall, dead growth of last year's weeds covered the spaces between. The negro measured the distance with his eye and shovelled furiously. If he could but draw away from the crowd, his chances would be better.

One by one the guards dropped back to the shelter of the trees, and, little by little, Bailey Jeems worked his way to the front of the gang. When he had reached it the willows were near at hand. Then fortune favored him.

"You front man!" called the nearest guard, "git an axe an' cut out that bresh!"

Bailey Jeems clambered upon the bank, stumbled awkwardly, and fell in the shelter-

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ing weeds. When he rose he was half-way to the willows, and was running.

"Halt! Halt!" called the guard.

The negro threw himself flat on the ground and crawled desperately. A rifle cracked and a bullet ripped through the weed stalks beside him. Behind him the guards were shouting, and his fellows were huddled in the ditch; ten feet in front were the willows. With a frightened lunge he regained his feet and darted, stooping, into the thicket.

They could not see him now, and their bullets went wide of the mark. They had lost time, too, in stopping to shoot, and Bailey Jeems could have shouted with joy as he leaped upon a high rail-fence and plunged into the depths of the woodland.

"BILLY BEVERLY," SHE CALLED, "YOU AND BAILEY JEEMS COME HOME."

The guards did not follow far; there were others who might escape. Instead, they thrust the other negroes into line and marched them back to the stockade, having locked the prisoners in, to bring the dogs and begin an organized search. This gave Bailey Jeems time. For a mile he ran on, and then an inspiration came. The guards were out of the "bottom" now, and he had fled down stream—to the south. He would retrace his steps, wading in the deep ditch hidden by the banks and covering his tracks with the flowing water. The white men would hunt down stream—straight down—hoping to strike the trail.

He turned back to the creek, travelling at a southerly angle, but, when he had entered the stream, he faced quickly about. The clogging water hindered his hurried footsteps, and his breath came short and thick, but he urged himself on. Minutes were precious now. As he passed the place of escape he could see the white men on the crest of the nearer hill and hear the whining yelps of the hounds tugging impatiently at their leashes. For a moment his heart stood still. What if they should see him or hear his footsteps as he splashed through the turbid water?

For a hundred yards the clean-cut ditch was as straight as an arrow, then it bent sharply to avoid the spur of a hill. Could he reach that bend? He was almost there.

Down the hill, with their black muzzles sniffing the damp, cold air the great dogs came straining and pulling at the hindering lines. When they reach the ditch they would see him, and all would be over then. His courage failed, and he stopped still, shivering and trembling.

Suddenly the dogs stopped, thrust their noses to the earth, and broke into a chorus of deep-mouthed, insistent baying.

"Here it is! Here it is! Right here!" shouted one of the guards, for they had found his track before reaching the ditch. Quickly the others came, the leashes were slipped, and the clamoring pack were off and away, following the trace to the south. Then the negro breathed a sigh of relief and vanished around the sheltering bend.

Late that night, when the searchers were scouring the woods ten miles to the south, Bailey Jeems crept up to the stockade fence. All was quiet within, for the dogs had gone. Then he slipped down behind the barn to where the big straw stacks stood. The clouds had broken away and the shadows loomed large and uncertain in the pale gray light of the moon.

"Sam!" he called, gently. "Sam! Is you an' Billy in dar?"

There was a muffled answer, and two little heads, black and sleek and round, came pushing upward out of the straw.

"I got yer some bread, daddy," said one

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of them. "I thought yer mout be hongry!"

The straw in another stack moved suspiciously, and a dark thing like the barrel of a gun slid softly out, casting a shadow in the moonlight.

"Sh! Sh! I hear sumpin'," said Bailey Jeems in a hasty whisper. "Le's go."

"Put those hands up!" came a stern command from behind, and Bailey Jeems, turning quickly, met the triumphant eyes of Mr. Jonadab Rowley. Then other men came out from the barn and Rowley nodded.

"Shackle 'em," he said, "and flog all three. Work 'em shackled from this time on." Then he laughed shortly. "Pretty sharp trick!" he muttered, "and he might have worked it if I hadn't found those boys."

## IV

THE Legislature did not injure Mr. Rowley's "system" as much as he feared, for, although it abolished the leases, it decreed that existing contracts should be fully carried out, and Mr. Rowley, being influential and therefore controlling many votes, had leases dated a long way ahead. So, when the Legislature adjourned, Mr. Rowley was at ease and had leisure to entrap more laborers and to catch those who, like Bailey Jeems, had thought to escape. Sometimes, if they had any friends, he took them before Magistrate Almer to obtain a color of law, but more often he took them straight to his stockade, and became "a law unto himself."

It is true that the public were uneasy and that vague rumors were spreading which caused men to view the stockades askance, but Mr. Rowley cared little for that. If one became too officious, Mr. Rowley could bide a time until that one gave a note or fell into debt and then Mr. Rowley, by simply buying the note or the debt, could punish him as he deserved. The small men knew this, and when they talked of stockades they were careful. So Rowley, although he was shrewd, did not hear some things that he might otherwise have heard, and was genuinely surprised when suddenly one day the Circuit Court of his district ordered his "system" investigated. Had Rowley been forewarned he might have made good his retreat, but, for once in his life, he was caught unprepared.

He did not despair, however. Little direct evidence could be brought against him save from the negroes themselves and—well, those negroes were in Rowley's stockade. So he went out to his stockade and reasoned with his negroes—with a strap—and instructed them.

Who were these men who were coming and what did they want? Might it not all be a scheme of Rowley's to find out those who wished to speak evil against him? And even if it were not, would they not go away presently and leave them with Rowley? So it seemed to all of them, and so it seemed to Bailey Jeems.

Therefore when the "gentlemen of the Grand Jury" had come, Bailey Jeems stood up with the rest of Rowley's "contract hands" and lied variously after the manner that Rowley had commanded him, saying that he was there of his own free will, he and his children; that he had been treated with kindness and consideration, and that his wages were entirely satisfactory. And, as he said this, he looked at Rowley, for he knew that he had answered well and that Rowley would not flog him that night at least.

Happy in this assurance, he crept away with his little ones into a corner of the stockade yard and watched the unusual scene while negro after negro told the same pleasant story and slipped quickly away out of the range of Jonadab Rowley's keen black eyes.

In the meantime the Grand Jury grew more and more puzzled. They could not understand this thing. They had come here to probe this "stockade system" to the bottom, and now the very men in whose interests they were working, the men whom they wished to release from oppression, testified that the "system" was all that was good. They looked at each other and at Rowley and hesitated.

Rowley smiled a compliment to his own shrewdness, then glanced severely at a negro who showed signs of weakening.

"You see, gentlemen, how it is," he said, with a half-concealed sneer in his voice. "Some of the meddlers about here have made the mischief of a stir, and now when the time has come they can't prove up a thing. By George, I don't know who started this, but if any man wants a tussle with me why don't he get out into the open—what's he hiding behind the courts for?"

The jurymen were abashed, all but one—and that one was a comparative stranger, a thin, wiry man, with a gray mustache, who

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had but recently come into the county, and one whom until the present moment his companions had not particularly regarded. Sheer accident had placed him on the jury, but in matters like this in hand, the real deliberating must, of course, be done by those who were posted—those who knew one man from another, and who could treat a prominent citizen with the consideration due to his standing. Now they stirred uneasily; they had accomplished nothing, and Rowley had grown angry.

But, while the others hesitated, the eye of the disregarded member caught for just one instant Rowley's triumphant glance, and in the light of that look the mystery was made plain. To him the negro was an open book, and he knew these negroes had lied. Now, since he had looked at Rowley, he knew also *why* they had lied. His eyes narrowed suddenly and his face grew hard.

"Send that man out!" he said, sharply; "I want to know the truth about this."

"Well, by Heaven—" began Rowley, but the stranger looked at him, and he stopped.

"Better go, Rowley," said the foreman, in an undertone.

When the stockade farmer had gone, the man with the gray mustache stepped out and scanned the faces of the negroes who were before him. One, very black, he singled out.

"Come here," he commanded, and the negro approached. "Now, tell these gentlemen what you know!"

The negro shuddered. "Boss," he muttered, pleadingly, "Boss!"

The white man looked at the shivering wretch. "No man shall harm you," he added, and the light of belief came into the negro's eyes.

"Take him," said the stranger to the foreman—"he'll tell you now. Our friend Rowley must explain this business to the Judge."

From his drowsing beside the fence Bailey Jeems roused himself suddenly. What man was this who came as one having authority, and ordered even Rowley about? And the voice—he started to his feet, his heart beating fast and his slow mind groping painfully, for out of the long lost shadowy past a memory was calling to him. Then, instead of the inch-thick plank of the stockade wall, there rose before him a sunset picture and the trees at the Beverly place. Yes, it was "sundown," and there was his old home as it had been before the great war had come. Yonder were the "low grounds" where the young corn was tasselling; here the cotton fields, and the melons in the melon-patch were juicy ripe.

And, as he looked, two boys—a white boy and one who was entirely black—came wandering down to the ford. They had played in the fields all day, and in the deep dim shadows of the woods, chasing the squirrels, watching the wide-eyed rabbits, or fishing for minnows in the clear cool water of the stream; now the evening had come, the dusky twilight was falling on the crests of the purple hills, and the dark shadows were gathering in the valleys, but, vagrant still, they had halted to listen awhile to the pipings of some belated brown partridge and to lave their tired feet. Presently from the front of the house and out of that garden where the tall red roses grew, a woman came—a white woman—whose soft hair fell in ripples of fairy gold about her rounded shoulders and from whose liquid eyes the light of love shone forth. A fair woman she was and the kindliest whom Bailey Jeems had ever known. Slowly she came to the gate, and she rested her arms upon it.

"Bil-le-e-e!" she called—"Billy Beverly! You and Bailey Jeems come home!"

The man with the gray mustache stirred and Bailey Jeems rubbed his eyes. Then tremulously the negro crept toward that other one. What if it might be true? What if—? He could contain himself no longer. The hidden fealty of years rose unbidden into his voice and a note of infinite longing swept through his quavering tones.

"Marse Billy!" he cried; "Marse Billy Beverly!"

The man turned. There were few left now who could call to him like that, and his heart leaped in answer. Forgotten were his fellows of the jury, and forgotten was the matter in hand; before him there was only a haggard old man with two small ragged boys, but to the man these stood for his past—for his home, for the traditions of his people, for the memory of his mother now so long dead and gone. The mist rose in his eyes and he stepped forward quickly holding out both his hands.

"Bailey Jeems!" he cried, "Bailey Jeems, old friend, I did not know! Before God, I did not know! I'll be taking you out, old fellow. Rowley can't keep you here. I'll

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take you home with me—we'll win this case and—and—it has been a long time, Bailey Jeems, and we're gettin' old, you and I, but we're goin' back there—back to the Beverly place, back to your home and to mine—please God, some time!"

But Bailey Jeems was laughing softly.

"You done come," he murmured, "Marse Billy, I des knowed you would come!"

Outside, the foreman was speaking to Rowley. "We'll have to send the sheriff down," he said, "but if I were you I'd just turn the niggers loose myself. Maybe, if you do that, the sentence will be lighter."

With the Procession
Happenings of the month stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

### RUSSIA AND MANCHURIA

It may be taken for granted that Russia, whose slow and steady policy of Asiatic conquest and absorption has practically been going on since the Stroganovs made the first armed expedition into Siberian territory in the reign of Ivan the Terrible, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, will not withdraw from Manchuria in October, or any other time. It has Manchuria. It will keep Manchuria. Who will prevent? The United States will get such privileges, if any, as Russia chooses to grant. China seems to be absolutely under Russian influence. The Russians are essentially Orientals. That is one reason why they are so successful in the East. And they lie like Orientals, a fact that the Administration has been a little slow in finding out. But the internal affairs of Russia are no business of the United States. It is curious that the signers of the American petitions in regard to the Kishineff massacres did not see that the condition of the Jews in Russia is not likely to be mitigated by foreign resentment or foreign ineffectual interference. Of course the proposal to connect the Manchuria question with the Kishineff "incident" was absurd and even infantine. The Russian Government has arrested a number of the Kishineff murderers and rioters, and will bring them to trial in another jurisdiction. If they are guilty and are punished, well and good. If they are guilty and are not punished, what right has the United States to complain? What satisfaction can a foreign power get for the lynching of any of its subjects in an American State? Sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander. And the Kishineff victims were Russian subjects. The proposed opening of the Manchurian ports to foreign commerce is "hailed" as another great triumph of the "open door" policy. Perhaps it is. But Russia will give no more than she has to; the American share of the Manchurian trade is not gigantic, and our Muscovite friends are not exploiting the country for the advantage of their commercial rivals.

### THE PACIFIC CABLE

The completion of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company's line of telegraph from San Francisco to the Philippines excited no special wonder in this age of wonders. Nowadays, a great invention, a great feat of skill and enterprise, stirs us about as languidly as we stir our morning coffee. The first Atlantic cable seemed almost a miracle, and affected the national imagination deeply. Since then we have supped full with wonders. Nevertheless, these 8,000 miles of cable, laid in the depths of the vastest and loneliest of oceans, mark a triumph of human will and force. The long, uninterrupted stretches of the Pacific cable impress the mind: from San Francisco to Hawaii, 2,276 miles; from Hawaii to Midway Island, 1,254; from Midway Island to Guam, 2,593; from Guam to Luzon, 1,490. Equally impressive are the mean depths: 2,500, 2,000, 2,600, 2,200 fathoms respectively. On the third stretch there is a valley of the sea, 4,900 fathoms deep, a valley in which Mount St. Elias would look like a wart, an anthill two miles beneath the rim of that submarine dell. You get some notion of laying cable in these vaults of the Pacific when you are told that, at a depth of 2,900 fathoms, the steamer making eight knots an hour, twenty-five miles of cable are suspended

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in the water; and that it takes two and a half hours for any particular point of the cable to make the passage from the ship to the bottom. The commercial and strategic value of this all-American cable—the company is to lay a line between Manila and Shanghai—is too great to be estimated. If there is any trouble involving the widening American interests in the East,

> We've got the ships, we've got the men,
> And we've got the cable, too!

### PUNISHED FOR DOING HIS DUTY

If a despatch sent from Evansville, Ind., to the *New York World* tells the truth, five members of the Indiana National Guard who had done their duty as citizen-soldiers, in helping put down the reign of the mob in that town, have been discharged by their employers. The Evansville Business Association was appointed to ask the employers the reason of the discharge. It is said in Evansville that "socialistic influence was brought to bear" upon the employers. If the employees were discharged for the cause given, anarchy, not socialism, should bear the blame. These guardsmen went on duty at the command of Gov. Durbin, a public officer who did not truckle and palter in the face of riot, as so many hamstrung and jelly-spined governors and mayors and sheriffs do. They were engaged in suppressing violence and re-establishing the sway of law. No soldier on the battlefield serves his State and country more usefully and honorably or in a more vital need, for what is a country or a State without law, and subject to the good pleasure of mobs? Any employer so pigeon-livered, so miserly, or so ignorant of the rights of citizenship and the obligations of patriotism as to discharge an employee for serving in the National Guard, is a bad citizen, whose name should be published in order to make him an infamous citizen.

### LYNCHING

What can be said, and is there any use in saying anything, about the continually increasing number of lynchings? Signal cases, like those at Wilmington, Del., and Evansville, Ind., call forth much natural indignation from the pulpit and the press. The indignation seems to have no effect. Each lynching has a deplorable effect. It breeds more lynchings. The cry "Lynch him!" is raised often, and even for trivial causes. An excessive nervous excitability prevails. The nucleus of a mob may be found even in quiet villages. Lynching is the fashion. Mr. Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, said the other day that "the principal participants in the crime can be held by any court in the land for murder in the same degree as if the crime was committed by an individual." Yes, and if they were identified and brought to trial, they would be acquitted, or the jury would disagree.

The success of Senator Foster, of Louisiana, in stopping an expected lynching of a negro by appearing on the scene with two judges, addressing an "impassioned appeal" to Judge Lynch's jury, and promising that the criminal should be tried by a jury to be drawn the next morning, speaks well for his courage and his eloquence, but is not convincing, and has been praised too enthusiastically, perhaps. "This way of one Man with a mob may be studied with profit in other communities," says an editorial writer in the *New York World*. Other mobs may be less sensitive to rhetoric and public station; and many other "impassioned appeals" have been disregarded. The Louisiana mob had not reached the point of uncontrollable frenzy. Nor does it tend to increase respect for the administration of justice to make its times and seasons dependent upon the caprice of mobs. A criminal is entitled to be tried by due process of law. To hurry that process, to make it an undue process for the sake of appeasing a riotous assemblage; to stand, hat in hand, and say, "Good gentlemen, don't lynch the man; the courts will 'railroad' him to the gallows, if you will kindly wait"—this is almost making the mob a part of the machinery of justice. It is compromising with disorder. Due process of law must be allowed to proceed duly, deliberately, dispassionately. Suppose this Louisiana negro is innocent. What chance does he have, tried by a jury hotfoot for his death, or hanged by the mob?

The Rev. Dr. Babbitt, of Brooklyn, has investigated the burning of a negro at Wilmington, Del., and finds that the lynchers were mostly roughs. Possibly; but there have been plenty of lynchings under the leadership of our most substantial citizens. The most respectable citizens, many distinguished citizens, took part in the lynching of several Italians in New Orleans a few years ago.

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The roughs and the criminals will take a hand in any disorderly proceeding. We might as well look straight in the eye the fact that a very large number of reputable persons either engage in or sympathize with lynch law; if not in general, at least in particular cases in their own communities. That is the fact. The remedy has not been found.

### THE CLIPPED WINGS OF WU

WU-TING-FANG, who became almost a naturalized American institution while he was Chinese Minister at Washington, and radiated over most things American from after-dinner speaking to base-ball; Wu the bland, the sly, and the universal, was too good a "mixer," as the politicians say. He has been reduced by many diameters since his flowery self returned to the Flowery Kingdom. He is now Second Assistant Under Secretary in the Foreign Office, by no means a lofty post; and he will have to cultivate silence as sedulously as he has cultivated volubility. Wu was popular, perhaps too popular, among the barbarians. Was a certain impertinence and patronizing contempt to be detected in his American comments and speeches? At any rate, his popularity and mental elasticity helped him during the Boxer troubles, when his position was delicate in the extreme. He is now paying the penalty of his civilities to the foreign devils. When the contamination is washed off, he may rise. Unless he is different from most Chinese who have lived abroad, he will refuse to recognize his old friends and entertainers should he see them in Pekin. He loses caste and "face" by associating with foreigners. Indeed, a teacher of Chinese would scorn to speak to his foreign pupil out of lesson hours.

### LEO THE THIRTEENTH

WHEN Joachim Vincent Pecci became Pope, Europe was strongly anti-Catholic. England was then much more powerful relatively than now, and the scientific speculations of Spencer and Huxley possessed the intellectual throne. England was greatly admired by the liberals in other parts of Europe, and they were inclined to connect national prosperity with agnostic or anti-religious ideas. The Kultur Kampf was raging in Germany. The French Republic was anti-Papal, if not anti-Catholic, as French Republics usually are. Austria and Spain, the faithful Catholic states, were feeble. Reorganized Italy was an anti-Catholic monarchy, most of whose subjects were devoted to the Church. At the end of Leo's twenty-five years in the Vatican, the relations of all the powers, except France, with the Catholic Church are more cordial than before. The Vatican and the Quirinal are not so far apart. Everywhere the Church is stronger. A great Pontiff, a great administrator, the last great statesman of the nineteenth century, Leo XIII. has left visible and lasting marks of his reign. Perhaps not the least of his achievements was the softening of religious animosities — the feeling of respect which Protestants came to have for him. The almost affectionate solicitude for his health, the sympathy excited by the struggle of his indomitable mind with old age and death, will long be remembered. That tall, thin figure, that transparent ascetic face, that wonderful eye and smile, are known by sight, hearsay, or picture to millions. In dignity, authority, keenness of intellect, and will unyielding, he has not left his like among the princes of the Church or the world. A noble, splendid, and sympathetic figure, he played his great part well and long.

> The monumental pomp of age
> Was in that goodly personage.

### THE CUBAN CONGRESS

ANYBODY who has doubted the capacity of the Cubans for democratic-republican self-government, must now admit his error. The Cuban Congress began to sit May 20, 1902. It adjourned July 18, 1903. As a rule, the Senate was in session for an hour every other day. The House had a brief session, and sometimes a quorum, every day. In their closing days both Senate and House often worked two, and even five, hours a day. Considering the climate, a rare parliamentary industry was displayed; and much important legislation was postponed till the next session. This teaches us that Congresses are very much alike.

### THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING

PERHAPS the most interesting discussion or resolution that was heard during the sessions of the Educational Convention in Boston, in July, was the separate and unofficial declaration of the 800 New York school-

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teachers in favor of larger salaries. Practically the whole body of the salaried class, outside of the fortunate few whose paths drop fatness, feel severely the pinch of prosperity, so to say. The cost of living has been greatly increased. The housekeeper shudders as she compares her present weekly bills with those of a few years ago. All sorts of meat, poultry, and vegetables are almost too high to look at. The income is the same; the outgo is many per cent., in some cases and localities as much as fifty per cent., more than it was. The laborers strike or their wages have been increased voluntarily. The salaried man and woman have to bear it, but feel a little aggrieved. There is no "strike" for them, but they cannot help being struck by the meagreness of their slice of the general boom.

### PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES

THE "old county families," which we meet in English novels, are mostly missing in the United States. In recompense there are the "prominent families." To be prominent in a dead level of 80,000,000 is a difficult art. Yet the "Summer Social Register" for this summer gives "the country, foreign, and yachting addresses" of "the prominent families" of New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, Buffalo, and St. Louis. There are 7,518 prominent families and only 676 yachts. While the number of yachts shows a gratifying gain since last year, it is still deplorably small. Not even every tenth prominent family owns a yacht. Can a family be considered really and truly prominent if it has no yacht or regular yachting address? The census of prominent families has been padded shamefully. On the other hand, some prominent families must have been neglected. If there are prominent families in Buffalo, it stands to reason that there are, or ought to be, prominent families in Rochester, and, possibly, even in Syracuse, Utica, and Elmira. The next edition of the "Summer Social Register" should distinguish between yachting families and prominent families.

### THE CORN AND WHEAT CROPS

THE Government report, published July 10th, indicated the condition of the corn crop on July 1st as 79.4. July 1st, 1902, the condition was 87.5. Considering the backwardness of the season, the excess of rain and low temperatures, and necessary neglect of cultivation, this showing was better than could have been expected; better than was expected by the grain trade. It "indicates" a crop of 2,263,000,000 bushels, which comes well in sight of last year's bouncing harvest of 2,523,000,000 bushels. The spring wheat condition was 82.5, indicating a crop of 257,129,000 bushels, or about the same as last year's crop of 258,274,000. The winter wheat condition was 78.8, foretelling a harvest of 463,498,000 bushels, being 50,000,000 more than that of last year. Since July 1st, and at this writing, the weather has been as good "growing" weather as could be desired or even made to order. While the harvests, like everything else, "lie upon the knees of gods," the Government report for July was distinctly encouraging; and, unless some unforeseen disaster occurs, full-sized crops of corn and wheat may reasonably be expected. Corn is the great factor, since the United States raises practically three-fourths of the corn of the world, whereas it produces only a little more than a fifth, about 22½ per cent., of the wheat.

### HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

SOME of the American officers who were present at the Kiel regatta admit that they have formed a new idea of the German Emperor. As a result of the cordial welcome of President Loubet in England, a better feeling exists between the French and English, and the irritation raised by the "pin-pricks," the Fashoda incident, and the peculiar humor of certain French caricaturists, has been measurably allayed. The kindly relations of the United States and Great Britain since 1898 needed no new lubrication, perhaps; but the warmth of Edward VII., the Prince of Wales, and their country, toward the American officers in Portsmouth and London, was agreeable all the same. Cynics may say that policy dictates all these courtesies, and that the slightest collision of real interests will show how hollow and perfunctory all the hand-shaking and health-drinking is. Of course self-interest will rule in the end, but the more one nation gets acquainted with another, the less will be the chance of friction. Between nations, as between men, dislike is often founded upon want of acquaintance. How often do people whom you thought snobs, prigs, cur-

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mudgeons, and utterly disagreeable, turn out to be good fellows and pleasant as pie. A stranger, an enemy; everybody knows the etymology. The Germans hate an imaginary Yankee; the Yankees hate an imaginary German, and so on. They "fear a painted devil."

### MR. CLEVELAND AND RACE SUICIDE

An ex-President is pretty sure to be popular. As a matter of habit, we abuse him when he is in office, either because he is not of our politics, or, if he is, because he will not follow our advice or give us a job. When he is shorn of his power, we begin to discover that he is a creditable sort of citizen and a good fellow. Mr. Cleveland had rather more than his share of the tender little compliments of the politicians and the newspapers. In the last few years he has come to be a kind of eminent public character. Within the last year there has been a notable change of opinion in regard to him in his own party. With the exception of a few judicious and reticent citizens of known sagacity, like Colonel Bryan and Colonel Watterson, folks think well of him. In Princeton he is about as much of an institution as the University. He finds plenty of good fishing; and he finds a general respect which must be pleasanter than office. He has been much congratulated on the birth of his second son and fifth child. Those who believe that he wants four more years of Grover will have their belief strengthened by this accession to the Cleveland forces. Clearly Mr. Cleveland is as strenuous as Mr. Roosevelt in opposition to race suicide.

### POINTERS OF PROSPERITY

The export and import trade for the fiscal year ending June 30 was the largest in the history of the United States. The figures are: exports, $1,419,991,290; imports, $1,025,619,127, reaching, for the first time, "the billion mark." The people had money to buy as they never bought before. In spite of the abolition of the war taxes, the Treasury has a surplus, instead of the deficiency which was predicted a year ago by cautious prophets. In that same fiscal year hundreds of thousands of immigrants came over.

Alaska is producing some $40,000,000 a year of gold, an amount likely to be greatly increased by the Alaska Central Railroad, begun in July, which is to run from Resurrection Bay, through the Cook Inlet country and up the Sustina Valley, to the new Yanana gold fields, opening interior Alaska and giving access to rich deposits of copper and coal as well as gold. Statistics of the iron and steel industry, usually regarded as a sort of barometer of prosperity, show that more iron and steel were made here than ever before and more of the product used here. Manufacturing is generally thriving. The cessation or checking of production in certain New England cotton-mills was ordered on account of the high price of cotton. Meanwhile cotton-mills are springing up in the South almost every day.

On the whole, then, the country wears a face of prosperity. The victims of the "ticker-tape-worm" mistake local for general conditions.

### THE BEGINNING OF THE ENDING OF MR. BRYAN

The refusal of the Iowa Democrats to "reaffirm" the Democratic National Platform of 1900 is justly encouraging to those Democrats who, whether they accepted Mr. Bryan with enthusiasm or with resignation, or not at all, in 1896, and 1900, believe that his usefulness as a leader has gone, and that the only hope of Democratic success lies in a return to principles more conservative than his. A hopeless political minority, such as the Democratic party is in Iowa, is usually more sullenly radical and irreconcilable than a party which has some prospect of immediate power and responsibility. If even Iowa rejects Mr. Bryan's chivalrous but impossible Bryanism, or Bourbonism, what chance has it in most other States? The South and East are weary of it. Mr. Bryan is fighting gallantly for a doomed cause. Attractive as his personality is and many as his friends are, he is wearing out his welcome. Politics are for opportunists, not for martyrs.

### THE IOWA REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

The opponents of Governor Cummins in the Iowa Republican State Convention seek to hide their defeat by pointing to the elimination from this year's platform of the phrase of its predecessor about "the modification of any tariff schedules that may be required to prevent their affording shelter to monopoly," a phrase perhaps regarded as

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disrespectful to the Dingley Tariff. Still, the "Iowa idea," which is merely Mr. McKinley's idea and that of the Republican National Platform of 1896, won. The Iowa Republicans "endorse" reciprocity, especially reciprocity with Cuba, and they hold that the tariff, which the Ohio Republicans seem to regard as the inviolable ark of Republicanism and the Republic, may and must be tinkered. Rates "must be changed to meet the varying conditions incident to the progress of our industries," etc. "Duties that are too low should be increased, and duties that are too high should be reduced." Exactly. Jack Bunsby could not have put it better. Rates must be neither too high nor too low, but "just right." What duties are high and what too low? There's the rub. Put not your trust in platforms. Many Republican papers have come out courageously for the "Iowa idea" since the convention. The tariff can be changed, but only Republicans can be trusted to change it: that is the substance of their song. But the "stand-patters" are numerous and powerful. Business men usually believe in letting well or ill alone, so far as the tariff is concerned. And the Iowa platform does not assert that duties are too high or low. To say without saying anything is the first duty of a platform.

### TENDERFEET IN THE WHEAT-FIELDS

WHEN the West was crying for harvest hands, the East came nobly to its aid. College youths and clerks went to the rescue of the farmers. The westward-bound trains carried precious loads of amateurs. It is sad to have to say that the West in general, and Kansas in particular, showed an unseemly levity in regard to these assisted immigrants. It could not fairly be expected that they would learn the business at once. They did the best they could. How could they strive successfully against the heavy grain and heat when they were sore with the sarcasm of the West. The unkindest cut was to call them "undersized." Is it for this that much of the best time and talent of the East are spent on foot-ball? "It is no use to send Eastern boys to the harvest fields of the West," wrote the Field-Secretary of the Ness County (Kansas) Farmers' Association, "they can't stand the work."

Some other cynic sends or invents the story that some of the Kansas girls proved better men in the harvest fields than the imported Eastern laborers, and laughed them to scorn. Another cynic swears that most of the Easterners quit work after the first day and are now boarding, loafing, inviting their souls, nursing their blisters, and preparing to return with large yarns of their agricultural achievements. This is to give notice to Kansas and the rest of the Western diggings that the East will not put up with these imputations upon the horniness of its hands. Next summer all the foot-ball giants, hammer-throwers, and heavy-weight boxers will make it a point to go West and see whether they can "follow the pace set by the farmers' daughters" or not. The work is light, as this extract from a Kansas paper shows:

"The Russell County harvest hand who curries two teams and milks six cows before breakfast thinks he earns his $3 a day."

### AMERICANS AT OXFORD

EACH State and Territory is entitled to have one scholar at Oxford, after October 1, 1904, under the provisions of Cecil Rhodes's will. Non-competitive examinations in arithmetic, algebra, or geometry, Greek and Latin grammar, translation from English to Latin prose, and "sight" translation from one Greek and one Latin author, will be held sometime between February and May of 1904. Candidates must have finished the Sophomore year in some reputable degree-giving college or university, and from the successful candidates the final choice will be made.

A good many college youths must be dreaming a pleasant dream, unless strenuosity and the passion for immediate financial success have infected the whole breed of undergraduates. It may be the illusion of a great name and history, but to many not wholly sentimental travellers Oxford is the most charming of English, almost of European, towns. Her towers and cloisters and gardens satisfy the eye and mind. There is the "still air of delightful studies." You may say that the feeling is all mediævalism and moonlight, and when you hear somebody murmur Matthew Arnold's

> "And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
> She needs not June for beauty's heightening,"

you may protest that an American at Oxford is out of place, and likely to become a snob; yet Oxford is an education in herself. Not practical, not best suited to this bustling age, yet with an influence appreciable but

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not exactly to be defined. The Americans who win Rhodes scholarships are sure of a pleasant time, if they are pleasant fellows with some taste for athletics, and they may even have a little for scholarship. Nor need an American at Oxford become denationalized; he is much more likely to be joyously and thoroughly American, and the more American he is, the better the English will like him.

### DIAZ AND MEXICO

THE sixth renomination of Porfirio Diaz as President of the Republic of Mexico was inevitable. For twenty years, ever since 1877, in fact, although he allowed his friend, General Gonzalez, to succeed him for one term, in 1880, the constitution at that time not permitting the President to succeed himself, Diaz has been Mexico. He has given the republic order and prosperity. But he is seventy-three years old. After Diaz, what? Thoughtful Mexicans do not conceal their anxiety about the future of their country. If Diaz is the only guarantee to the world of the stability of the republic, how long can it continue to borrow money at reasonable rates; how can it attract colonization and capitalists? Señor Bulnes, one of the most eminent Mexican orators, put the case squarely in the renominating convention. After lamenting the absence of political parties and the absolute dependence of the nation upon General Diaz, Señor Bulnes declared that the aim of the re-election is that the President, "after giving his country glory, peace, and wealth, shall give it institutions." But who will guarantee the institutions when Diaz is gone? A republic without political parties is republican in name only, and a prize that must fall to the strongest head and hands.

### BUSINESS

CERTAIN gentlemen in Wall Street are profoundly impressed by the low prices of stocks. They think, or wish to have it thought they think, that prosperity is checked. Now the gentlemen of Wall Street, whether they are accustomed to growl or bellow, forget that Wall Street is not the country. The printing of stocks and bonds has been overdone. Much stock has been foundered by injudicious overwatering. Some trusts have been overcapitalized or mismanaged. But let the galled jade wince. The withers of the good times are unwrung. The crops promise to be good. That is the main point. Business and financial prospects all over the country are cheerful—legitimate business, mind you, not mere speculation and "promoting." The West stands on its own bottom. The immense packing interest, which controls to so large extent the live stock and farming industries, is a solid Western institution. The West boasts that it no longer needs the help of the East to move the crops. General business is excellent. The railroads are kept busy. The labor situation seems to have improved. If there has been some tendency to contract credits, that is a good sign, a measure that will injure "wildcat" enterprise, not honest, conservative trade.

### THE CALLED SESSION

IT is expected that Congress will be called to meet on November 9, first, for the purpose of enacting legislation to modify the tariff in accordance with the Cuban treaty ratified by the Senate last spring; second, to pass a financial bill. Presumably the plan introduced by Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and unsuccessful in the last session, will be revived or modified. The Aldrich bill authorizes national banks to employ approved State and municipal bonds as security for notes and government deposits. This seems to be favored by the high financial powers. Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, who will be Speaker of the next House of Representatives, is not eager for legislation.

In an interview printed in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, he denies the intention, attributed to him by some Eastern newspapers, of "blocking" a financial bill. He says, modestly, that he is but one man and the majority can do what it will. It can, sometimes, and a resolute Speaker can sometimes do what *he* will. Mr. Cannon holds that if an increase of currency is needed, it will come without legislation in 1903–04, just as it did in 1902–03, when the "per capita" circulation increased from $28.40 "per man, woman, and child," estimating the population at 80,847,000, to $29.39. Does Mr. Cannon speak for himself or does he represent a certain Mid-Western opposition to the views of Eastern financiers? He is a shrewd old weasel, and not likely to be caught napping.

It is noteworthy that important Southern journals like the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* and the *Atlanta Constitution* are in favor of currency legislation.

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A plan that finds favor with some, authorizes the national banks to issue additional currency up to twenty-five per cent. of their capital, such issue to be taxed by the government annually, say at five per cent. The supporters of this scheme argue that, on account of the tax, the banks would never issue additional currency save in times of financial stringency, when loans would pay a higher interest than the tax. With the dropping of the rate, the additional currency would be retired automatically. It seems unlikely that the matter will be settled in the called session.

### A GENIUS IN PAINTING, ETCHING, AND IMPUDENCE

WITTY, airy, fantastic, consciously eccentric, always spoiling for a shindy, James Abbott McNeill Whistler, both as a man, an artist, and a writer, had originality, individual salience, contempt of authority, and a generous self-appreciation. What country did he belong to? Not to America—where he was born. Not to England—where he lived and worked much. A certain English conventionality of opinion was poison to him. Perhaps he was as much French as anything. Anyway, he was all fire and air—and gas. As a painter, he was both daring and conscientious, subtle and simple. He had a rare sense of the harmony and contrast of colors, and even his impudence to the critics did not prevent the world from finding out that he was a painter of genius. As an etcher, he stood among the very first of the great gods; with Rembrandt and Haden; and Haden preferred him to Rembrandt. Those persons who possess rare specimens of his earlier work in etching have now an additional reason for applauding their sagacity.

### THE SARGENT EXHIBITION IN BOSTON

IT is suggested that the group of portraits by John Singer Sargent, now being shown at the Boston Art Museum, is attracting far more attention than they would were they exposed in New York. In New York's defence let it be admitted that the Boston Museum is far more accessible than the Metropolitan, being in the very centre of the town. Were our art centre in Union Square, perhaps we could match the boasted Boston crowds made up of all sorts and conditions of men who daily stand before the illustrious canvases, either in enthusiastic appreciation or in respectful attitude of hopeless inability to comprehend them. These sixteen paintings and four charcoal drawings show the brilliant Royal Academician at his best, a dexterous master of technique, an analytical student of human nature, and, now and then, a satirist with a point of sting in the end of his brush—the portrait-painter's one way of getting even when a prosperous patron rubs him the wrong way.

In General Leonard Wood, Sargent has evidently had a sitter who strongly appealed to him, and the work has been done *con amore*. Painted with great simplicity and breadth, with directness of modelling and in agreeable color, the portrait is a veritable human document. In contrast to this sober, earnest representation of a man of parts, is the likeness of Mrs. Joseph Widener, who, in a Parisian gown, is the very embodiment of youth, modernity, and joyous worldliness. In quite another mood Sargent gives us Mrs. Endicott, Jr., whom he has painted in a manner to recall Sir Joshua, with the soft pigments and the stately pose of the Georgian coterie. The large canvas of Henry L. Higginson, for Harvard, is the man to the life, and if the poet Riley is rendered in a somewhat sloppy way, there yet shows in the work the unmistakable touch of a great painter. A man cannot always be at his best, but in these paintings Sargent maintains an average which probably no other living portraitist could hope to equal.

### THE WORK OF ROBERT BLUM.

THE late Robert Blum, best known to the New York public by his beautiful decorations in the auditorium of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, was a great physical sufferer, so that he painted under appalling disadvantages, but he had a huge capacity for work. His delicacy of color and charm of composition were oftenest used to express his love of feminine beauty, which he depicted with rare ability. All his pictures of women were of exquisite refinement; his nudes never bore a suggestion of the naked.

A voyage to the far East for one of the

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magazines, some years ago, brought him to Japan, where the decorative qualities of people and landscape made a strong appeal to him, resulting in some notable pictures. His sympathy with the Japanese and their art was expressed in his little Grove Street house, where a Japanese servant cared for him, and his walls, decorated by himself, showed schemes of chrysanthemums in pale tints and harmonious hangings. He was essentially a shy man, and his life in New York was almost that of a recluse.

### PARSIFAL AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

AMERICAN music lovers are building high hopes on the promise of the new director of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Heinrich Conried, that they have an opportunity of hearing Wagner's last work "Parsifal." Thus far, this music-drama has never had a stage performance outside of Baireuth. Frau Wagner, who is a shrewd business woman, has persistently refused to consent to its presentation elsewhere. She realizes fully what a drawing card it has been in recent years at the *Festspielhaus*, which was erected by Bavaria's mad king for his favorite composer. Mr. Conried's announcement that he would give "Parsifal" in New York, regardless of Frau Wagner's wishes, aroused the widow's indignation, but, on second thoughts, her business sense has asserted itself. Now comes the report that maybe she and Mr. Conried can come to an understanding.

Whether an "understanding" be reached or not—it would be pleasanter, of course, to feel that it had been—"Parsifal" will be heard and seen on this side of the water, even though Frau Wagner succeeds in preventing some of the singers who had been counted upon to be among the cast. Mr. Conried's present intention is to have the title rôle sung by Burgstaller, who, by the way, is a protégé of Frau Wagner and who sang here last winter. Mme. Ternina, if her health permits, is cast for *Kundry*, a part of great dramatic possibilities. Mr. Conried assures us that he has the full orchestral score, and that the scenic effects at Baireuth will be faithfully reproduced. Quite likely we may have such a performance here as Baireuth never equalled. At all events, the production of "Parsifal" in New York will be a signal achievemeut on the part of the successor to Impresario Grau, and will entitle him to lasting remembrance in our musical annals.

### THE VENTURE WITH PATTI

A BOLD venture, truly, is that of Robert Grau, who is bringing over Madame Adelina Patti for a concert tour beginning next November. Five thousand dollars a night we are told the "diva" is to be paid. It is safe to predict that this will be her final "farewell tour"; for Madame Patti—pardon the disclosure of a lady's real age—is in her sixty-first year. Born in Madrid in 1843, she first achieved fame as a singer in New York, in 1859. Now, no one questions the fact that in her prime Madame Patti was peerless as a colorature soprano, but the fact is equally true that to-day, her voice, while it retains a great deal of its former beauty, has lost much of its brilliance. and is quite limited in range. The music of the arias with which she used to dazzle her audiences has been lowered in pitch to enable her to sing them at all. Of course, $5,000 a night for three or four songs is a tempting inducement, but Madame Patti cannot be well informed as to the growth of critical taste in America, or she would have hesitated before signing Mr. Grau's flattering contract. To get out even, the manager must charge grand opera prices for seats at the Patti concerts. The question musical people, who have been hearing Melba and Nordica, and Eames and Lehman, and Sembrich—who, by the way, is a greater all-round artist than Patti ever was—will ask themselves, is: "Is it worth the money?" Mr. Grau may have to make a considerable part of his expenses and all his profits out of the dollars of the curious rather than the patronage of the really musical.

### EUROPE DISCOVERING THE AMERICAN COMPOSER

EUROPE is beginning to discover our American composers. Some years since it found out that good voices are indigenous to the United States. Its appreciation of our composers has been of much tardier growth. London quite recently awoke to the fact that our Edward Macdowell is not only a first-class pianist, but a musical author of a high

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order, and the critics of the British metropolis discussed his playing and his compositions as though both were distinct novelties. Of course, musical folk this side of the Atlantic smiled at all this to-do over Mr. Macdowell, whom we know so well, and whose songs and sonatas, and piano compositions of smaller form, are familiar to every music lover. Since Mr. Macdowell has occupied the chair of music at Columbia, many students of the art have been attracted to the University, and his continuance there should make Morningside Heights a national musical centre. Edgar Stillman Kelley, who wrote the admirable "incidental music" for the dramatization of "Ben Hur," also came in for the compliments of the German press, when, during the Wagner Commemoration Week at Berlin, he conducted his overture "Aladdin." Nor should we forget that an American comic opera, "The Wizard of the Nile," by Victor Herbert, conductor of the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra, not long ago was received in favor in Germany and Austria. Little by little the old world will learn that we make something beside money over here.

### A MILLIONAIRE CONDUCTOR

Duss, whom we were inclined to accept upon his advent last year as something of a freak among musical conductors, has compelled the public to serious consideration. And passing by his eccentricities of manner and pose, it must be admitted that his service to art is altogether commendable. A rich man—he is credited with being worth more than a million—he has chosen to amuse himself by giving the people good music at popular prices. In his way, Mr. Duss is quite as much a public benefactor as Mr. Carnegie with his gifts of libraries. Good books are much more easily to be had than good music well performed. Assuredly this millionaire's method of enjoying life is far higher in its ideal than if he spent the same money and time cruising in a steam yacht or seeking success on the race-course, as do some other millionaires, who pride themselves on the good work they are doing in behalf of "sport." Mr. Duss's concerts at the Madison Square Garden have deserved the success they have had, although the expenses, including some $20,000 spent in turning the Garden into a little "Venice," have somewhat exceeded the receipts. This does not seem to have worried the gentleman from Economy. He feels more than repaid by the pleasure he has had in entertaining the public. And surely the more he amuses himself in this fashion the better for us all. He needn't be ashamed of the fun he is having, and his fellow citizens needn't be ashamed of him.

### THE PRODIGY AT A DISCOUNT

Mayor Low, of New York, did a real service to musical art recently when he refused to allow the ten-year-old Hungarian violinist, Kun Arpad, to play in public. The little chap had been heralded as another "musical prodigy." He was said to have had an endorsement from Jean de Reszke, and Heaven knows who else, among European musicians of eminence. He played once and showed himself to be in truth a child fiddler in tone, technique, and intelligence. We have had an overdose of this sauce of "unripe fruit" of late years, and it is about time for rational music lovers to set their faces against further repetitions. Musical "prodigies" of this sort, if they must exhibit, should be relegated to circus side shows and freak museums. They injure the cause of art and give false ideas to the uncultivated. Their performances do not justify the admission fees, and their exploitation during years of immaturity in nearly every case prevents their healthy development. The world, doubtless, has lost many an excellent artist because a money-loving parent or guardian foisted him on a patient public as a "wonder child." The best solution of the problem is to refuse patronage to "musical prodigy" concerts.

### GROWTH OF THE WAGNERIAN CULT

All this interest in "Parsifal" is striking evidence of the development of musical taste in America. How long since is it that the person who expressed an enthusiasm for Wagner's music was regarded with more or less suspicion? You would hear him or her mildly described as being "just a bit of a crank" on the subject. Wagner meant nonsense and noise to many people who were regarded as excellent musicians. "Give us melody; give us harmonies that don't rasp the ears; give us something we can carry away with us from the concert hall or opera house" said they. "This isn't music. This is bedlam." They were honest in their opinions. A Wagner opera—certainly any of the later ones—can-

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not be understood at the first hearing without due preparation by the hearer. Nowadays, however, who that pretends to have musical taste will decry this epoch maker in music? Last season, at the Metropolitan Opera House, it was the Wagner operas that filled the building from stage to ceiling, whereas the Italian operas were but indifferently attended. Years ago the late Colonel Mapleson took an opera company on tour—He tried a Wagner repertoire, and came to the end of his resources in a Western city. To raise funds to get East, he announced a special performance of "Trovatore." A crowded house gladdened his heart. He cabled to the composer—"Went broke on Wagner, but saved the day with Verdi." Times have changed in America since then. The once despised and rejected Wagner is now the impresario's trump card.

### OUR NATIONAL HYMN

THE award made by the Society of the Cincinnati for the composition of new music for "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and the music itself, seem to be medal and music wasted. To be sure, individuality in the matter of a national song is desirable, and it is true that the air of "America" is English; it happens, however, that the "Star-Spangled Banner" is properly our national song, and it certainly has the American stamp. If we had no such song, we might be brave enough to sacrifice our own feelings for the sake of American individuality by forgetting how gloriously and how often the words of "America" and the tune of "God Save the King" have rung out together; we might forego the thrill we always felt even with the first notes of the prelude, the awed feeling as we began the last verse softly, and the burst of patriotic fervor as we came out strongly on the last lines; for conscience' sake we might join just as lustily, if a little woodenly, in the new tune. But for us it could never be truly American.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" are, of course, not quite interchangeable; the latter would hardly sound appropriate at church on Memorial Sunday, but it does beautifully for bands and processions. Since, then, our honor is not at stake, surely we can afford to be English to the extent of singing, with the same pleasant thrill, the good old words to the good old tune for the remainder of our days.

## Books

### CARLYLE AND FROUDE

A BILIOUS, dyspeptic, irritable ill-mannered and permanently disagreeable Scotch peasant happened to be a writer of genius. He married a clever, sensitive woman, "peculiar" herself, and inevitably made more so by the friction of living with a crank who grumbled at the universe and worshipped himself. He had the decency to remember, or discover, after her death, how badly he had treated her. He put into the hands of a faithful friend and admirer the means and the responsibility of telling the truth about Thomas and Jane Carlyle. That friend told it, and all the Carlyleans frothed at the mouth, and they are frothing still. From the grave Mr. Froude's sufficient defence has now come. But the Carlylomaniacs do not want the truth. They will not admit the failings of their windy apostle, "clothed with loud words and mantled with the might and darkness and magnificence of night." Future biographers do not need to be warned. A biographer who does not studiously avoid showing his subject, even approximately, as he was, is a man in twenty millions. They say that History is a lie. It is the naked truth by the side of Biography.

### THE GO-AHEAD SOUTHERNER IN FICTION

MR. NELSON PAGE'S new novel may be regarded as the conclusion of the series of pictures which he has given us of Southern life and character before, during, and after the war. In "Gordon Keith," we have the portrait of the modern go-ahead young Southerner who has recognized the impracticability of the old standards, and who has adopted the Northern commercial attitude toward life—an attitude modified by upbringing and tradition, it is true, but yet one which sets him at variance with the aspirations and beliefs of the older generation of the South. Doubtless because this type is in itself less attractive, Gordon Keith fails to win our affections, as did the picturesque chivalrous heroes of the author's previous tales, and, probably because Mr. Page is hopelessly out of sympathy with it, his descriptions of the modern New York society

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are unreal and unpleasing. A man writes best when he writes of those things which he loves, and there is more of sincerity and personality in the slight sketches of Gordon Keith's father, and of old Squire Rawson, than there is in any of the elaborate portraits of the young people of this novel.

### MORPHINE IN LITERATURE

In the past few years we have had a series of novels with the depravity of modern English society for their text. Mr. Benson, Ouida, the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Confessions of Ambrosine" and others, have done their best to persuade us that the smart set "over there" is morally in a very bad way indeed. Now in Mr. Robert Hitchins's novel "Felix" we have brought before us a new phase of degeneracy. This powerful but very unpleasant story deals with the prevalence of the morphia habit among society women. If Mr. Hitchins is to be believed, there is at present a regular morphia cult. From France come the fashions in clothes and in vices, and so we are not surprised to learn that "Paris is the centre of this cult." There may be found everything that can tempt the "*Morphinomane;*" there flourish women, "*Morphineuses,*" whose profession it is to inject morphia; and there grow rich medical men whose specialty is repairing the physical ravages made by the drug. The moral ravages are irreparable. The woman addicted to the use of morphia becomes by degrees incapable of affection, of truth, even of the every-day social proprieties of conduct. Mr. Hitchins agrees with other social critics in ascribing the demoralization of the upper classes as due to idleness and to the purposelessness of mind resulting from a lack of religious convictions. "You don't know what morphia means to some of us, many of us, modern women without professions, without beliefs. Morphia makes life possible," says one of his characters.

### A REALISTIC HARLAND

The popularity of Mr. Henry Harland's recent novels, "The Cardinal's Snuffbox" and "The Lady Paramount," has led to a reappearance on fiction counters of several books which years ago Mr. Harland published under the pen-name of "Sydney Luska." Mr. Harland is not the first writer whose early works have been rescued from the grave of oblivion by a later popular success, but almost invariably these literary resurrections have caused regret among the authors' admirers. It is very much to be questioned whether Sydney Luska has not done work of as great literary significance as any which has come from the pen of Henry Harland. Charming and witty as is Mr. Harland's writing, the essence of his art is its artificiality. Sydney Luska, on the other hand, is a realist. In "The Yoke of the Thorah," "Mrs. Peixada," "As It Was Written," we get pictures of life which are thoroughly convincing. They are sordid and painful, but they ring true. They are written in a style straightforward, competent, but unpolished; Luska concerns himself with what he has to say, rather than with how he says it. Altogether, it is almost impossible to conceive a greater contrast than exists between Mr. Harland's earlier and his later novels.

### A DEPRESSING VIEW OF THE IRISH

The joyous Irish peasant, as full of wit as of knavery; the poetic Irish peasant, living in an atmosphere of quaint legend and of charming superstition; the political Irish peasant, member of the land-league, and noble patriot, or treacherous ruffian, according to the attitude which we take toward the Irish question; the romantic Irish peasant, warbling "Kathleen Mavourneen," and faithful ever to the girl of his heart—with all these varieties of the native of the Emerald Isle we have long since been made familiar by the novelist, and by the writer of legitimate drama. But in a collection of stories, entitled "The Untilled Field," by Mr. George Moore, we meet an Irishman who is a complete stranger to us: An Irishman without humor, without sentiment, without "wrongs"; men and women who marry early, without love, and settle down to a hopeless life of dreary toil, too discouraged to even resent the misery of their lot. Those who have in them anything of the spirit of youth and courage emigrate, thus depriving the country of its soundest raw material. This depressing condition of things Mr. Moore ascribes to the Irish clergy, who cripple their parishioners with taxes to build unnecessary churches; and who crush out of them all the joy of life by an enforced asceticism. Social intercourse between men leads to drinking; among men and women

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to dancing; so the innocent intercourse is prohibited. Love-making between young people may also lead to evil, so it too is forbidden, marriages being arranged between the church and the parents; and thus the "only idealism that comes into the lives of peasants," the "meeting of young people in the lanes and the lingering by the stiles," is taken away. The result of this ecclesiastical interference is, Mr. Moore assures us, the cowed, half-alive people of these stories.

### HOPKINSON SMITH'S MISPLACED SYMPATHY

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH, in the preface to a collection of his short stories, which has recently appeared, tells us that the "Under Dogs" in life have always appealed to him. Compassion for the unsuccessful is a kindly emotion—but is apt to degenerate into sentimentality, and to lead to an unfair attitude toward the successful and toward society. Mr. Smith's stories dealing with Kentucky Moonshiners afford an example of the unbalanced point of view that may result from a too reckless commiseration of misfortune. Beyond question vast pathos attaches to the lives of the Kentucky mountaineers—primitive belated souls who have had little chance to hitch on to the rush of our modern ways—but when Mr. Smith specifies their unfortunate relations with the excise law as the unhappiness which calls for our chief sympathy, the sane reader becomes impatient. It is difficult to feel anything but irritation toward a misery that is entirely due to a persistent and wilful beating against a statute that most people still believe works for the good of the greatest number. Undoubtedly, there have been cases in which the punishment meted out to offenders has been in cruel excess of the criminality of their intentions; and probably the excise officers do not err on the side of benignity and consideration; reform may be needed in this as in many other departments of justice. But is Mr. Smith likely to advance his cause by referring to the District Attorney throughout his stories as "The Buzzard," or by such sentimental and misleading utterances as the following: "The Government is always hunting them as if they were wild beasts, instead of treating them as human beings." "Women with suckling babies had no rights that any one was bound to respect—certainly not the gentlemen with brass shields under the lapels of their coats, and Uncle Sam's commissions in their pockets."

### THE LOVE LETTERS OF MARGARET FULLER

A QUOTATION or two from the recently published "Love Letters" of Margaret Fuller, that lost light of Transcendental times, will show what strange documents of wholly literary passion they are. "The destiny of each human being," she wrote the party of the other part, a Mr. Nathan, "is no doubt grand and peculiar, however obscure its rudiments to the present sight." Again: "When forced back upon myself, as now, though the first turnings of the key were painful, yet the inner door makes rapturous music, too, upon its golden hinges." Let us not to the marriage of true minds admit impediment, but these letters are no expression of love. They are the studied compositions, the exercises of a green girl, who is thinking only of herself, lapsing into an absurdly Orphic style, and making "copy." You can see her reading her compositions delightedly. The poorest, ungrammatical, lumbering inky missive of some smitten yokel to his Audrey is a master-piece, because a real love letter, compared with this rhetorical flourish and rubbish.

### A REVERSION TO SENSATION

"THE House on the Hudson" is a revival of the sensational novel so much in vogue some twenty years ago, and of which Miss Braddon was probably the most distinguished manufacturer. In this story acquaintance is renewed with characters whom we believed had disappeared forever from the pages of fiction; with the rather unintellectual hero whose capacity for turning up at the crucial moment constitutes his chief claim to merit; with the fascinating but unscrupulous villain, of dark complexion, inscrutable manners, and fiery passions; with the unsuspecting heroine whose beauty is only surpassed by her ignorance of evil; with the mysterious mad woman; and with the perfidious French lady's maid. We are asked by Miss Frances Powell to put faith in an incredible tale of mystery and passion which has for its *mise-en-scène* a modern American country house, electric lighted, and connected by telephone with New York. The novel reader's imagination, weakened by a long course of realism, rises in revolt at such unjust demands on its powers.

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THIS department of ours causes much comment—some unfavorable and much that is commendatory. In the same mail come two letters. We print them both.

"HARTFORD, CT., *July* 21, 1903.
"Your 'With EVERYBODY'S Publishers' is about the most tiresome rot I have ever read in any publication, save, perhaps, what one occasionally sees in another magazine. For the most part, the stuff you print in the August number is dreary dribble. When you get over imagining that you do or can monopolize the whole field of literary endeavor you may produce something worth a dime. Sincerely, ———."

The above letter, as may be noticed, is signed "Sincerely," but the name of the writer cannot be found in the Hartford directory, so we do not know what manner of man he is. Some of our greatest humorists have made Hartford their dwelling-place.

This second letter comes from a prominent and well-known man on Long Island, but not known to us personally.

"NORTHPORT, L. I., *July* 21, 1903.
"Several people out here have been talking about the weather and the mosquitoes, and have suddenly broken off to ask me if I didn't think EVERYBODY'S had taken a great boom. One man said it was the best July magazine he had seen. It will perhaps be thought rank flattery, but I liked the pages where you talked about yourselves and your magazine the best of all. I read some of it aloud, that about the advertising. I do think you are doing a fine thing there, and if it does not pay you immensely well to be honest and clean in your advertising pages, then I don't know anything about the American people and their home-life and how sedulous they are to keep their children clean-minded."

A SURPRISING LETTER

A STORY is told of Noah Webster, the dictionary maker, who one day was found by his wife at dinner without coat or collar while entertaining two guests. His wife's sudden and unexpected return and entrance to the room brought those present to their feet. "I am surprised," said Mrs. Webster. And Mr. Webster rejoined, "My dear, *I* am surprised—*you* are astonished."

We were both surprised and astonished that the July number was "out of print" within one week after being put on sale. All our experience was against an increased circulation in midsummer.

The following letter, one of a number received from different parts of the country, tells us, in the best possible way, that we are on the right track:

"SAN JOSE, CAL., *June* 30, 1903.
"*Gentlemen:* It may interest you to know that we sold our regular supply of forty copies of EVERYBODY'S for July in twenty-four hours. The second lot of forty copies lasted but a few days, and in reply to an order for the third lot of forty copies the San Francisco News Company replied: 'EVERYBODY'S for July is out of print.' We have increased our standing order to eighty copies, and if you continue to put out as good numbers as the June and July were we expect to be selling 200 copies soon of each issue. Wishing you success, we remain,
"Sincerely,
"MILLARD BROS."

The receipt of this letter pleased us. So we had it copied and sent to all the leading advertisers of the country, for we want them to know that our circulation is growing, and growing fast, too. And this one firm said

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they expected to sell 200 copies per month *soon* if we continued to put out such good numbers! We wondered what "soon" meant. Ten days after the August number went on sale we telegraphed them and asked how many copies of August had been sold. Their reply reads as follows:

"Have sold 130 to date; will sell 200.
"MILLARD BROS."

If half the news-dealers in the land will do half as well as this firm has done, our circulation would jump to a half million before the end of the year.

### A MILLION A MONTH

THE president of a large manufacturing company, not far from Washington, writes us an interesting letter, the larger part of which we produce below:

"It may be of some little interest to you to know that I am a reader of your magazine. Listen, not with the emphasis on the 'I,' but on the word 'reader' to the fullest extent. For the last five years or more I have made magazines a deep study, and I must say, after reading the last two numbers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, that you have a model of material, method, and management. It has that ring of sincerity and true purpose that cannot mould a destiny other than Success. If you retain your policy and its quality, a million a month is not too much to predict for its future Make people say to a news-dealer: 'Is EVERYBODY'S out for next month?' and the work is done. I wish you success from my heart. Stick to it."

EVERYBODY'S friends are our friends, and we have many. Many more than we know of now. "That story of O. Henry's and that article by Lewis in your last number were great," one writes, "and I have told a dozen people they should get EVERYBODY'S." This is what we hoped for. A magazine whose readers secure for it other readers may with reason look forward to "a million a month." Every commendation helps.

We had planned to have F. Marion Crawford's article, "The Pope's Successor," in the September number, but the Pope's serious illness made us think it would be unwise to delay the presentation. So the presses were stopped and two very interesting articles we intended to run were taken out, others were moved, new plates were made, and the presses started again. By working the press-room and bindery at night we came out two days before our regular date and at the time the daily newspapers of the country were announcing the news of Pope Leo's death. The importance and the timeliness of this feature were so great that the New York *Herald* and the New York *American* requested and were given permission to publish a part of the article, full credit being given to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

### ABOUT BOASTING

Now here is a part of a letter from a subscriber in Maryland that may appeal to some of our readers:

"EVERYBODY'S is greatly improved. There isn't a thing in it that is not 'worth while.' The first thing I read since it has changed hands is 'With EVERYBODY'S Publishers.' I do enjoy that immensely. If you keep to what you say about refusing objectionable advertisements, etc., your magazine will be almost ideal, but it does seem to me that you do an undue amount of boasting—a quite unnecessary amount. The publishers are men of long experience, and naturally the public expect something better than the average. We get it—but we also get the fact frequently hinted(?) to us. When you praise your own efforts so volubly, it makes one think of a child doing a charitable act, and then running about telling people about it. Of course, we needn't read it, but we want to read it—we want to read everything in the magazine because it's a fine one, but we hate to see it marred by that little speck."

We'll not say a boast word this time, then—since you have put all we would say in such a vastly better way than we could have said it. We didn't mean to boast, anyway—we are too young. When we are older we won't have to—so there is the boasting question settled forever.

### THE LEAVES TO BE CUT HEREAFTER

Two letters came from subscribers stating that if the leaves of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE were not to be cut they wanted their subscriptions stopped at once. As mentioned in a previous issue, we had hoped to have the necessary machinery installed so that the leaves of the August number would be open all around. There were delays, however, as the machinery had to be made to order. With the October number the leaves will be cut. And some of the machinery will be installed so that part of the September number will be cut. Please bear with us.

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